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Editors

Dr BHAVARAJU NARASIMHA RAO

C. V. N. DHAN

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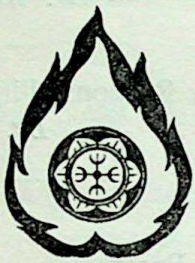

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RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Man, Individual and Universal

Dr D.P. CHATTOPADHYAYA, P.R.S., Ph.D. (London)
Professor of Philosophy, Jadavpur University

MAN HAS a feeling that he is truly represented in something which exceeds himself... The call is deep in his mind—the call of his own inner truth, which is beyond his direct knowledge and analytical logic. And individuals are born who have no doubt of the truth of this transcendental Man. As our consciousness more and more comprehends it, new valuations are developed in us, new depths and delicacies of delight, a sober dignity of expression through elimination of tawdriness, of frenzied emotions, of all violence in shape, colour, words, or behaviour, of the dark mentality of Ku-Klux-Klanism.—Rabindranath, *The Religion of Man.*

Man is a wonderful creature. In thousand and one ways he can be, in fact, has been, described. Yet one feels many other true descriptions of him are possible. Naturally the question arises: Why is it so? One may say: Man is the most elusive creature. In Rabindranath's words, '...he is not imperfect, but incomplete.' In the process of solving this seeming paradox we may hope to disclose our elusive identity.

In a sense man is. In a sense man is not. Simultaneously man is both is and is not. Biologically speaking, his structural features are identifiable and reidentifiable. But his body-cells are continuously perishing. And new ones are being reborn. Psychologically speaking, his experience, memories, hopes are undergoing continuous change. The ways our mental phenomena are stored and sorted, are never permanent in character. The impermanence is evident in our projective phenomena like intention, need, hope, aspiration. The most transparent proof of our incompleteness is quest for new meanings of life, new values of life.

The elusiveness of human nature is both historical and futural. The whole of his past is never completely available to him. Nor at any particular point of time can he be conscious of all that he wants, wants to be, and is seeking for, Even of the so-called solid

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present man cannot be sure. It is flowing and gliding, never steady and stable, providing a firm footing to stand upon.

These peculiarities of individual man have been understood by Rabindranath in two different but intimately related ways. One : man is literally a phenomenon like an ever-blossoming flower with endless petals enclosed within it. Two : he is essentially rooted in and perpetually drawing upon the boundless resources of a transcendental Person, God, or Absolute, whatever name we give to it. Analogous to these aspects of human nature one finds two other aspects, namely, conservative and creative. The past is conserved in him. The past that is conserved in him is not embalmed dead past but living and throbbing one. This past is like an uncut umbilical cord which ties him to his mother culture. In fact, this cord connects him and enables him to draw nourishment not only from the mother culture but also from the mother earth.

Man is sustained by society and history. This is necessary but not sufficient for full blossoming of human nature. Man is rooted in nature and emerges out of the geological and the palaeontological past. His evolutionary ancestry, though extremely significant, does not bring forth the full dignity of his human nature. Foot-firm on the earth, coming out of the womb of the mother earth, man, the *homo erectus*, gazes distant horizons and far distant stars and galaxies. This description of man, so dear to Rabindranath, highlights his conception of man as both socially situated and transcendentally projected. The poet has likened man to music. Grounded in words or fastened to strings music as music, is free from them both.

Extending this insightful metaphor we understand man both as individual and as universal. His individuality is affiliated to and animated by his universality. His universality is more an aspiration than a fulfilment of his individuality. The universal man is God in the making.

Man cannot understand the world without understanding himself. He is an in separable part of it. In it his self is structured. He cannot abstract himself from it and then know it in isolation from the world. His self-knowledge is a part of his world-knowledge. His world-knowledge is self-knowledge in it as a part of it.

In his aspiration man wants to get beyond himself. In his inspiration he succeeds in lifting himself from the rule of his daily life. In his mechanical moulds and habitual modes of life man is almost reduced to materiality, uprooted from his own humanity. In and through inspiration and aspiration *jada-purusa* becomes *prana-purusa* on his way to being *mano-maya-purusa*. To the discerning reader of Tagore's writings it is clear that he has drawn heavily on the seminal ideas of the Upanisads. Equally clear it is

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that he has succeeded in imparting a new life to those ideas. In their higher reaches the ideas are not merely cognitive. They are literally aesthetic, i.e. visualizable as beautiful images and audible as musical poesy. Concomitantly, the favourite contents of Tagore's poetry and writings on religion, without ceasing to be cognitive, prove to be evocative, emotive, and transparently communicative. Transparency, like the immediacy of experience, is the gift of the poetic mind. It is not without significance that the root meaning of *kavi* (poet) in Sanskrit means thinker, wise man, sage, seer, singer, a man gifted with insight, enlightened person.

A thinker of purely intellectual cast of mind is basically interested in establishing his point. He has some theorem or other to prove. Unlike him, but not quite unlike him, the poet has a point of his own to communicate to and share with his reader or listener. In communication he excels and enriches himself. By communication he enlarges himself. It is in and through these various ways the poet not only transforms himself but also transforms his own milieu, the world which sustains him. The poet is a potent transformer of forms. He is a transvaluer of values. He creates forms. He creates values. Out of his creative joy are born new forms and new values. His transformation and transvaluation start with his own being. His charity begins at home. His consciousness is not primarily other-oriented.

The expression 'transvaluation of values' is borrowed from Nietzsche. It is a luminous idea but not a new one. What it connotes is well known. So well known that it often gets sunk and almost lost in our consciousness of daily life and its habituality. Both as an individual and as a part of the world at large, man's appearance is neither an accident nor *ad hoc*. In Rabindranath's language, the appearance of man on the world-scene is an outcome of a benign conspiracy or gracious design. In his language, man is like a music. The enabling conditions of music are so diverse and seemingly so disparate that the enjoyer hardly cares to know their originarl sources and resources. To the uninitiated music is like a sonic burst of bliss. It is like a news of joy from nowhere. But the world as the mother earth knows what has gone into the making of man and music possible.

Every part of our body, every chamber of our soul, owes its origin to the elements of nature. What makes nature possible also makes man and music possible. One single music holds man and nature together. Time and again Rabindranath has spoken of this cosmic music. The key word of all his works—literary, musical, pedagagical, social, and political—is *harmony*. He harps on the theme in innumerable ways. Conflict, strife and struggle, discordance—nothing can conceal harmony from his view. Beneath the

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froth and foam of the endless forms of conflict he sees harmony—local, global, and cosmic.

When he takes a historical view of India, he reiterates the same key concept, harmony. He finds no conflict, no discontinuity, no quantum jump, between the past and the present. No doubt, colonially oppressed India saddens him. But his is not a depressed Nietzschean soul. He has in him a lot of bright perceptions to gladden him. Even personal tragedies and national calamities are transformed in him as an input of his ceaseles creative works. What happens to his microcosm he wants to get re-enacted in the macrocosm of his motherland, India. He wanted to transform not only his own self but also the self of this ancient nation. His contribution to the world of values was intended to transvalue the unlived values of the people. By his words and works he changed India in a very significant way.

There are different ways of changing the country, transvaluation of its values. Some people change the world by knowing it, by discovering its secret. The scientist is one of them. Some people change the world by some external and marketable means and mechanism. The techonologist is one of them. Some people change the world by living it and expressing it. The artist belongs to the third category. From this one must not believe in the trichotomy of science/art/technology. Science requires us to direct our mind to the structured immensity of the knowable world. Here world comprises both things and living, beings, including the human ones. The technologist is engaged in transforming the world by transferable aids and adjuncts. The artist, like the spiritual seer, comprehends all-pervading Spirit in the depth of moving things and beings of the worlds. The nature of the artist seeks to articulate itself in the world of colours, shapes, and sounds. By using language and other media of self-expression he changes them, gives them new form, new life.

'The fundamental desire of life', to Rabindranath, 'is the desire to exist.' (*The Religion of Man*). Human existence is an excerpt of the existence of the world at large. Human personality and cosmic universality are bound freely together in an ever-expressive harmony. If man is said to be an artist by nature, it is because of this persistent presence of expressive urge in him. He cannot stop only with the living world. He yearns to express it, to communicate it to others, and share it with the latter. Man must know the world where he lives. To exist creatively he is obliged to change it either by imagination or by technology. By imagination he wants to make good what is *not* there in the world-view he cherishes. By technology he wants to change the world unto his own preferred image of it. Without science, technology, and art as spiritual probings, man

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cannot get to the depth of the harmony between the existence of his self and that of the universe as a whole. Conscious of this harmony but unable to live it, man is like a separated lover or, to use the poet's own words, 'perpetually homesick'. This is an existential, not pathological, sickness. It is not a sickening sickness. It is a creative pain, pangs for giving birth to a poetry or a picture. The creative consciousness has always in it an element of alienation or separation, *viraha*.

Perpetually distanced as man is from his ideal goal, the lived harmony of the individual and the universal, he always yearns for it, consciously or unconsciously. Our historical consciousness is an important expression of this yearning. The past of our country is not an embalmed dead past. It is a living past. Often it is even a moving past. The great historical figures are, in our mind, not as static facts but as living historical images. It is by living and reliving our past that we can enliven our present and look forward to a creative future. To get out of the ossified institutions of the past we must draw upon our inner resources, forces and joy of consciousness, authenticity and existence. Partly in jest but mainly in earnest Rabindranath refers critically to two of our many unlived institutions, namely, *daroga* (police chief) and *guru* (spiritual guide). He sarcastically observes that we cannot do without *guru* because we are not spiritually gifted. We need *daroga* because we have no discipline within our own selves. Whenever man is obliged to lean heavily on external institutions, he is alienated from himself, gets spiritually impoverished within.

It is for this reason Rabindranath in his concept of swaraj has emphasized the imperatives of both renewed historical consciousness and extended universal consciousness. Even during the days of strong nationalist movement, he kept on emphasizing the importance of internationalism or universalism. His perception of the past and that of the world at large are all deeply rooted in his inner self.

Rabindranath describes man as both individual and universal. This description is very insightful. It provides the key to our understanding of the human rootedness not only of nationalism and internationalism but also of the human character of Truth and Beauty.

To speak of Beauty as *human* is not very surprising. Though it begs elucidation, it is at least understandable. Perhaps the same cannot be said of the claim of Truth as human. On this issue Rabindranath has written a lot. His most interesting view on it seems to have been expressed in his exchange with Einstein. Like Rabindranath, Einstein was against the thesis of two cultures—dichotomy between arts and science. In arts man primarily expersses

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himself. But in the process also does he express the world. In science his prime concern is the knowledge of the world, especially its structures and substructures, expressible in the laws of nature. Here, too, world finds its expression in and through human understanding. What is understood, the world itself, is not man-made. But the scientific expression of its objects, understood and interpreted by man, cannot be free from human touch, colouration, and formulation.

Somewhat like Rabindranath, Einstein is prepared to concede the essential human character of Beauty. When Rabindranath affirms that the Apollo of Belvedere would not be beautiful if there would be no human being any more, Einstein agrees with him. But his agreement is confined to the conception of Beauty only, and not extendable to that of Truth. When the poet points out that Truth, like Beauty, is also *realized* through man, the unconvinced scientist reiterates his position, namely, the human rootedness of Truth is not *provable*. By implication what he submits is this. The question of provability does not arise in the case of Beauty. So there the scientist agrees with the poet in his *humanistic* characterization of Beauty. But in the case of scientific characterization of Truth provability is claimed to an absolute imperative. And it is not satisfiable. This argument of the scientist leaves the poet unmoved. On his part he tries to show that Truth, like Beauty, is realized, rather realizable, in and through 'our own mistakes and blunders... accumulated experience... [and] illumined consciousness'. The poet's realization is: Proof and Truth are admittedly not identical. Proof is *of* Truth, and Truth does not hang unsupported in the air. Einstein's reference to the objective truth of the Pythagorean theorem as an example is not particularly very helpful in this context. There are non-Euclidean systems of geometry in which the Pythagorean theorem is not at all a theorem, still less a provable one. The poet might have pointed out that the Einsteinean space is not Euclidean. But that does not mean that the relativistic world-picture drawn by the scientist based on that notion has proved false. Laws of Relativity have become true in and through Einstein. But the fact that they have not become false after the scientist's death does not disprove the human origin and the acceptability of the Truth of his laws. In this context, Rabindranath's use of the expressions 'our mistakes', 'our experience', 'our consciousness' are noteworthy. One particular scientist's appearance or disappearance from the scene does not make any difference to the public or the intersubjective, i.e. universal, character of scientific Truth discovered by him.

It is interesting to recall that the same point, the human character of Truth, has been asserted, *a la* Tagore, by Heidegger. 'Before there was any Dasein [Man], there was no truth; nor will there be any after Dasein is no more... Through Newton the [Newtonian]

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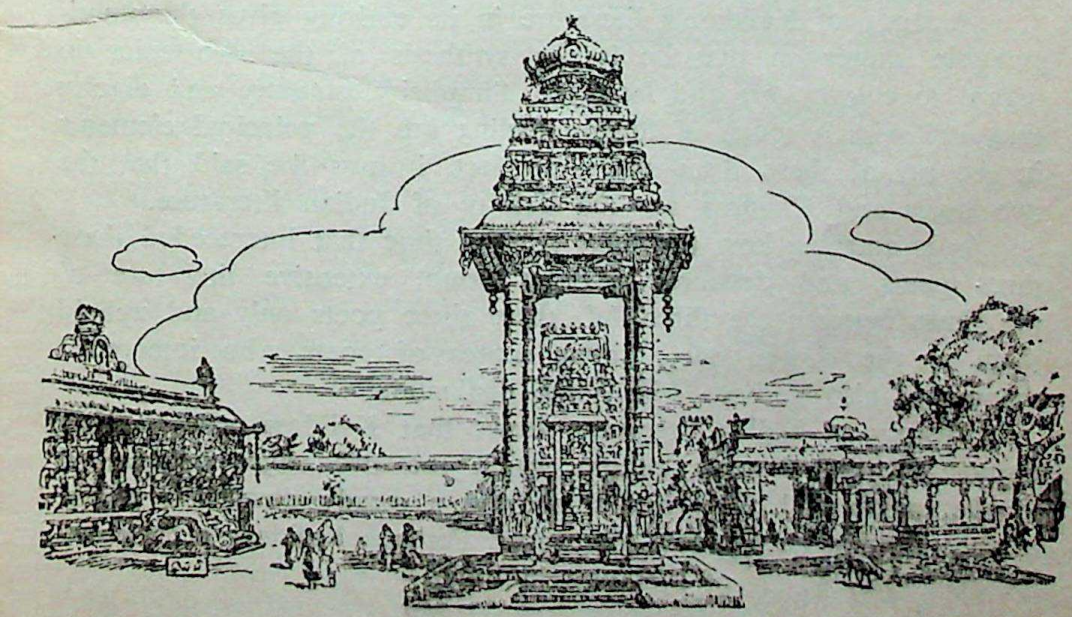
laws became true; and with them, entities [of which the laws prove true] became accessible ... to Dasein.' (*Being and Time,* trans. John Maequarrie & Edward Robinson). The existential philosopher's and the poet's realization of Truth are out and out human. At the same time, it remains interhuman or universal. Rightly understood, it is not likely to offend one's scientific sense. Science after all is not dehumanized. Like artistic Beauty, scientific Truth, born out of human consciousness, is found to be humanly acceptable in terms of *our* experience and *our* consciousness.

Rabindranath's transparent perception of Truth and Beauty adds a new chapter to India's history of culture. After a long time and with a renewed vigour people found in his creative works an arresting presence of man, transparency of Truth and joyous Beauty. This potent impetus to our national process of acculturation is extremely significant. The full import of the Indian Renaissance of the nineteenth century cannot be grasped unless we go deep into the poet's perception of Beauty and Truth and their universal human rootedness.



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TWO SAGES AND A POET

Mechanics of Kalidasa's creative art and influence on Indian literature

SESHENDRA SHARMA

If rivers irrigate a country, poets irrigate the people. Poets are the rivers of metaphors that work on the genetics of the human race.

While Sindhu and Ganga were the centres of Indian culture, Vaalmiki and Vyaasa were the sources of Indian culture. After the centre of gravity shifted in Indian life from Sindhu to Ganga, that is, after the Vedic period expired, the new era of Epic was opened by the great sage Vaalmiki.

Vyaasa followed the footsteps of Vaalmiki in perpetuating the Indian culture as represented in Raamaayana, and adopted the architecture, the building materials of art and the mortar of language, as designed by Vaalmiki. He was later followed by Kalidasa in the same line.

A study of Kalidasa's literature in its entirety gives the unmistakable impression that he is the synthesis of the two epics in regard to culture, art and language. Simplicity, subtlety and dignity tinctured with a touch of human feeling are the principal elements in the art of these three poets. In fact, it must be said that the two sages and Kalidasa are the Trinity of Indian literature.

It is amazing how the large seas of time that intereceded these three poets, and devoured without doubt extensive literature of the times between the three, left these three poets only and upheld them as the chosen ones among scores of poets who intervened them, and also perhaps with some distinction.

History of Indian literature shows that Kalidasa was the last outpost of that literary culture which the two sages bequeathed to the nation and, after him it showed a steady downward curve, of deterioration never again to recover. Perhaps Kalidasa represented the zenith of the art of literature in India.

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Enormous work has already been done on Kalidasa by eminent persons, but some vital points escaped notice and they happen to be the most illuminating ones in the study of Kalidasa.

II

Unless the origins of Kalidasa are discovered, the art of Kalidasa and its functions cannot be properly appreciated. Such an adventure necessitates a proper perspective and comprehension of the role of Vaalmiki, the father of Indian literature.

The pre-Vaalmiki period had no unified literature capable of exercising a massive influence on people. It was scattered in obsolete Sanskrit and a score or more of Prakrit dialects.

Though it was enormous it was like a tangled fabric. The epic of Vaalmiki integrates the spirit of all literature, and presents the unified picture of a well-defined Indian culture and the Indianity of its literature. Thereby, it turned literature for the first time perhaps into a mass force, and Vaalmiki was therefore really the first maker of literature for the people.

Due to the compulsions of the function it chose, the epic for the first time turns out thousands of literary expressions unknown before created for the first time, and evoking a pleasant surprise in the listeners. Vaalmiki was the first and the biggest mint of literary coinage which alone by and large has been in circulation till now in the literary world in one form or other. The descriptions of cities, rivers, forests, hills, seasons, human beings, culture, learning, a whole life received new expression at his hands.

Grihaischa Giri-Samkaashiah, Shaaradaambuda Sannibhaiah, Aalikhanteemivaamaram Nadeem Pushpodupavahaam Padmagandhi, Shivam, Vaari Sukha-sheetamanaamayam Dvija-Samgha-Nishevitah; Kokilaakulasannadam; Meghakrishnaajina-dharaah, dhaaraayajnopaveethinah, Maarutaapuurithagrihaah, praadheetaa iva parvataah; Sathya-paraakramah; Vaakya-visaradah, Naaga-naasoru; Naaham oupayikee bhaaryaa; gatha-jala sethum bandhitum icchasi; thadidam kaaka-thaaleeyam; Sathyenaivacha the shape; salile kheeram aasaktam Nishpanniva saarasah.

These are only few examples. The last three may have been picked up by the poet from the common parlance of the times. All of them are used by almost all poets later on in similar contexts upto the time of Harsha's *Naishadha* (who used "Subhroo" oupayikee, etc.).

Then, the techniques of story were also followed from Vaalmiki. Vyaasa used Hanuman's flight across the sea, for his Garutman's flight across the sky to reach swarga in Sambhava Parva. The literary language and the imagery were lifted from Raamaayana by Vyaasa for his purpose. Similarly in *Nalopakhyaana* the description of Damayati in Chedi is virtually the same as that of Sita in Ashokavana. Vyaasa was not the first poet to follow Vaalmiki

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in this manner, and then we find Kalidasa a third follower, a most faithful successor in line to the heritage of Vaalmiki. Some more details will be given in suitable contexts.

Among the many values that Vaalmiki projected in his epics, the most significant one was the essential equality of the king and the sage; in other words, the State and the intellectual. It was this value which Vyaasa and Kalidasa perpetuated in their works wherever occasion arose. Vaalmiki describes Dasaratha as "Maharshi". *"Maharshikalpo raajarshih"; Vyaasa describes Dushyantha as "evea mukthavaa sa raajarshih, thaam anindithagaamineem".*

The king in Raamaayana is humble before the sage; and the sage also keeps the king on a higher pedestal than himself. The sages in Aranyakanda approach and request Raama to save them from the Raakshasaas.

"Paripaalaya no Raama Vadhyamaanaan nishaac harai"

Now, see the reply of Raama :

Naivamarhatha maam, vaktum aanjnaapyoham thapasvinaam.

This line finds its echo in the first Act of *Abhijnaana Shaakuntalam. Dushyanta says to Brahmanaas,*

"Parigrihiitham braahmanavachanam."

Whatever we find in Shakuntalam we find it in Vyaasa and earlier in Vaalimki. In Aranyakaanda, Raama sees the hermitages from a distance. At once he relaxes his bow from the string.

"Abhyagacchan mahaaathejaah vijyam kritvaa mahaddhanuh"...

It is meant to be a discipline which the king observes whenever he is in the vicinity of a hermitage. He pays his visit with all the royal emblems stripped off. Because Raama was a lone figure in the woods followed only by his wife and brother, it was enough to string his bow in order to observe the discipline. But in Vyaasa, Dushyanta was followed by an army and an elaborate retinue. So what was consequential to Vaalmiki's principle in the situation, was followed to the last limit by Vyaasa. Dushyanta asks his army to stay at the gate of the hermitage.

"Dhvajineem ashvasambaadham padaathi gajasamkulaam avasthaapya vanadwaari senamidamuvaachaha Sthiiyataam athra yaavadaagamanam mama Thatogacchan mahaabaahu reko maatyaan visrijya thaan.

Picking up the thread Kalidaasa says in *Abhijnana* :

"Thapovanavaasinaam uparodho maabhut etaavadeva ratham sthaapaya"

Vyasa says :

"Saamaatya raajalingaani sopaneeya"

Kalidaasa turns this into :

"Idam thaavat grihyataam iti suthahasthe
dhanuscha aabharanaani upaniiya"

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Coming back to "Shakuntal Opaakhyaanam" of Vyaasa, I shall show how it is a mainiature Ramayana. When Sita comes to meet Raama in Yuddha Kaanda, after separation, Raama says :

"Deepo Netraaturasyeva Pratikuulaasi me dridham."

Then Sita turns round and reprimands Raama :

"Kimmaam asadrisham vaakyam eedrisam shrothra daarunam ruukshnam shraavayase veera praakritah praakritaam iva apadeshena Janakaat notpatthir vasudaathalaath, mama vrittam cha vrittajna bahu the na puraskritam"

In the corresponding situation in Vyasa, Sakuntala rebukes Dushyanta :

Kshitau atasi rajendra, antarikshe charaamyaham
aavayorantaram pashya merusarshapayoriva
raajan sarshapamaatraani paracchhidraani pasyasi
aatmano bilvamaatraani pashyannapi na pashyasi.

Kalidasa avoided this

Vyasa ends Shakuntala like Vaalmiki ends Sita. After Brahma, gods of Heaven and Agni ask Raama to accept Sita. Raama says :

"anayna hridayaam sitaam macchittaparirakshineem ahamapyavagacchaami maidhileem Janakaatmajaam pratyayaarthantu lokaanam, thrayaanaam sathya samshrayah upekshechdapi vaideheem pravisanteem hutaasanam."

In Vyaasa Asareeravani takes the place of Brahma, Agni etc., of Ramayana. Asareervani asks Dushyantha to aceept Sakuntala :

"Bharasva putram Dushyanta Maavamamsthaah Shakuntalam"

Like Raama, Dushyanta also says, receiving Sakuntala :

ahamchaapyevamevainam jaanaami vayamaatmajam
yadyaham vachanaadasyaah griheneyamimamaatmajam
bhavet hi sankyo lekashya naiva shuddho bhavedayam."

Kalidasa's *Abhijnaana Saakuntalam* is assembled of part taken from the warehouse of Vyaasa. Similarly, his *Meghadootam* is an artistic amalgam of the materials drawn from Araynakanda, Kishkindha Kanda and Sundarakanda of Ramayana.

Kalidasa has an eye for the subtle. The fourth Act of *Saakunthalam* is the very life-breath of the play. The rest are only those that lead to and support it.

But, lo and behold : Kalidasa's most moving spot in his famous play is however based on three slokas of Vyaasa's *Sakunthalopaakhyaanam*, coming in the farewell scene.

A large gathering of the inmates of the hermitage headed by Kanva bid farewell to Sakunthala. They were all steeped in sorrow of the moment.

Sakuntala then makes a Pradakshina around her father :

"Shakunthalach pitaram abhivaadya kritaanjalih pradakshineekritya Duhithaa pitharam vaakyamabraveet ajnaanaat me pitacheti duruktam chapi vaanritam, akaaryam vaapyanishatam vaa, kshantu-

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marhasi kashyapa evamuktvaa natasiraa munirnovaacha kinchana manushyabhaavaam kanvopi munirashrunyavartayat."

Crammed with feeling, Vyaasa moves his listeners to tears with these three petit Sloakas. On the other hand in the 4th Act of *Abhijnaana*, Kanva enters the stage reciting the Shardoola vrittha!

"Yaasyatyadya Shakuntalethi, hridayam samsprishtamutkantha-yaa,kanthah sthhambhita baashpa vritti kalushah chintaajadam darshanam...",

thereby actually rendering Rasa into Vaachya.

Kalidasa's Kavna was eloquent of his feelings :

Vyaasa's Kanva was silent, but expressive only

in action. *Munirnovaacha kinchana.*

But, we cannot say that the 4th Act of *Abhijnaana* did not receive the admiration of the audience of those times.

The blemishes in Kalidasa as a playwright are more genetic than merely technical. In the synthesis of his system, there is a predominant element of Vaalmiki which overshadows the feeble element of Vyaasa that exists in him. It is important to note here that Valmiki is essentially metaphorical and not so much dramatic. This is an irksome statement, no doubt, which can be neglected in some instances of Vealmiki. But it cannot be denied that there is a larger measure of metaphor than drama in Valmiki, even though the skill displayed by him in handling the dramatic situations is of a rare order.

It is necessary here to explain the fundamental differences between the art of Vyasa and that of Vaalmiki. In the farewell scene given above, Vyaasa was dramatic, pure and simple. Given the same situation, Vaalmiki tends to be metaphorical, even if he wants to be anything else. A similar situation in Ramayana is when Raama comes to take leave of his father and leaves for Vanavaas. The situation was heart-rending. The two given situations in Vyaasa and Vaalmiki are exactly identical in that in both the cases the separation of the child and the parent is the piognant point. The difference in sex is merely nominal and makes no difference whatever in the matter of emotional stress of the scene.

Dasaratha the father in Ramayana cries and cries himself to death in metaphors. Dasaratha beseeches the night to stay eternally without turning into dawn because Raama leaves for Vanavasa at dawn.

Na prabhaatam thvayecchaami nishe nakshatra shaalini
kriyataam me dayaabhaadre mamaayam rachithonjalih"

Sumantha describes the atmosphere of the said moment :

Vishaye the mahaaraaja Ramavyaasana Karshitaah
api vrikshaah parimalaanaa sapushpaankura korakaah

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Nischeshtaaahaara Sanchaaraah Vrikhaikasthaana nischitaah, pakshinopi prayaachante sarvabhutaanukampinam"

This is surely not a dramatic description. It is turning the whole scene into metaphors. This is the chief characteristic of Vaalmiki not only here but all through the epic.

I think it can now be seen easily how closely interrelated are the three poets under study. Without a preface like this, the genesis of Kalidasa will remain unexcavated.

Now, we reached a stage when we should enter the dialectics of Kaavya and try and unravel its profound truths. By a natural tendency Vyaasa creates drama whose essence is action. Action is the result of a combination of Vibhaava, Anubhaava and Vyabhichaareebhaava. This leads us finally to the point that Vyaasa is basically a Rasa poet. Vaalmiki on the other hand, in the same emotional situation, bursts out like a cloud into a shower of metaphors. So, he is an Alankaara poet. Kalidasa obviously contains in his system more of metaphorical faculties like Vaalmiki and less of dramatic. For the Indian critics, it is well to know therefore that there is such a basic difference among poets as the Rasa poets and the Alankara poets. Those that cling instinctively to story and dramatizing it, that is, those that come under the purview of the Sargabandha, Akhyaayikaa, Kathaa and Abhineyaartha are Rasa poets. In the modern times they are writers of short stories, novels and plays. Those that indulge in Muktaka poetry, that is, Anibaddha Kavita, where Vakrokti is the crucial element, are Alankaara poets.

The Rasa poets suffered a decline in Indian literature after the advent of Kalidasa's *Meghadutam*. Perhaps the "Sargabandha" and the "play" both based on story, were thriving from ages before Kalidasa by sheer force of tradition and must have reached eventaully the point of monotony when *Meghadootam* appeared on the scene as a reaction to the established trend. *Meghadootam* marks a total breakaway of the Kaavya from the element of story. Kalidasa refused to give at least a name to his hero ('Kaschit') thereby meaning to say that it is not the individual but any individual in the given situation will pass through the same emotional experience. It is such emotional experience that is the subject matter of art and not the particular individual, the particular place or time. The Ramagiri Ashram, the month of Aashaadha, the Yaksha and the other constituents of the Kaavya lose their significance in art, if the particular emotional experience did not exist to colour them with an aesthetic meaning. So, what happened in *Meghadootam* was to throw overboard the story and only play on the emotional content of the given human situation. In *Meghadootam*, only Bhaava was developed without its culmination into Rasa. It is therefore a Bhaava Kaavya. Critics called it Khandakaavya or Laghu Kaavya

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and Shri Dwijendranatha Shastry in his "Samskrith-Saahitya Vimarsha" called it Geeti Kaavya.

In fact, Kalidasa's outstanding contribution to Indian literature is his *Meghadootam*. The reputation of *Abhijnaana* as a play is only conventional. In fact, it lacks the intensity of drama in it as already explained, though it had the flowers of genius in it. "Raghuvamsa" is not a Sargabandha in the strict sense of the term. It was a string of stories, without a unified plot and was a cross between a Rasa Kaavya and Alankara Kaavya. None-the-less, it cannot be denied that it marks the advanced stage of the journey of a great poet, whose genius evolved ultimately into simile, the simplest of the figures with the vastest granduer.

But, *Meghadootam* marks a turning point in Indian literature, a revolt against the monotony of the repeated productions of Rasa-Kaavya, that is, the plays and the Sargabandhas. Time at last needed something fresh and sophisticated, less cumbersome and pithy.

With the advent of *Meghadootam*, Alamkara emerged for the first time like a full moon from the clouds of a Rasa-biased world of those times. Later poets began laying chief emphasis on Alamkara even in a Sargabandha wherein the emphasis has to be on Rasa. Poems like "Sishupaalavadha" are enjoyed more for their Alamkaara rather than for any skill in handling the plot. Nobody bothered about Rasa in those Kaavyas any longer. Naturally this led to tremendous repurcussions on the contemporary literature and critics. *Meghadootam* had more commentaries than *Raghuvamsam;* while the former had twenty-four commentaries, the latter had twenty. It had a spate of imitations, being a totally new genre. From "Parasvaabhudaya" of Jinasena in the 8th century A.D. to "Nemidoota" of Vikrama of 17th centruy, the imitations are numerous. As a result of all this, Sandesa Kaavya became a separate species by itself in lyrical literature.

However, the most epoch-making event that *Meghadootam* led Indian literature to, was that 'Bhamaha', closing the era of Rasa in Indian poetics, inaugurated for the first time the era of Alankara. Naatya-Shasthras came to an end and Alamkara-Shasthras began appearing. Bharatha was the last to write Naatya Shaasthra and Bhaamaha was the first to write Alamkara Shastra. In his 'Kaavya Alamkara' Bhaamaha in the prefatory chapter itself said :

"Naatakam shamyaadeeni Raasaka skandhakaadi yat
Thaduktamabhineyaardham Uktonyaistasya vistarah"

With this declaration, dispensing with discussion of Rasa, he simply referred his readers to *Naatya Shasthras* for the subject and launched the Alamkara on the oceans of literature, opening the present epoch of Alamkara Shastra which has not yet ended. So, it must be noted that due to the terrific impact of *Maghadootam*,

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all the Rhetoricians later on in India only followed Bhaamaha, rejecting discussion of Rasa as a part of Kaavya Shastra.

Dindi said :

Mishraani naatakaadeeni theshaam anyatra vistarah

Vaamana said :

"Tallakshanam naateeva hridyamiti Upekshitamasmaabhih thadanyathah graahyam"

Then Udbhata declared :

"Alamkara eva kaavye pradhaanamiti praachyaanaam matam."

It was only Aanandavardhana, many centuries later, who introduced some confusion by taking the extreme stand that :

Muktakeshu prabandheshu rasabandhaabhinivesinah Kavayoh drishyante yathaa amarukasya kaveh muktakaah Sringararasa nishyandinah prasiddhaa eva.

But, Abhinavagupta the renowned commentator of Aananda, clarified the position and dispelled the confusion in his "Lochana Vyaakhya".

With this the confusion ended and Alamkaara got firmly entrenched in its position.

VI

Lastly a word about *Meghadootam* is unavoidable. It will be interesting to make a disclosure here. *Meghadootam* was produced by Kalidasa by developing a solitary Shloka lying hidden behind the leaves and bushes of the Aranyakaanda of Vaalmiki.

"Iti vaishravano raajaa rambhaasaktam puraanagha,
anupastheeya maano maam samkruddho vyaajahaara ha.

(The episode of Viraadha)

It can be easily seen that it was this Shloka that blossomed into :

"Kaschid kaantaavirahagurunaa svaadhikaaraat pramattah
shaapenaastamgamitamahimaa varshabhogyena bhartuh"

and developed into the famous Kaavya.

Meghadootam was produced by integrating several parts and interweaving several silken threads drawn from Vaalmiki's Aranya, Kishkindha and Sundara kandas. A close scrutiny of *Meghadhootam* clearly reveals to us that there is not a single verse in *Meghadootam* which does not have its original in the aforesaid three Kaandas of Vaalmiki. The phrase *Meghadootam* itself came to be coined because Hanuman in Sundarakaanda was repeatedly compared to a Megha.

Babhau megha ivaakese vidyudgana-vibhushithah

Hanuman was called "doota" several times :

"Thasyaah sakaasam doothoham gamishye Ramasaasanaat"

"Aham ramsya sandesaat devi dutasthavaagathah"

Hanuman entered Lanka reducing himself to the size of a

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cat. Correspondingly in *Meghadootam*, the megha was asked to reduce itself to the size of a child-elephant to enter Alaka.

"gatvaa sadyah kalabhatanutaam"

In Ramayana Sita's left eye quivers as an auspicious omen before the event of the arrival of Hanuman in Lanka :

"Praaspandathaikam nayanam sukeshayaah meenaahatam padmanivaabhitaamram"

Similarly when Megha reaches Alaka the eye of the Yakshini twitters :

"Thvayyaasanne nayanamuparispandi shanke mrigaakshyaah meenakshobhaat chalakuvalaya shreetulaameshyateeti"

The only difference is in the images chosen for comparison. In the case of Sita the eye twittered like a lotus shaken by the tail of a fish, whereas in the case of Yakshini the eye twittered like a lily shaken by the tail of a fish. It may be noted that in both cases the fish is there to shake the flower delicately with its tail.

The curse of the master on the employee has the same duration in the Shloka of Aranyakanda and the Shloka of *Meghadootam* ; and it is also described in terms of Mytho-Astronomical symbolism in both cases. In *Meghadootam* the description is :

"Shaapanto me bhujagashayanaat utthite shaarngapaanau"

This was obviously taken from Kishkindhakaanda where it lies in its obverse form :

"Nidraa shanaih keshavamabhyupaiti"

I have only attempted here to give a few examples. *Meghadootam* taught in our villages in one's adolescent years remains like a hypnotic power, like a fragrant memory haunting him his old age, recovering to him his bygone world. It enshrines in its creation the elemental power of the earth which throws out a tree and a flower as gifts of man.

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AANDAAL'S TIRUPPAAVAI - I

("The Resplendent Resolution")

The Traditional Story of Godaa's Life

Translated by

Prof. WILLIAM JACKSON

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[Prof. William Jackson is not new to the readers of *'Triveni'*. His translation of Sri Tyagaraja's *Naukaa charitamu* was published in *Triveni* in 1986. Prof. Jackson stayed in India for a long time and studied deeply Tamil and Telugu languages. His Introduction to *Tiruppaavai* is published hereunder. The text will be published in the succeeding two numbers. — *Editor*].

INTRODUCTION

South Indian *bhakti* is an ancient tradition in which the voices of men and women inspired by love are echoed by each generation. The stories of these devoted singers are kept alive by word of mouth as well as by the written word. The story of love-enthused Godaa, who is thought to have lived in the 7th or 9th century AD, is still told all over Tamil Nadu.

Godaa, was the daughter of Vishnuchittar ("His mind is on God"), who became known as Periaalvaar ("The saint who blessed the Lord") because of his great devotion to Krishna. He worshipped Krishna with the love a parent feels for a child, raising flowers and making garlands for temple worship. Some scholars have speculated that the Sanskrit word *puja* (worship) is derived from the Dravidian *pu* flower), that *puja* means "making (offerings) with flowers." Worship with flowers was a central expression of Vishnu-chittar's *bhakti*, and according to the traditional narratives of his life, Krishna in response to these offerings appeared in a dream, and commanded the unscholarly but sincere man to go to Madurai (which was fifty miles South West of his home), and to engage in a court-sponsored debate there on his behalf. According to the story Vishnuchittar outspoke the learned men, establishing Vaishnavism, and when Vishnu appeared to show he was pleased with the victory, Vishnuchittar sang a song of blessing (*Tiruppallaandu*), as a parent

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would, to bless a child auspiciously. Hence his name Periaalvaar — the *aalvaar* or saint who blessed the Lord.

Because he had been so devoted to the child Krishna Vishnu-chittar was rewarded with a boon. He was blessed to find a divine girl child under a *tulasi* plant in his garden. This child he called Godaa. Literally the name Godaa means Benefactoress or Offerer; she was "given" by the good earth (she is considered an incarnation of Bhoodevi, Goddess of earth) and is also the "giver" of flowers to God and of songs to people. Andal is an archetypal image of bridal mysticism, which through self-giving cultivates and consummates love of the divine.

From an early age Godaa is said to have thought of herself as the bride of Vishnu at Srirangam the holy island in the Kaveri river. The *aalvaar* daughter of an *aalvaar* father, (*aalvaar* literally means saintly "diver" immersed in the depths of Vishnu; it is a title given to twelve Vaishnava poet-saints) Godaa is pictured as trying on the flower garlands she helped prepare for worship before offering them to Vishnu. When her father was scandalized by this taboo behavior, Vishnu is said to have responded in a dream which let the pious man know that Vishnu preferred the garlands sanctified by Godaa's intimate touch to those she had not worn. In this way Periaalvaar came to realize that Godaa was Bhoodevi, and he gave her the name Aandaal, the Goddess as Rescuer of creatures. In art Godaa is often shown with thick colorful garlands around her neck. The small bronze statues of her found in South India show that she is popularly thought of not only as an *aalvaar* but also as an incarnation of the consort of Vishnu, Bhoodevi, Earth Mother.

Aandaal is remembered as immersed in the Krishna story, intoxicated with divine love, even while in her childhood. Her father, though saintly, is seen as a typical Indian father, with conventional hopes that his teenage daughter will be suitably married. Aandaal rejected any possibility of married life with a mortal, just as centuries later, Kannada poetess Mahadeviyakka, and Hindi poetess Mirabai did. In the proper month for girls to observe the custom of praying for the blessings of Katyayini Durga, Goddess of victory and elder sister of Krishna and bathing ritually each morning as preparation for the new life of marriage, Godaa showed her heart was set on Krishna. Her father tried to reason with her, but her will was adamant. She told him she would wed only the Lord of the world stage: Vishnu at Srirangam. A ritual wedding was arranged, and when it came time to approach her Lord in the inner sanctum, Aandaal is said to have been absorbed into him. This is an image of *mahasamadhi* and apotheosis. (A recent speculation holds that Aandaal, influenced by Jains in the Madurai region, fasted unto death. Could it be that her father won her by overcoming Jains

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in debate and lost her to a Jain practice, and that this is at once concealed and revealed in the story? The argument seems based on rather slender evidence and Vaishnavas reject it.) With this "Marriage" of his daughter, Periaalvaar once again was cast in an unusual relationship: he became "the father-in-law of the Lord".

The Dawnsong of Aandaal

Godaa's poetry has been remembered for over one thousand years. The Tiruppaavai, a song celebrating Godaa's resolve to wed the Lord, is said to have been written when she was 15. The Tiruppaavai lyrics are a flow of joyous praise and comraderie pulsing from the young worshipper's heart. They "find us young and keep us so," many Tamilians would say. The mode is emotional and active, excited exclamations and imperatives, urgent pleas to fellow-devotees. The lyrics are insistent morning songs to rise and get on with the purpose of life - praise, love, the winning of welfare for all beings.

Patterned after folk practices and *gopi* traditions they are a dramatization of the nub of spiritual evolution. The leader of these songs knows the way, guides the efforts of *bhakti's* surging feelings. Offering the gift of self, pleading to be worthy of the status of servitude, where the first is the last and *vice versa,* placing others before her, Godaa goes to meet her Lord of the cosmic play.

The 30 verses stand for the 30 days of the month - the unit of a woman's life and love, the cycle of moon phases in a devotee's ever-youthful life of glorying in Krishna's *lilaas.* Tiruppaavai is the offering of love to the teasing heart - thief day after day in wave upon wave of devotion. This classic beeautifully locates a *bhakti* impulse - "Come, let's go worship now!" - in the month of new life and in the fresh lives of tender maidens.

Other Songs of Dawn

The Saivite poet Maanikkavaachakar wrote a similar cycle of verses, known as *Tiruvempaavai.* Both sets have the same setting and folk origins; both are quite popular in Tamil Nadu. They are sung especially by unwed girls performing their *paavai nonbu* vow in Maargali, the springtime month at the beginning of the marriage season in India (January). *Sangam* literature, written largely in the 2nd and 3rd centuries AD, the earliest form of Tamil to survive, mentions this observance. French scholar Jean Filliozat speculated that Aandaal and Maanikkavaachakar may have been contemporaries living in the mid - 9th century.

G.U. Pope, who first translated Maanikkavaachakar's *Tiruvempaavai* into English, refers to it as the "Maidens Reveille". He describes how the women of Arunaachala for ten days in a row go before daybreak, from home to home waking friends, to bathe with joy and decorum in the sacred temple pool. He notes Tantric

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influences with disdain, but also discusses an interpretation of the song which finds symbolic significance in the ideas of a timely awakening of the cosmos from the cyclical period of involuted sleep, the emerging of a new creation. The dawn song is thus the arousing of the manifested energy of Siva, which incarnates as the Goddess of life, in this reading. Here is a sample of Pope's quaint Victorian rendering :

The Splendor rare and great, that knows nor first nor end,
we sing; Thou hear'st the song, yet still sleep'st on;
O lady of the large bright eye! is thine ear dull
that it perceives not sound of praise that hails
The great God's cinctured feet? She hears the strain resound
through all the street, yet in forgetful sleep
On her flower-conch she muttering turns!
See, here she nothing noting lies! Why thus, why thus?
doth this our friend be seen? — Our Lady fair, arise !

It is interesting that the textual source of much Western bridal mystic poetry, *The Song of Solomon* in the Old Testament, features a refrain about waking. *The Song of Solomon,* or *Song of Songs,* is a series of rapturous outbursts on the beauty and passionate moodswings of lovers, with dizzying shifts of perspectives. It depicts a lover dreaming of her beloved, and reflections of her companions, yearning separation. It is similar in some ways to Jayadeva's 12th century AD *Gita Govinda* : both use the glories of nature to show "what a piece of work" is the human in love. Both reveal the concept that one who falls in love becomes cosmic in the poet's imagination, dimensioned by the landscape in her soul. Her beauty is like earth's treasurehouse of spices, fruits, jewels, aromatic trees, and the noses of roes feeding among frilly lilies. The refrain in *Song of Songs* is the reverse of a wake up song; the singer pleads : "...stir not up nor awaken the beloved, till she please." The refrain pictures the loving embrace (the goal of the *Tiruppaavai*) and begs : "Do not disturb."

In the New Testament waking imagery is used in Paul's spiritual symbolism. "...it is now the hour for us to rise from sleep. For now our salvation is nearer than when we believed. The night is passed, and the day is at hand. Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armour of light." (Rom. 13.11-12. Cf. Eph. 5.14.)

There are many examples of dawnsongs from various cultures. The European troubador *alba* or dawnsong "Reis glorios" was composed around 1200 by Guirat de Bornelh. Each stanza ends with the refrain "And soon it will be dawn." The second stanza is :

Good friend if you are sleeping or awake,

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Gently arise and sleep no more. Afar
The East is brightened by the morning star
Bringing the day, unless I much mistake.

Like the traditional music of the *Tiruppaavai* this composition is made up of flowing phrases with a gentle and solemn grace, yet it is edged with urgency and enacts a dramatic scene. Another old traditional sunrise lyric of the West is the English Sailors' song :

Awake, awake you weary sleepers!
Know you not it's almost day?
Half your life you waste in dreaming
While God's best hours slip away!

Suprabhaatam songs form another variety of wake-up lyric found in India, one which gently plays at rousing and welcoming with praise the Lord (who is perfect awareness already, and beyond time) to a new day. It is an auspicious way for *bhaktas* to begin their days.

Waiting for Godaa

Godaa's dawnsongs directed toward her companions in devotion are full of delight and meaning. The already-risen impetuous one calls to the lazy lax, enacting a play between two states of consciousness : the up and the down, the vigilant and the oblivious. There is humor in the recalcitrant human snorers "dead to the world" in dreams and the impatient leader rounding them up anyway. No doubt spontaneous experiences of the old folk custom in which the lyricist took part inspired her to turn the situation and dialogues into an occasion for holy art.

Godaa had the creative genius to know that the dawnsong could stand for *bhakti* life, and to seize that insight and sing the event. The idea appealed to the people, and they kept the songs alive, to delight in, and to remind themselves that one must rouse oneself and join others in service and praise while time is ripe. Godaa perfectly rhapsodizes the vigilant virgin eager and enthusiastic to meet her destiny, and we can hear touching voice yet today.

My part in the following translation has been a humble one. Having versified Sri Satya Sai Baba's tellings of the child Krishna's stories (published as *Sai Krishna Lila*, 1980), and having translated Tyaagaraaja's *Boat Story* (*Triveni*, 1986), about Krishna and the *gopis*, I was moved by the charm and vitality of the Tiruppaavai. I feel that it "chose" me to take this form in English. I based my rendering on translations, including V. Rajagopalan's and Vinjamuri Varaha Narasimhacharya's which I was able to study, just as poets Ezra Pound and Robert Bly had done with Chinese poetry and Kabir's verses. I welcome constructive comments.

But for now, while much of humanity waits — anxiously "Waiting for God", as Simone Weil wrote, or absurdly "Waiting for Godot", as Beckett depicts modernity, or sleepily awaiting Godaa - we have an invitation : come along, join the dawnsong of Aandaal.

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Prof. C. V. RAMAN AS A SCIENTIST - WRITER

A. RANGANATHAN

Some of the great scientists who are remembered, were skilled practitioners in the art of communication. In fact Sir Isaac Newton's classic paper on *Light and Colour* which was published in the Philosophical Transactions of The Royal Society in 1672, James Clerk Maxwell's celebrated paper of 1865 entitled *A Dynamical Theory of the Electromagnetic Field* published in the Philosophical Transactions of The Royal Society, Madam Curie's account of the discovery of radium, Albert Einstein's formulation of the Special Theory of Relativity in his paper *On The Electro-Dynamics of Moving Bodies* and Prof. C.V. Raman's paper *On The Molecular Scattering of Light in Water and the Colour of the Sea* are memorable pieces of prose. Furthermore Prof. Raman's monographs such as *The Molecular Diffraction of Light, Lectures on Physical Optics* and *The Physiology of Vision* are models of expository prose.

Like Sir Arthur Eddington, sir James Jeans, Sir Lawrence Bragg, Sir Julian Huxley, Peter Medawar and Steven Weinberg, Raman made science fascinating to the layman. And listening to him, one could perceive the rhythm of modern physics. Furthermore his innumerable expositions of popular science — scientific essays like *The Acoustical Knowledge of the Ancient Hindus,* a selection of radio talks entitled *The New Physics,* as well as the texts of various addresses such as *Monsoon Forecasting, Causality and Chance in Modern Physics and Music* and *Musical Instruments* are at once sensitive prose and elegant pieces of scientific exposition.

Raman's scientific writings reflect four distinguishing characteristics: first, a sensitivity to colour; second, a creative use of the metaphor in the Newtonian tradition; third, a talent which can break through the meshes of a technical jargon and express itself in clear running prose that is at once simple and accurate; fourth, an ability to communicate effectively.

Raman's sensivity to colour was an aesthetic experience. Indeed when one reads his descriptions of gemstones and flowers — reminiscent of Ruskin's aesthetic responses to the Turner landscapes — one

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realizes that the scientist was committed to developing a system of communication between visual aesthetics and the sciences. Here is a sensitive evocation of the Opal in his *Lectures on Physical Optics* : "Precious opal exhibits a striking play of colour. The finest specimens give brilliant monochromatic reflections over large areas, the colours ranging over the whole spectrum and altering with the angle of incidence of the light. Some specimens exhibit numerous small glittering spangles of colour, and others again an almost continuous sheen of iridescence. Some very beautiful and valuable opals are grey, blue or black in colour, the iridescence showing up by reflection against the dark background thus provided. Opals of a lighter tint are fairly transparent and in transmitted light exhibit hues approximately complementary to the colour of reflected light. Opals usually show a bluish-white opalescence overlying the reflected colours, and if such opalescence is strong, the colour seen by transmitted light tends to a honey-yellow, the complementary tints then being less conspicuous." And Raman's description of the *Jacaranda Mimosifolia* in his work on *The Physiology of Vision* is equally sensitive : "Another magnificant tree is *Jacaranda Mimosifolia,* the beauty of the foliage of which is far excelled by the splendour of the flowers which the tree bears in profusion and which makes it appear from a distance as if it were enveloped in a blue mist....."

Prof. Raman's famous "Letter to the Editor" on *The Colour of the Sea* which was published in *Nature* (November 1921) carries us along the very frontier of Molecular Physics on a wave of curiosity. In fact Raman's sensibility is reflected in this *Letter* which makes the prose — based on a brilliant scientific argument — an aesthetic pleasure. "The view" wrote Raman "has been expressed that 'the much-admired dark blue of the deep sea has nothing to do with the colour of the water, but is simply the blue of the sky seen by reflection'. Whether this is really true is shown to be questionable by a simple mode of observation used by the present writer, in which surface-reflection is eliminated, and the other factors remain the same. ..... Observations made in this way in the deeper Waters of the Mediterranean and Red Seas showed that the colour, so far from being impoverished by suppression of sky-reflection was wonderfully improved thereby. A similar effect was noticed, though some what less conspicuously, in the Arabian Sea. It was abundantly clear from the observations that the blue colour of the deep sea is a distinct phenomenon in itself, and not merely' an effect due to reflected sky-light. When the surface-reflections are suppressed the hue of the water is of such fulness and saturation that the bluest sky in comparison with it seems a dull grey."

This *Letter* led on to two historic achievements which are relevant to Optics as well as to aesthetics — the historic Royal

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Society paper *On The Molecular Scattering of Light in Water and the Colour of the Sea* (1922) and the equally historic discovery of the "Raman Effect" based on the physics of a change of wavelength in Light Scattering on February 29, 1928. Furthermore, the first visual impact of the Mediterranean Sea on Prof. Raman through a polarising Nicol Prism is comparable to that recallable aesthetic sensibility that one can still experience while reading Galileo Galilei's *Starry Messenger* which first recorded the Galilean sight of the night sky through a telescope.

The creative use of the metaphor is a part of the scientific process. For instance, Sir Isaac Newton used a metaphor in formulating a theory of light. Again James Clerk Maxwell made use of the mechanical metaphors in trying to work out the mathematical methods in the fields of magnetism and electricity. And characteristically enough, Professor C.V. Raman viewed an entire area of scientific research as a metaphor in order to work out the physics of an inter-related area of scientific research. In fact, while studying the famous Whispering Gallery Phenomenon of St. Paul's Cathedral at London in 1921, Raman was led on to the verification and continuation of his earlier optical analogue experiments through the process of simulating this phenomenon optically. This enabled Raman to demonstrate that the luminiscence of a pearl was similar in the sense that light got reflected around the surface of the pearl just as sound (according to the Rayleigh explanation) is reflected around the corners of a whispering gallery and thus carried. Indeed the Raman use of the metaphor in experimental physics is brought out in Prof. Ramaseshan's observation that Prof. Raman "extended his acoustical studies on whispering galleries to show that the striking beauty of the pearl — the gem that does not require the services of a lapidary — is essentially because it is a leaky, spherical optical whispering gallery."

To Professor Raman, no scientific problem was insignificant. Actually the physics of the countryside which inspired his youthful imagination, was an adventure of the mind. Here is a piece where Prof. Raman introduces to the fascinating world of Science and Rural Development : "The cycle of seasons so beautifully described in Kalidasa's *Rithusamhara* is also the cycle of the life of the countryside in India. If one overslept like Rip Van Winkle in Washington Irving's story and woke up unconscious of the lapse of time, a glance at the agricultural scene in any familiar area would enable the date to be fixed within a week or two. Vast tracts in our country still depend exclusively on rainfall for the possibility of any kind of agriculture. The opening and shutting of the sluice-gates in the sky are therefore the most important events in the calendar of the man who tills the land in these areas. A former Finance Member

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of the Government of India is reported to have said that the budgets he had to prepare and present every year were "a gamble in rain". This expression puts in a neat and forcible way the existing preponderance of agriculture in the economy of India, and the controlling influence of the same. This relation between the weather and public finance appears to have been the principal reason for the establishment by Government of a Department of Meteorology during the last century..... It is necessary, in fact, in order to understand what is happening near the earth's surface, to know what is happening far above it, and to correlate the two sets of facts. It is for this reason that it is now a regular practice in meteorology to investigate the upper air by observation of the movements of free baloons and also by sending up baloons containing instruments which automatically record the condition of the atmosphere at the higher levels or sent radio signals to an observer below."

Raman conveyed a similar excitement while making a reference to his "Sight-seeing" at Mount Wilson Observatory in a radio talk on "The Stellar Universe": "I remember ..... vividly the two nights I spent at the Mount Wilson Observatory in California..... I came away tremendously impressed with the marvellous light-gathering power of the great sixty-inch and hundred-inch reflectors. The great nebula in Orion, for instance, which in ordinary instruments appears as a shapeless area of great luminosity, appeared in the sixty-inch as a luminous patch of variegated colour, determined by the light-emission of the gases of which it is composed."

In a lecture delivered in 1933, Albert Einstein asserted that experiments cannot play an important role in the development of a theory. For Einstein maintained that "the creative principle resides in mathematics. In a certain sense, therefore, I hold it true that pure thought can grasp reality, as the ancients dreamed." Interestingly enough, Professor Raman discussed this point in one of his radio talks. "To possess real significance", observed Prof. Raman, "a scientific discovery must have both an experimental basis and a theoretical basis. Which of these aspects is the most important depends on the particular circumstances of the case, and a rough distinction thereby becomes possible between experimental and theoretical discoveries .Roentgen's discovery of X-rays, for example, was clearly an experimental one, while Planck's equally important discovery of the quantum of action was clearly in the field of theory. The manner in which a scientific discovery is made and the attitude of the investigator which makes such a discovery possible are obviously different in the two cases."

The interconnections between mathematical theory and experiment must be viewed not only in the context of what Einstein

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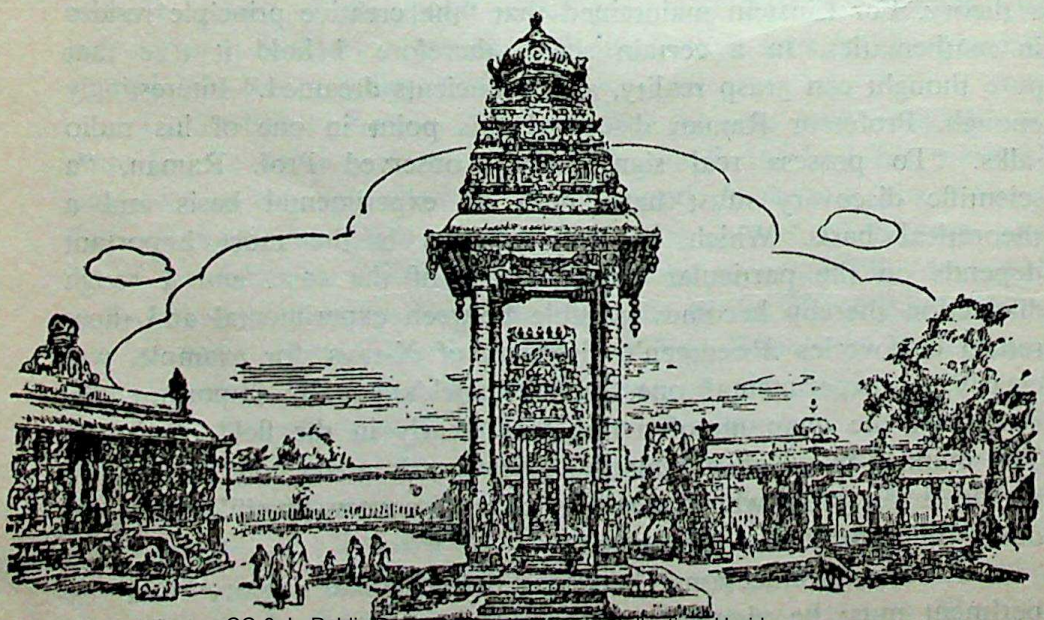
had to say on this subject, but also in the perspective of Raman's own scientific achievement. Indeed, while voyaging through the sea, Raman realized that the Einstein-Smoluchowski concept of thermodynamic fluctuation could be extended to understand the molecular diffraction in liquids. Furthermore, the Laser Beam is not only an indispensable tool of the technologist, but has proved effective in the experimental verification of physical theories. For instance, Professor Raman had made theoretical predictions concerning the behaviour of Ultrasonic waves during the mid-thirties (1935-36), which were experimentally verified by a group of scientists (using *Laser techniques*) at the Columbia Radiation Laboratory in February 1963. And this mathematically elegant theory made Professor Max Born excitedly afirm that "Raman's quick mind leaps over mathematics."

In fine, Professor Raman a — great scientist as well as a sensitive scientist-writer — expressed his philosophy of life in a radio talk on "The Scientific Outlook": "The man of science is just a student of nature and equally derives his inspiration from her. He builds or paints pictures of her in his mind, through the intangible medium of his thoughts. He seeks to resolve her infinite complexities into a few simple principles or elements of action which he calls the laws of nature..... The pictures of nature which science paints for us have to obey these rules, in other words, have to be self-consistent. Intellectual beauty is indeed the highest kind of beauty. Science, in other words is a fusion of man's aesthetic and intellectual functions devoted to the representation of nature. It is therefore the highest form of creative art."



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TRADITION AND MODERNITY IN SWAMI VIVEKANANDA'S ATTITUDE TO WOMEN

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It is well known that Swami Vivekananda was associated with the Renaissance in India, that he was one of the leading thinkers of the emerging new India at the turn of the century. He was regarded as a prophet who gave a clarion call to a tired nation with a hoary culture to awake, arise. A whole culture was to be reborn from servitude, lassitude and fickleness. He could rejuvenate that culture, and act as its spiritual ambassador to the West. But it is perhaps not so well known that Swami Vivekananda was deeply committed to the welfare of women. One of the overriding issues of the Indian Renaissance was the position of women in our society and the oppression women faced both at the institutional and individual levels. It is interesting to examine Swami Vivekananda's stand on the issue of women's rights. It reveals his deep insight into Indian culture and spiritual history, for it is they which have shaped our tradition and traditional institutions. Vivekananda's call for liberating women is very different from the shrill cry of the Western suffragette for franchise or "liberation". It is the result of an inclusive understanding of a whole way of life.

I base myself largely on two instances of lengthy discussion wherein Swami Vivekananda looks at the issue of women with reference to the history of Indian culture. One is a conversation with a disciple about establishing a Math for women at Belur, dated 1901, and the other an address to the American women, delivered at California in 1900. Other relevant talks, notes and reports of Swamiji's speeches — such as "On Indian Women — their past, present and future" — will be incidentally referred to when required.

We may begin with an aspect central to his thinking, namely, Indian spirituality and the place it accords to women. Like all great seers, Swamiji never made a distinction between men and women from the spiritual point of view. He could contemplate both men and women from the heights of the soul which is beyond sex.

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Women as well as men could pursue spiritual Sadhana Yogic call is something which makes no distinction between sexes. Swamiji's feelings of annoyance are obvious when he remarks :

> It is very difficult to understand why in this country so much difference is made between men and women, whereas the Vedanta declares that one and the same conscious Self is present in all being. [1]

He goes on to say :

> In the highest reality of the Parabrahman, there is no distinction of sex. We notice this only in the relative plane. And the more the mind becomes introspective, the more that idea of difference vanishes. Ultimately, when the mind is wholly merged in the homogeneous and undifferentiated Brahman such ideas as this is a man or that a woman do not remain at all ... Therefore do I say that though outwardly there may be difference between men and women, in their real nature there is none. Hence if a man can be a knower of Brahman why cannot a woman attain to the same knowledge?[2]

In support of his assertion he cites instances from the legendary line of women during the Vedic period who aspired for the highest knowledge : Maitreyi and Gargi.

If in ancient India people were inspired by such sublime ideals in a monolithic culture, how did we come to lose that absolute vision ? Vivekananda blames it on the narrowness and stultifying and distorting interpretations of scriptural truths for the degeneration of women in India. He draws our attention to the difference between the "Aryan" and "Semitic" ideals of women. While the Semites considered the presence of woman dangerous to devotion, and she may not perform any religious function, the Aryan man could not perform a religious rite without a wife. Vivekananda contends that with the Puranic age and Post-Buddhist influence, women lost this equal importance and came to be subject to many taboos — such as for example that she may not touch Shalagrama or the household idols. [3]

He repeatedly condemns the reduction of women to "mere manufacturing machines".[4] He is irate at men who criticize women but do nothing for their uplift, "who write down Smriti, etc., and bind them by hard rules". [5] He deplores the chauvinistic attitude toward women. He traces its emergence to what he calls "the period of degeneration" when the priests disqualified other castes for the study of the Vedas, they also deprived the women of all their rights. During the Vedic and the Upanishadic age we hear of Gargi chal-

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lenging sage Yajnavalkya for a discussion. What has gone wrong with such a country with a such a cultural history ?

Swamiji diagnoses the malaise in terms of depriving women of education. He gives a deep thought to what he calls "female education". To the American women he says how in ancient India education was open to all, whereas in so-called advanced countries like England and America women were not admitted into Oxford and Harvard Universities, to name just two premier institutions in the West. Vivekananda propagates the idea that in women's education alone lies the solution to their problems. He believes in a system of education which will bring out involved faculties. History, both secular and spiritual, provides instances not only of women mystics (Maitreyi and Gargi) but also women philosophers who could sit in judgment over metaphysical debates.

Witness Sarasavani, wife of Mandanamisra, arbitrating the discussion on ultimate Truth between Mandanamisra and Sankara. Vivekananda was insistent on reviving such a tradition. Taking into account the miserable plight of women, Swamiji thought of a special programme for educating women by establishing a Math at Belur. It is not surprising that Swamiji should place a high premium on spiritual education which will include secular education as well. He planned to have in the school unmarried girls and Brahmacharini widows. The idea was to catch them young and initiate them into a higher life.. Swamiji drafted a curriculum which he thought best shaped a woman's personality. It was bipartite, so to say, one line intended to give knowledge — Literature, Sanskrit, Grammar and English — the other meant to develop skills — sewing, culinary art, rules of domestic work, and upbringing children, to help them to an economic freedom or independence. The girls would be performing Japa, worship and meditation. The aim was to give them a rounded education. The high point of the Math was a training in Brahmacharya by older Brahmacharinis and in Yoga. Vivekananda visited Mahakali Pathashala run by Tapaswini Mataji and was gratified to note that it was to a great extent moving in right direction. His one objection, however, was against what he called "pitchforking" some male householders as teachers. Swamiji envisaged opening such centres in villages and towns for the spread of "female education". He conceived of the proposed Math as a nucleus for fitting women to life now and hereafter.

Vivekananda preaches freedom for women so that their personality could flower in an atmosphere of liberal, enlightened values. No doubt his native philosophic vision of oneness was enhanced by his visit to the West and exposure to occidental ideas. Happily enough he responded to the positive aspects of Western social organization in respect of woman. He chastises his contemporaries for

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their meanness of spirit and poverty of intellect. He deplores in indignation :

> To what straits the strictures of local usages have reduced the women of this country, rendering them lifeless and inert, you could understand if only you visited the Western countries. You alone are responsible for this miserable condition of the women and it rests with you also to raise them again. Therefore I say, set to work. What will it do to memorize a few religious books like the Vedas and so on ? [6]

A modern aspect of Vivekananda's plan for the upliftment of women is the respect he has for their personality. To a question from a disciple, apparently hide-bound, whether the inmates of his proposed math should marry, Swamiji answers thus :

> They must be given education and left to themselves. After that they will act as they think best. [7]

That takes us to an allied aspect of Swamiji's thinking. He shared the reformist spirit of his times and consistently censured early marriage of girls. When a disciple wondered whether the ancient law-givers who supported this custom of early marriage had their own reasons, Swamiji energetically questioned their wisdom. He argued that it is early marriage which accounts for most women dying early. He took a scientific attitude to the issue and pointed out how the progeny of such marriages tend to lack vitality, they "go to swell the ranks of our country's beggars." He strongly believed that "married a little later and bred in culture, our mothers will give birth to children who would be able to achieve real good of the country. The reasons why you have so many widows in every home lies here, in this custom of early marriage. If the number of early marriages declines, that of widows is bound to follow suit". [8] He is far-sighted in proclaiming that a time will come when educated, accomplished girls will find a happy place in society. Like a true seer he did not feel deterred by opposition from conservative quarters of the society to his bold move to start a Math for women and the blue-print of its educational programme. "Struggle," he said, "is the sign of life." He called for raising women of our times to the legendary heights of Maitreyi and Gargi in intellectual acumen and the mythological heights of Sita, Savitri and Gargi in womanly virtues.

We may pause to observe how well Vivekananda has assimilated tradition. Tradition is not an indiscriminate bolus to be swallowed ; assimilating tradition involves a "historical sense" which is a perception, not only of the partners of the past, but of its presence, it is a sense of the timeless as well as of the temporal and of the timeless and of the temporal together.

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The address Vivekananda delivered at the Shakespeare Club House, in Pasadena, California, on January 18, 1900, called "Women of India" is very much a testimony to his assimilation of tradition as defined above. His acquaintance with Western ways and social values enlarged his Indian Hindu sensibility and helped him to see the issue of women's rights in a wider perspective. He perceived the wrongs perpetrated on women in India, blighting the light of Vedic wisdom. At the same time he underscores the essentially Indian image of woman as mother foremost, wife only next. Even God was looked upon as mother in India. That concept is the fountain-light of all our culture and social organization as well. Elsewhere talking of establishing a Math for women when Swamiji refers to the Shakti cult, a disciple recalls how he was sharply critical of the Tantric tradition of worship of women. Swamiji clarifies his position when he says that he was against the corrupted form of Vaamaachaara of the Tantras and not against its Mother-worship. Here as in other places he traces the corruption to the downfall of Buddhism.[9] He tells his American audience how the worship of the Divine Mother is cardinal to Indian religion and how it helps at the social level to cultivate an attitude of reverence and devotion to the mother, attributing a significant role to the mother in rearing good and noble citizens. The institution of marriage is held as a sacrament by the Hindus and a couple pray for children rather than using the relationship for self-aggrandizement or gratification. Swamiji contrasts the Western woman's attitude to marriage and family in all these respects. The Western woman is "individualistic", whereas the attitude of an Indian woman is "socialistic".[10] The woman as wife is a companion helping the man in his pursuit of his *Dharma.* Thus Vivekananda exalts the institution of marriage though occasionally, being a monk and an ascetic, he does not seem to accord a very high place to that instituiton in life. He canonizes chastity as the supreme virtue of a woman, in keeping with his orthodox monastic tradition. (But with firness he says chastity is also for man to observe.)

Swamiji has a sociological and pragmatic angle in dealing with the institution of widowhood. It is true that his stand is conservative by contemporary standards, when, for example, he accepts the injunction against widow remarriage. He does see that it may mean a life of deprivation at the individual level. However he views widowhood in a surprisingly egalitarian light. That is, in a society where women outnumber men, when a widow chooses to remarry, she may deny the chance to another girl who has not had a chance at all to marry.[11] Further as Sister Nivedita observes, "With all his reverence for individuality, he had a horror of what he called the crime of the unfaithful widow... The white unbordered *sari* of

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the lonely life was to him the symbol of all that was sacred and true". [12]

Apart from this one issue relating to women, in all other matters Vivekananda has shown an admirably progressive and enlightened attitude because it is rooted in his perception of Indian cultural history. To recapitulate : Swamiji looks upon woman as the human embodiment of Shakti, the Divine Mother and as such enjoins her to observe the noblest sense of chastity and consecration. At the social level he shares with the reformists of his time like Raja Ram Mohan Roy, Bankim Chandra and Dayananda, sympathy for the much abused Hindu woman. He sees redress only in a system of women's education which will be in tune with the spirit of the ideals of our culture. He is for abolishing early marriage of girls and for recognizing equality of women. By habit and by environment they have been finding it more easy to develop the qualities of the heart, which has perhaps resulted in a neglect of the intellect imposed on them by a social organization which is male-dominated. Therefore men came to believe that women were only fit to bear children. Vivekananda views this as an unenlightened attitude, for given the same training women can develop as sharp an intellect as men. He cites the case of Vaachaknavi, the maiden orator — Brahmavaadini, as the word of the day was — who questioned Yajnavalkya at the court of King Janaka. It is remarkable that her sex is not even commented upon. "Like two shining arrows in the hand of the skilled archer are my questions," she says. [13] We now know that in an ideal education system biological constraints can even be overcome and children can be brought up without an awareness of the distinction of sex. We find remarkable anticipation of such revolutionary ideas in Vivekananda's thinking. In the words of Sister Nivedita, Swamiji "would never tolerate any scheme of life and polity that tended to *bind* tighter on mind and soul the fetters of the body. The greater the individual, the more would she transcend the limitations of femininity in mind and characters and the more was such transcendence to be expected and admired". [14] Swamiji reminds us how in our old forest universities there was equality between boys and girls so that in this nation we may not have to learn from Tennyson's long poem *Princess* about educating a woman. Thus equality of sexes and freedom is the burden of Vivekananda's speeches and writings concerning women. But as Sister Nivedita points out, "The growth of freedom of which he dreamt, would be no fruit of agitation, clamorous and iconoclastic. It would be indirect, silent and organic". [15] As the Irish poet W.B. Yeats so beautifully put it in his "A Prayer for my Daughter", women should cherish the "cornucopia", "the horn's plenty" and must not think of developing intellect at the expense of

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the heart and the soul. A real education does not believe in a lop-sided development. The decline of women in an essentially male-dominated society accounts for the militant tone of modern women's lib. movement. Vivekananda, the true prophet that he was, rang out the old order and ushered in the new order.

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IS INDIAN WRITING IN ENGLISH A GENRE OR NECESSITY ?

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Now that the Indian writing in English has come to stay, a need is felt to examine its significance and position in the larger body of English literature. Its evolution from the incipient attempts of the Great Indian Renaissance of the last century to a period of relative achievement, and after the Independence, to a position of "major" "genre" of English literature on a par with, or as a contributor to or component of, the Commonwealth Literature, is the well-known course of its progress. After this development or "evolution", perhaps, the time has certainly arrived for us to take a hard look at this new and "stable" body of literature for assessing its potentialities and weaknesses and notice its further course of development. For this, we have to study the Indian writing in English in its four literary forms — of Poetry, Fiction, Drama and Prose.

As graphically traced out by Prof. V.K. Gokak, Indian poetry in English travelled and matured itself, partly though, in the course of about one hundred and fifty years. The three divisions of Prof. Gokak are quite obvious : the earlier phase of "imitation" in the Great Renaissance of the last century; the second phase, before and around the First World War culminating in the Second World War or for emotional purposes, upto Indian Independence; and the "New Poetry" of the Fifties and afterwards. This "division" is quite understandable and defines the natural course of development of any creative process. After accepting this division, an attempt should be made at studying the genuine poetic achievement of this "genre". Of the three "divisions", the "early poetry" of the Indian Renaissance is committedly (or confessedly) imitative. The acid test of "Indian sensibility" is not to be justifiably applied here. Next, we shall concentrate our efforts on appreciating and analysing the "middle poetry" from the beginning of this century to the achievement of Indian Independence. In this period, we come across

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Naidu. Perhaps, these are the most fruitful and nearly complete attempts of Indian poetry in English. The intimate poetic appeal of Tagore is certainly matched by the deeply emotional and profusely sentimental strain in Sarojini Naidu's poetry. In the poetry of Sri Aurobindo, the thematic focus of perceiving a spiritual experience in a poetic medium spells a new meaning and indeed, places the Indian poetic experience in English on a par with the achievement of such universal poets as Homer, Dante and Milton. The poetic achievement of these three Indian poets, in their cumulative effect, vitally constitutes the real sustenance and purpose of the Indian poetic experience in English.

But, our concern is with the total achievement and effort at transferring a genuine Indian experience in an English medium. To this extent, perhaps, the New Poetry after the 'Fifties, does not measure upto any test of authenticity either in theme or structure. Though these poets aver to think and write with their "manifesto" for "Indianness", in mind, curiously enough, the poetry of these writers only transfers the "echoes" of an occidental experience for a fashionable, semi-cultured Indian elite. Honestly, what is obviously missing is a genuine creative talent at work. The poetic sensibility is sadly replaced by artificial innovation. In their poetry, the themes are neither Indian nor universal. What is painfully accepted is not a poetic statement of the Indian mind at crossroads after Independence, but bald cynicism, often garbed in certain potic devices, which are often misconstrued as Irony and Paradox.

Like the Indian poetry in English, the Indian novel in English also suffers from the same quality of a lack of quest for "Indianness". Taking its origin at the beginning of the century, the novel form is occupying an important place along with poetry, in the overall body of Indian writing in English. Apart from the three earlier Indian novelists in English, (as Raja Rao, M.R. Anand and R.K. Narayan) there is little of genuineness of fictional meaning in other writers. But even here, the classics of the Indian novelists in English are very few. Only a *Guide* or *Untouchable* manifest a certain amount of complexity. A Bakha or Raju are fewer examples of living characters, considering the vast production of the Indian novels in English. Sri Aurobindo's poetic achievement, and Raja Rao's fictional effort recreate a central aspect of the Indian mind; that is the philosophical and speculative aspect of the human life. If we compare the Indian novel in English, with such other Continental novels or prose discourses (such as those of Sartre and Camus) the level of success is all too obvious. As in poetry, what is basically missing is the genuine and sustaining creative talent at work. The complexity and creative vitality gradually thin out, in the course of a novel. The difficulties with regard to the lack of

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Indian novel in English are two-fold: the themes do not originate from a native situation or even for that matter, they do not fictionalize a universal situation. What is totally and painfully absent is, that creative vision to synthesize and transmute a human situation into viable and convincing fictional art. As a result, most of the fictional efforts either become journalistic, or lack in a sustained creative activity. The "documentation" of detail is the ruling dictum here.

The Indian drama in English is conspicuously absent. For, its own problems of catering to the emotional needs of writing dialogues and "dramatizing" the human minds mostly limit the natural flowering of an Indian theatre in English. Even the few successful dramas (as those written by Nissim Ezekiel and Asif Currimbhoy) understandably lack in depth and complexity.

In contrast to the Indian poetry and novel in English, there is a greater amount of success in the Indian prose in English. Nirad C. Choudhury, Jawaharlal Nehru, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, Raja Rammohan Roy, M.K. Gandhi, C. Rajagopalachari, and Rt. Hon. V.S. Srinivasa Sastry are some of the good Indian prose writers in English. Thematically, there is a rich diversity of topics discussed from the philosopical discourses and nationalist feelings in the earlier stages to the analysis of specific Indian and larger universal problems afterwards, in the works of these writers. Though there is not such a diversity in their structure as in the larger form of English essay, these Indian prose writings are well-structured in themselves. In significant contrast to the Indian poetry and novel in English, there is a greater degree of "authenticity" and genuineness of effort in the Indian prose in English. Sometimes, language is used with a consummate skill and ideal refinement. Thus, here the achievement is maximum and fruitful.

In the area of Literary Criticism, the contribution from Indian writing in English is much less. Quite unfortunately, an expression of the Indian mind in English is subjected to the Western literary variously different from those of ours. For instance, the British literature is justifiably understood and criticised by the compulsions and moral necessities of the British mind and likewise, the American creative spirit is not misunderstood and dethroned by the standards of the British and even Continental values. But, unfortunately, a genuine appreciation of the Indian creative mind in English is not based on our moral and ideological compulsions, but totally based on the Western and Continental value system. Perhaps, this is where the Indian creative effort in English is banefully "derivative". Thus, there is a grave disjunction between the native values of our literature and imposing an alien set of moral and spiritual values on it.

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In contrast to a lack of genuine talent and creative vitality in Indian writing in English, the regional literatures are variously rich and authentic in their theme and structure. The comparison between the regional literature and Indian writing in English may not be just and proper; but nevertheless, it serves its legitimate purpose. It underlines the undue emphasis being placed on Indian writing in English in total neglect of the regional literatures. The two problems impending a natural expression in Indian writing in English, namely "authenticity" and "competence" are absent here. In place of limpid expression for romanticizing (or idealizing) an exotic situation (as in the New Poetry of Indian Writing in English), there is a spontaneous and voluntary feeling of an Indian mind to a specific contemporary or mythological Indian situation. The regional novels overcome the two important problems of sustaining the creative tempo of a novel, and second, its themes and perceptions are about the contemporary Indian life or its "usable past".

In view of the genuine lack of originality and authenticity, the credentials of Indian writing in English as a "genre" need to be questioned. Unlike the new and emerging areas or "genres" of English literature, the imaginative concerns of the Indian writing in English lack in strength and vitality. The comparison between such newly emerging areas as the Continental literature in English serves our purpose. Unlike the the Continental literature in English serves our purpose. Unlike the Continental literature in translation, the Indian writing in English lacks in depth and profundity. Thus, Indian writing in English is not a "genre" but appears a "necessity". As a genre, it lacks in self-sustaining creativity and its imaginative concerns are vague and lack in strength and vitality. The creative spirit, if any, is all too superficial and ambiguous. Thus, it appears possible to argue that Indian creative writing in English has not achieved much success and its recognition as a significantly "new" "genre" of English literature, is, indeed, questionable.

As a result of this failure of Indian writing in English, the regional literatures may be developed more profitably and productively instead of placing too much emphasis on the Indian writing in English. So long as there is no quest for "Indianness" in its creative mood, giving too much importance to Indian writing in English is highly mistakable and uncongenial to the growth of a free expression of the Indian creative mind. As the Indian creative experience in English is far from satisfactory in its approach and qualitative output, it is not a new "genre" but a mere, though an avoidable necessity.

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HEART'S HUNGERS AND HEARTBURNS

(Short Story)

Dr. KEWAL DHEER

(Translated from the original in Urdu by Madan Gupta)

Across the road, right in front of me, stands Malti. I cannot believe my eyes. I feel like going up to her and greeting her. But in spite of my keen desire, my feet refuse to move. I stand like a statue looking at her, staring at her.

Malti is not alone. There is another person with her — a young man. He is busy looking at the decorative pieces in the show window. Then he turns round and moves forward saying something to Malti. I see his face. It is dark and ugly; pock-marked and pale. My thoughts bring forth all kinds of visions before my mind... They move forward. My eyes pursue them. After walking for a while, they turn on a road going towards the west and vanish from my sight. I turn back towards my hotel.

I am staying on the third and last floor of Hotel Sweetheart. From the window of my room I can see the turning where my eyes lost Malti. I look towards the turning searching for her. A storm is welling up within me. The past is becoming alive and with it come to life heart's hungers and heart-burns. I feel uneasy. A long forgotten pain grips my body. Images from the past appear and disappear before my eyes.

One year ago I had received Malti's last letter. It was a long letter whose contents are still fresh in my memory. "All my emotions, all my thoughts, my entire being, are wrapped up in your love," she had said. "I worship you Rajiv. I have dreamt dreams of decorating my desolate and dreary life with the perfumed flowers of your love. I have prayed that these dreams come true ..... ! But dreams are mere dreams. The stern stare of reality turns them into vapours. But, dear Rajiv, this much is a reality that even without getting you I have got you. My life always be illuminated by the light of your love. Its shine will never pale. The perfume of these flowers will never fade ..." It looked that in a fit of emotional insanity Malti had laid bare her innermost thoughts in that letter. At the end she said, "But, Rajiv, promise me that you will not let our paths cross again. I wish to live so that my love may live. Life's

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journey is long. To undertake it I have found a companion. You may call my choice revenge if you see my life companion. You may consider that I have gone berserk. But this is not true. The name of my life companion is Kailash. His exterior belies his interior. He does not have a fair face but his soul has the shine and shimmer of pure silver. His heart has the vastness of an ocean and that ocean has nothing but love. And for my journey through life, I need only love..."

No doubt the man I saw with Malti was Kailash, her husband. "What a strange woman you are Malti," I say to myself. And my mind starts resurrecting the past. My thoughts turn to the point where the beginning of this story took place; when Malti and I had met for the first time four years ago. Malti was the reigning queen of my friend Yash's heart. I had just returned from England after completing my course in medicine. Yash was an old pal of mine from school. We had spent our childhood together. He was the only son of a well-to-do father. After. graduation he had gone into business. He had told me about his hysteric attachment to Malti and that he wanted to marry her. "Then do so," I had said. "If the girl is willing where is the hitch ?" "But there is a hitch," Yash had confided. "If you help it can be overcome." "What sort of hitch?" I had enquired. Yash had told me that due to a misunderstanding Malti was angry with him. He wanted me to smoothen matters between them. I had told him that since I did'nt know her and had never met her, it would be wrong for me to intervene in such a personal matter. "Rajiv, you are a doctor," Yash had said, "So is she. You can get to know her easily and talk to her." He had entreated me for help. For, the first time I had learnt that Malti was a doctor and was in charge of the local Government maternity hospital. Although it was an unusual assignment and something which I normally would not have undertaken, on Yash's insistence, I agreed. I decided to meet Malti the next day. "What can I do for you ?" Malti had asked as I entered her drawing room. She probably took me for someone who had come for professional advice. I had not introduced myself and had decided to plead Yash's case only as his friend. The matter was delicate and I did'nt want to create any misunderstanding about myself. Therefore I hesitated for a while how to broach the subject. "Can I do anything for you ?" Malti had said again looking at me. Her voice had the trained politeness of a good doctor. "Doctor," I had said, "We are strangers and I have come to talk to you about a very personal and delicate matter. I hope you wo'nt mind. There was a look of surprise on Malti's face. After a few minutes reflection she said, "What is it ?" "I am Yash's friend and..." Before I could say anything further she had interrupted me saying, "Please go away

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at once." And without waiting for me to leave, she had walked out of the room. Anger had made her face red. Disappointed and ashamed, I had come back. This was my first meeting with Malti — a brief meeting which was anything but pleasant.

I have moved away from the window and have flung myself into an armchair. The room is filled with smoke almost as mist sometimes spreads in the atmosphere making it blinding. Surrounded by smoke I start scratching memory's slate... After appraising Yash about Malti's reaction, I had flung her out of my mind. Then I had taken up a job with the Institute of Medicine and had come away to Lucknow.

Next year the annual conference of the Medical Council was held in Nainital during the summer vacation. Considerable importance was attached to this conference both by official and non-official circles because world renowned scientists and doctors were attending it and the subject was problems of medical research. Another attraction was a summer in the pleasant and healthy surroundings of Nainital. Many well-known personalities had reached Nainital well in advance. I could reach only a few hours before the opening on account of Veena's illness. Out of the three research papers to be read by Indian doctors, one was mine. My participation was therefore essential.

The bungalow where arrangements had been made for my stay had other guests also. A doctor friend of mine from England had also come. As I came out of my room to go and see him, a young girl passed by me. I felt the girl was Malti. After a few steps I stopped. She also perhaps recognised me and turned back to look. Spontaneously I said, "Hello." She said nothing and giving me a dirty look moved on. I smiled to myself.

In the morning session of the second day's proceedings, mine was the first paper to be read. Before I came on the dais, I was introduced in glowing terms. I had noticed that Malti was sitting in the second row on the right. There was a look of surprise on her face. Perhaps for the first time she had learnt who I was.

I had got very very tired at the end of the day. Before turning in I also wanted to prepare a reply to the various points that arose in the discussion on my paper. Just then I noticed Malti standing at the door.

"Can I come in?" she asked

"Of course, Malti," I said, "By all means." And I smiled.

Malti entered the room and sat on a chair facing me. She was quiet and a little self-conscious. I found her serene and serious face very attractive. She was fair, had sharp features and was tall and slender. Her face was studded with large and luminous eyes which had the parental protection of long, drooping eyelashes. She

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had rose-red lips and pearl-white teeth. Her long hair fell leisurely on marble-white arms. As she sat thinking I could not help saying to myself, "What an exceedingly beautiful woman."

I broke the silence and said, "You are perhaps thinking of our first meeting Dr. Malti."

"I am thoroughly ashamed of myself, doctor," Malti said in a soft, subdued tone as if she was feeling extremely repentent.

I did not let the ugly incident corner the conversation and we talked of this and that for quite a while. Malti asked a lot of questions about me and praised my contribution in the field of medical research. During the coversation, there was not even once a mention of Yash. When she left, I felt that she was not only very beautiful but was also intelligent, well-informed and well-spoken.

At the end of our five days stay in Nainital we were no longer strangers. After the busy sessions whatever spare time there was, we spent together. Her smile had the capacity to capture hearts. Her personality had a magnetism. Her mind had the depth of bottomless seas. Every moment I spent with her was a moment made eternity. It looked as if I had suddenly been woken from deep slumber.

I had to return to Lucknow that day. When I mentioned this to Malti, I could see despondence descend on her.

"I know you are a busy man," she had said, "But Rajiv, can't you stay another day?" There was yearning in those words and tremendous tenderness. I could not say no and changed my departure to the next day.

The Hilltop Restaurant gave an ethereal view of the glorious surroundings of Nainital. Sitting in a corner we guzzled that glory greedily. I thought suddenly of Yash. Although I had not met him since our last meeting and had no idea how his love-affair with Malti had progressed, I, without any reason, asked, "How is Yash?" Malti was taken aback. The question froze her. "Rajiv, please," she said, "Do'nt talk about him." I could discern sadness on her face. It seemed that she had got entangled with something within her. Sometimes she looked at me; sometimes she kept quiet or talked in monosyllables. I could see that Yash's name had touched a raw wound somewhere in her.

As the evening turned into night, dark clouds gathered in the sky. There were signs that soon there may be a heavy cloudburst.

"We have come very far," I said to Malti, "let's turn back before we get caught in the rain." A smile appeared on Malti's face after hours. "So what?" she said in a carefree fashion. "It will only wet us."

"With the rain there may also be a storm." I had added.

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"With you by my side, who is afraid of storms ?" she had replied. Just then she had stumbled and I had to give her support to prevent a fall. This had brought her into my arms. In a whisper she had said, "But for you I would have had a bad fall."

Then we had turned back. She had held my hand throughout. We had'nt covered even half the way when it started raining heavily. By the time we reached the bungalow we were completely drenched.

While saying goodnight, Malti had squeezed my hand in both her hands and had placed her lips on it. The longing in her eyes unnerved me. I had'nt known such an experience before.

I passed a disturbed night that night. Before that Malti was for me no more than a cultured, attractive and intelligent woman who could be a good friend. But the cold quiet of that wet evening had made me aware of another aspect of her personality. Her behaviour that evening was evidence of an attachment she had developed for me. What relationship her fantasy had established between us I was unable to guess. I had merely said to myself "Malti do'nt be a prey to any misconceptions. Every fibre of my being is in love but that love is the exclusive preserve of Veena. No one else can enter that preserve." And then I had decided that before I leave Nainital, I shall tell Malti about Veena.

Malti had come to see me off when I was leaving for Lucknow. I could see a sadness on her face — a gloom. Her eyes were wet. Looking at her, my resolve to tell her about Veena broke. I kept quiet lest anything I may say may make her more miserable. I decided that I would write to her as soon as I reach Lucknow that I am a married man and therefore any feelings of love for me are bound to end in a tale of woe.

The room is full of smoke. I feel suffocated. Taking the support from table lying in front, I get up and opened all the windows. The December evening is icy cold. Gusts of wind come and strike my face but my suffocation persists. I feel as my whole body is on fire. I come and stand in front of the window from where is visible the crossing where I had lost Malti. My eyes turn towards the crossing. Memories of days gone by start crowding mind...

Malti had also come away from Nainital soon after. This information I had got from a letter I had received from her three days after my return to Lucknow. The emotional upheaval that Malti was going through was also evident in the letter. I was therefore not surprised that she had decided against spending the rest of the vacation in Nainital.

I had several times decided that I shall tell Malti about myself but somehow could not act on this resolve. Perhaps a weakness in me forbade action. Time passed. Malti's letters came regularly. My replies also went with the same regularity. Her letters had no

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emotional outbursts, no sob-stories of languishing in love, no soul-stirring sentimentality. Every word was measured and matter-of-fact. The writing was concise, cogent and clear. It had expression and lot of power. This helped to develop an affinity between us and a year passed by.

I had to go to Delhi to attend an official meeting. Malti was in Agra those days. Acting on an impulse I decided to break journey in Agra. Malti's servant told me that she had gone out for a delivery case and will not be back for two or three hours. To while away the time, I started looking at the books neatly arranged in a bookcase. There was a rich collection on varied subjects besides medicine. I took out a few books of interest to me and sat down on a bed-sitter. Among the books I also found Malti's diary. I kept it aside and started turning the pages of a book. I could not for long suppress my desire to look at the diary. Picking it up I opened it. The page in front of me said, "They say that God one cannot get but a godly human-being is possible to find. But I have found one who is God personified. Rajiv, this is you. Someone has said that man is the image of God. My God is you, Rajiv. You have enriched my life as nothing else ever had."

A cold shudder passed through me as I thought of the misery that disillusionment will inflict on her. Fear gripped me. I started reading the diary from the beginning. The first few pages contained Malti's early life. "I wish you were alive today mother," she had written "and could see the fulfilment of your dreams and desires that your daughter should become a doctor. But you did not wait mother. You saw nothing but misery in your life. Your husband ((who I am ashamed to call my father, made you cry all your life. Drinking ate away every pie of his. Your life was spent in the claustrophobic confines of the house which put to death all your dreams. When finally T.B. took him away, there was nothing but desolation and despair for you. I know how you brought me up, mother. You worked day and night so that I may survive. Even the trinkets on your toes had to be sold. The house was mortgaged so that your daughter may not droop in despair. Mother, you wanted that I should become a doctor and save human lives; bring succour to the suffering humanity. You went away, mother, but I promise you that your wishes will be fulfilled....."

I found the account of her life very upsetting and decided to skip some pages. The next page before me read, "Life's long journey cannot be undertaken alone. One needs a companion. This need I shall have to fulfill myself. Father, mother, brother or sister I have none. Who else is there in the world to guide me... Naresh, when I met you I thought I had found such a companion. I told you my life's entire story. You gave me sympathy and assurance of abiding love. I trusted you. But you spurned love, the

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world's most cherished wealth and let yourself be lured by the glitter of gold. Perhaps you did'nt understand what love is. You insulted it because you knew no better....."

I was deeply moved by this chapter in Malti's life. Hundreds of questions rose in my mind about the frailty of human relationships; about inconsistency in men's behaviour. Just then my eyes caught Yash's name. "You are the second man, Yash, who has betrayed me. Why should I blame you ? The blame is mine. I trusted you and accepted your protestations of love. You are a rich man. All the trimmings of richness are yours — a palatial house, a fleet of cars. Life's luxuries are at your beck and call. I have never hankered for any of these things. I have only yearned for a heart beating in unison. All that you were after was my body. Your play-acting of a love-lorn, you thought, would make me surrender myself to you. Perhaps you took my love for a commodity that can be bought and sold in the market."

The truth abut Malti's relationship with Yash was very revealing. I felt extremely annoyed with him. A repugnance arose in my mind. I felt ashamed that I called such a man my friend. Just then the old maid-servant brought me a cup of tea. The interruption scattered my thoughts.

As I sip the tea I am looking at Malti's picture in front of me. Her guileless, serene and soft face makes her look like a goddess. I find myself drawn towards her by bonds of love which are pure and personal.

The diary has given me an insight into Malti's feelings for me. Extreme restlessness gets hold of me — a feeling of guilt. "What will she think," I say to myself, "when she comes to know the truth about me ? Was it right for me to keep quiet when she had made her feelings apparent ? Is not my silence responsible for making her adorn her thoughts with the dazzle of dreams ?" I felt that it would be criminal to keep quiet any longer. My silence may singe her in the fire that she kindled within her. With these thoughts hanging heavy on my mind, I write in Malti's diary "You are a brave girl, Malti, to have fought valiantly against your faltering fortunes. I wish I could be your companion in life's journey. But this is not possible, Malti. When I became aware of your feelings, an innate weakness prevented me from telling you the truth about myself. Today, after reading your diary, I feel like a culprit. The response you are looking for will not come from me. A long time ago I became Veena's prisoner. I am sorry that I did not tell you this earlier. Perhaps it was so ordained..." The truth is extermely unpleasant, Malti. But by keeping you in the dark longer, I do not wish to deceive you. I also do'nt want that you should put me in the same category as Naresh and Yash.... Tears and tribulations ; pain, hurt and hardship make life a cruel comedy. Its tricks

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make one tremble. But along with disappointment, there are sparkling interludes which add lustre to living. Don't allow your future to be massacred by the misfortunes of the past. Be brave. A guiding star is bound to appear in your sky. Good bye."

Outside, near the door, was a pot containing a rose plant. I plucked a flower. Touching it with my lips, I placed it on the page on which I had written. I could not withold my tears. A hurt ravaged my heart. I left Agra without meeting Malti.

A few days later when I returned to Lucknow I found a letter from Malti waiting for me. She had written, "You came and went away. You didn't meet me. Who knows now whether we will ever meet again... Reality of your situation is unpleasant. But accepting it did not make me cry. I shed no tears. It has given a rent which has become a part of my personality. It will always stay with me as a precious keep-sake ... I will never be able to overcome my love for you. It will give me solace in my lonely hours ..."

Many months passed. Time sped. But it did help me to crase from my memory my meeting with Malti. I remembered her often. My mind felt sorry for her unhappy situation. Then suddenly came another letter from her. This was her last letter. She had written, "I wish to keep alive so that my love for you may live. But promise that you will never cross my path again ..." And she had mentioned a new turn her life had taken. She had mentioned about Kailash. I had felt relieved that her wanderings had at last found a berth.

Seeing Malti here after a whole year, has entangled me in a whirlpool of memories. Events of the past appear before my eyes — events which have given birth to a story — the story of Malti. But the end of this story ... ?

Dehradun is an unknown town for me. I have to assume charge of the Chief Director of the newly established Government Institute for Medical Research. Malti's presence has brought me face to face with a conflict. Does Malti live here ? The question puts my mind into serious predicaments.

The night has deepened. The air has become cold. Putting my overcoat, I come out of the room and go to the ground floor. The hotel compound is quit and peaceful. Here and there young couples sit engrossed in each other. I order a cup of coffee and sit in a corner which is relatively quieter. The palms next to me put their curtain of shadow on me. My mind is still tossing around Malti's words in her last letter ... Promise that you will not cross my path again ... The words increase my uneasiness.

"How pleasant is the atmosphere here." These words from a familiar voice break the chain of my thoughts. From beyond the palms I hear again "My desire to settle in a peaceful place has at

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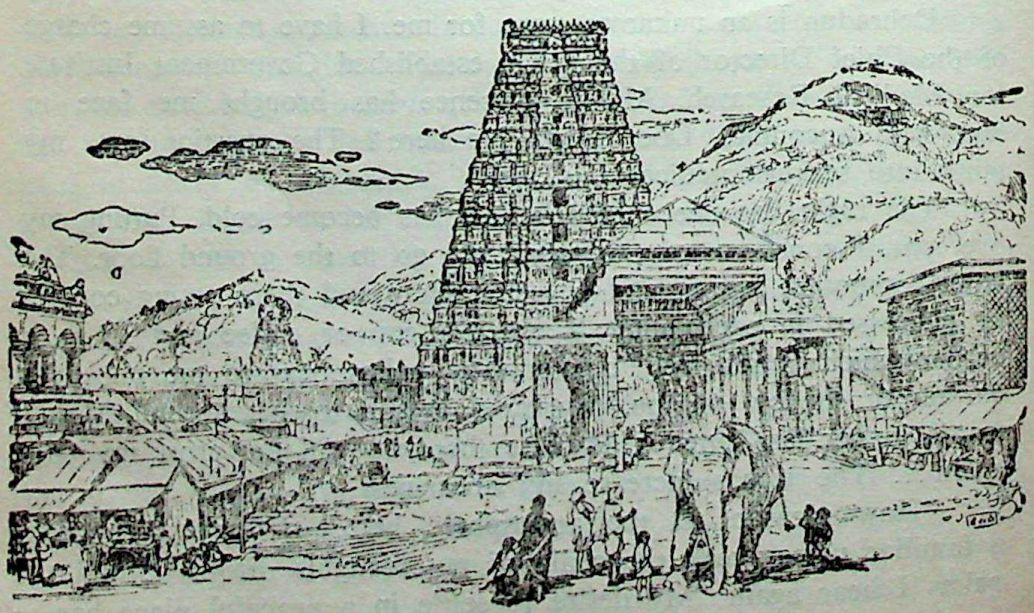
last been fulfilled." The voice is unmistakably Malti's. I sit up. After a few minutes I hear a second voice. "I have been offered the second position though I was confident that I would be selected for the first. I believe Dr. Rajiv of Lucknow who is considered an authority in the field of medical research has been offered the first position." I curse events which have again brought me into a maelstrom. "Why have you suddenly become quiet?" The second voice asks. "Let's go to our room, "Malti says, "It is becoming very chilly here." And the two walk past me... Malti and Kailash.

I am in the clutches of confused thoughts. Every word of Malti's last letter stands out in my mind. Along with them stand in bold relief the words I wrote in Malti's diary "Don't allow your future to be massacred by the misfortunes of the past. Be brave. A guiding star is bound to appear in your sky ..." I am feeling that Malti has understood the significance of life and has tried to rebuild it. That this rebuilt life should shatter because of me, I will not tolerate. It will never happen ...

It is past midnight. I have just written a letter to the Director General of the Medical Research Institute. It says that on account of certain personal reasons I am unable to accept the assignment. Even without knowing anything about Kailash, I recommend him for the post .....

A big load is off my mind. My tangled thoughts are at last at rest. I get busy gathering my things. The morning train will take me back to Lucknow .....

To kill the chill of the December night, I throw myself into the bed and get under the quilt. Soon sleep will shut my eyelids. Heart's hungers will subside. Heartburns will hurt no more .....



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THE ACHIEVEMENT OF WOLE SOYINKA

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The award of Nobel Prize in Literature for 1986 to the African writer Wole Soyinka did not come as a surprise in the literary circles but was received with a nod of approval as it was a rare recognition meted out to the thoroughly deserved. Soyinka's literary genius manifested itself in a variety of forms : drama, poetry, novel, autobiography, criticism and essay. To every form he tried his hand at, Soyinka made significant contribution.

Soyinka was born at Abeoukuta, Western Nigeria, in 1934. His mother-tongue is Yoruba and young Soyinka was thoroughly engrossed in Yoruba tradition. He attended Abeokuta Grammar School ; Government College, Ibadan, and University College, Ibadan. He graduated from the University of Leeds and worked as a Play Reader at Royal Court Theatre, London, for some time. Soyinka's dramatic genius must have received an impetus and a sense of direction here. He was only twenty - three when his plays were first staged and it did not take long for him to grow in stature to become an important writer on the world's literary scene.

The literary career of Soyinka has indeed been meteoric. He is the most prolific and versatile writer from the contemporary Africa. A mere list of his works would run to several pages. Prominent among his dramatic works are *The Swamp Dwellers, The Lion and the Jewel, The Strong Breed* (1963) ; *A Dance of the Forests* (1964) *The Trials of Brother Jero* (1964), *The Road* (1965), *Kongi's Harvest* (1965), *Madmen and Specialists* (1971) *Death and the King's Horse Men* (1975). Soyinka worked on his poems too simultaneously. His first collection *Idanre and Other poems* appeared in 1967 and this was followed by another volume of poems *A Shuttle in the Crypt* in 1972. The two novels of Soyinka to date are *The Interpreters* (1965) and *The Season of Anomy* (1973). While Soyinka's prison experiences were recorded in *The Man Died* (1971) his autobiography *A'ke* was published in 1983. Besides, he contributed a number of articles on a variety of subjects ranging from Yoruba Gods to the Nigerian Civil War.

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Soyinka's works are firmly set in the contemporary African society. But there are backward glances into past and visions of future as well. What emerges, consequently, is a portrayal of African experience in its totality. Soyinka's works make a successful attempt to apprehend the African world in its full complexity — its traditional beliefs and structures, conventions and superstitions, contemporary progression as well as distortion. However, Africanness to Soyinka is neither a nostalgic recapitulation of the pre-colonial past of Africa nor a mere splashing of local colour but a matter of ontological relationship. The achievement of Soyinka lies in his ability to make the world view life through African eyes. In his works, he tries to define African ontology through an interpretation of Yoruba myths and rituals. Discussing the potentiality of mythology Joseph Campbell aptly remarked : "It has always been the prime function of mythology to supply the symbols that carry the human spirit forwards ...".[1] It is this potentiality that Soyinka profitably exploits in his works. What he tries to do, as a writer, in his own words is "to transmit through analysis of myths and ritual the self-apprehension of the African world".[2] It is this mythopoetic imagination of Soyinka that lends peculiar charm, complexity, richness and strength to his works.

Soyinka's world view emerges clearly from the vast corpus of his writings. It is essentially home based — that which he has inherited from his Yoruba origin. His vision of human existence is basically a tragic one : To him, human life is an act of sacrifice and an individual is engaged in an incessant struggle to be absorbed into the Cosmic Oneness but there exists a vast abyss in which the human endeavours for transition often ends.

This vision of Soyinka is nowhere better presented than in his plays. His plays explore the adventures of man's metaphysical self. They reflect through symbolic means man's struggle to comprehend reality.. Soyinka enriches the texture of his drama through an effective use of a variety of art forms like verse, dance, song, masque and pantomime. Dance, to him is the visible expression of interplay between one plane of existence and another, music is the language of tragic reality, and masque and mime recreate the world of spirits. All these together are expected to create an atmosphere, a situation of heightened emotions where the spectators in rapt attention can share the intense spiritual experience which the writer wishes to communicate.

Soyinka resurrects the mythic patterns, persons, and values and shows their relevance to the contemporary Africa. For instance, in a number of his plays, Soyinka asserts the significance of the Ogun to the contemporary psyche. Ogun, is the questing God of War and creativity in Yoruba mythology. In Soyinka's description

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he is "the first creation".[3] Just as Ogun crossed the abyss seeking union with the human, each individual should try to enter into a mystical communion with the comic oneness. This precisely, is the dominant motif of much of Soyinka's dramatic writing.

Soyinka's plays gain much of their strength from their mythical structure but they always show a concern with the contemporary and a preoccupation with the future. As Soyinka himself holds strongly, an African writer should not be a mere chronicler as "part of his essential purpose is to write with a very definite vision ... he must at least begin by exposing the future in a clear and truthful exposition of the present".[4] Soyinka always keeps this social purpose too in mind when he writes. Myth and message, hence, evolve alongside in Soyinka's works.

One of the essential thematic strands in Soyinka's dramatic matrix is a criticism of the contemporary political scene. He exposes the deceit, suffering, violence and hypocrisy that characterize the contemporary human situation not to denigrate mankind but to warn them duly. For instance, Soyinka's *A Dance of the Forests* a play presented on the euphoric occasion of Nigerian Independence is a bold satire showing the possible pitfalls lying in the path of infant independent. Nigerial satire becomes his powerful weapon in countering the evils of society. Thus, in Soyinka's plays a symbolic presentation of man's metaphysical quest is paralleled by a satiric treatment of the contemporary socio-political situation. Metaphysics and politics, myth and message, the eternal and the contemporary, the universal and the local do not eliminate each other but co-exist. This is what makes Soyinka the vital voice of our times.

Soyinka's poetry and fiction too evolve from a similar all encompassing vision. His early poems are satiric expositions on a variety of social problems like colour complex, racial prejudice, injustice and political upheavals. Some of these poems like *The Telephone Conversation* are refreshingly original without any traces of axe-grinding. However, his major poetic works like *Idanre* revolve round his favourite themes like quest and transition. Here again, Soyinka draws considerably from Yoruba cosmology and projects an essentially tragic vision which may be summed up in his own words as follows : "The ripest fruit was the Saddest".[5]

Soyinka's two novels *The Interpreters* and *The Season of Anomy* are oblique attacks on the political situation of the post-independence Africa. He has done away with uni-linear plots and lone heroes. A number of equally important characters are shown to be engaged in independent courses of action whose lines only intersect occasionally. As a result the novels become extremely complex but astonishingly original.

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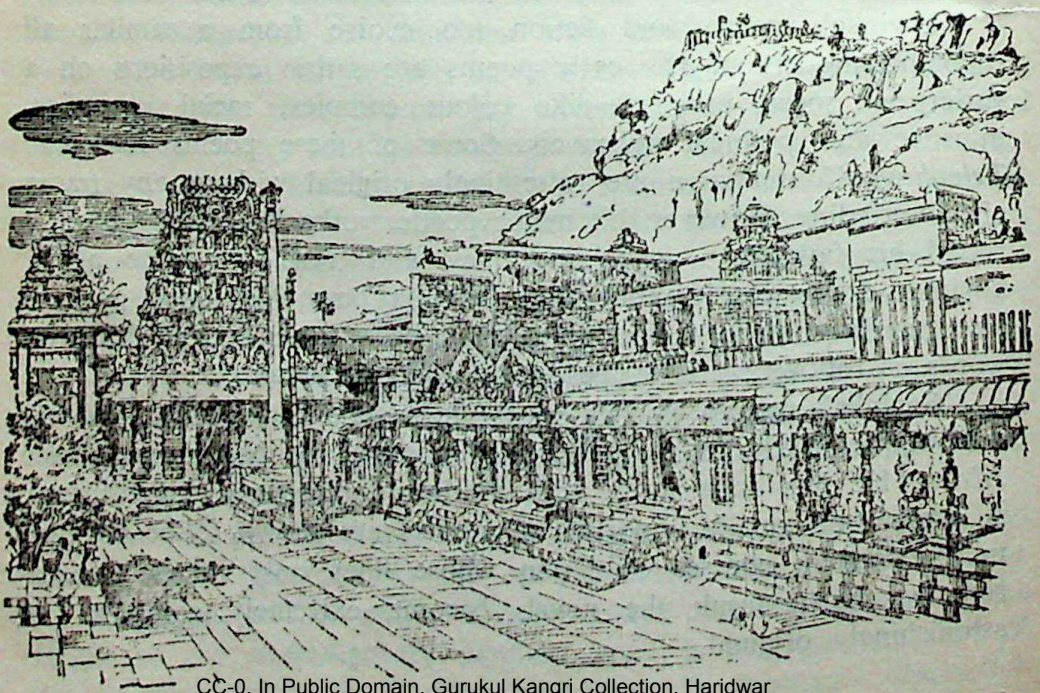
Soyinka's work, in brief, is a major breakthrough in modern literature. Bernth Lindfers seems to have foreseen the distinction Soyinka had in store when he complimented Soyinka twelve years ago as follows : "His imagination, vision and craft distinguish him as a creative artist of the very first rank, as a writer of the world stature".[6]

Soyinka's Nobel Prize has an added significance. He is the first writer from the New Literatures in English to have been awarded this distinction for creative work in English. It is the world's acceptance of the fact that these new literatures have come to stay and that they merit attention.

NOTES

1. Joseph Campbell : *A Hero with a Thousand Faces* (New York : Princeton University Press, 1973) p. 63.
2. Wole Soyinka : *Myth Literature and the African World* (Cambridge : Cambridge University Press, 1976) P. ix.
3. Wole Soyinka : *Myth* P. 145.
4. Wole Soyinka, "The Writer in a Modern African State" in *The Writer in Modern Africa.* Ed. Per Wastberg (Uppsala : The Scandinavian Institute of African Studies 1968) P. 120.
5. Wole Soyinka, "Abika" in *Idanre and other poems* (London : Methuen, 1967) P. 30.
6. Bernth Lindfers. "The Early Writings of Wole Soyinka" in *Critical perspectives on Nigerian Literature* (U.S. : Three Continents Press, 1975) P. 190.



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DANGER TO ACADEMIC FREEDOM

PRATHAPA RAMASUBBAIAH

The stage through which the system of our university education currently passing is very crucial to the basic issues of our-goal of creating a just and democratic social order and the role of a university is expected to play in it. The autonomy of the university and the sanctity of academic freedom are as vital to democracy as the independence of the judiciary.

We must be conscious of the fact that funds for running our academic institutions come from public exchequer as much as the judicial courts are maintained at public expense. A university, therefore, is not an ivory tower isolated from the humdrum of social life. Such a socially and vitally beneficial institution and its autonomy should not imply lack of accountability to the society. But the irony of the situation is that it is the very sense of social responsibility which provides a guilty conscience to certain academicians who feel that their participation in the present educational system which has become irrelevant to the requirements of the people helps only to perpetuate the existing inequitable social order. Whenever the components constituting a university articulate their personal, social and professional problems and raise their voice of protest against injustice and misdeeds of the authorities, their exercise of legitimate freedom becomes intolerable to those who exercise complete material control over our education. Freedom of thought, expression and organisation in our educational life is now under systematic attack by the forces of status quo and the enemies of social change and progress as is evidenced from the policies being pursued by various state governments.

In the pursuit of knowledge which is essentially a social asset, both the individual as well as society make significant contributions. Academic institutions are fostered by society to facilitate systematic and disciplined process of learning. They not only educate the young in the advanced fields of arts and sciences but the university teachers are engaged in creating new knowledge. They assess the existing body of ideas and explanations and evolve new ones. At both these levels — training and proposing new ideas — the univer-

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sity performs a key role in social development. The performance of the university is, therefore, constantly a point of discussion. If the practitioners of knowledge, that is, the teachers, students and educational administrators, merely echo the voice of the ruling classes, then only play their role as the instruments of legitimation, and knowledge, as a social asset, remains mainly at the disposal of the Government. But if the university is responsible not to the Government but only to society at large, then the entire picture changes.

A scholar has not only to be conscious of the intellectual standards of his discipline but also the reality of his social environment. The process of knowing cannot be divorced from participation in social practice. Consequently if an intellectual is a seeker after truth, he then has to perceive his vocation independent of the State. He has to relate his work with the needs of people, material, moral, aesthetic and others while maintaining the logical and scientific rigour. When this is done, the university experiences diverse pulls, some from the State, some from society and others cutting across both. Various sections of society demand that universities should help in solving burning problems of the day and the university's response might threaten the ruling classes. In such critical circumstances, the State moves in to control the process of education and even tries to make the university impotent and irrelevant. But actually in such a situation the university continues to be relevant but only as an obedient messenger of the State. The diverse pressures from soceity and State are both the impetus for innovation at the university and also the source of tension and crisis.

The Indian society has had been experiencing a deepening all-round crisis and the ruling classes have found the universities as one of the potential sources of thereat resulting in increased and steady State intervention in campuses across the country. At the same time, the academic climate has, of late, very much deteriorated and actually a more or less inert intelligentsia pervades our campuses and much academic mediocrity easily passes for high prizes. Yet in the very nature of the university, the ruling classes see threats since truth is ever subversive of facades.

If we look at the variety of State intervention in universities, several trends including direct control are visible. We see frequent cases of universities being taken over, academic bodies being suspended and administrators replacing vice-chancellors. The new legislations grant more arbitrary powers to the Government in appointments, conditions of service and management procedures.

In many parts of the country the growth of gangsterism and police entry into campuses is endangering sustained academic activity and also terrorising teachers and taught. In many campuses

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situations of tension have been so badly handled that police were called in frequently to quell unrest and disturbances resulting in deplorable conditions where vice-chancellors and principals feel dependent upon collectors and police superintendents. These and other dangers to academic freedom and culture of free enquiry and learning in the country needs to be taken serious note of and fought by the entire academic community and leaders of public opinion. Another regrettable factor is that today many of the vice-chancellors are no longer outstanding scholars who can evoke respect and inspire scholarly endeavour but are political proteges of the ruling parties rewarded for their service to the State.

Yet another trend encompassing our campuses today almost all major parties have their student wings in universities and colleges and as a rule electoral politics in the states get entangled with student politics. But this politicisation has to be reconciled with the commitment to the philosophical and disciplinary idea of the university. The increased politicisation process with all its complexities and tensions has created a vunerable atmosphere for State intervention by way of putting one segment against another. The ruling party now has its teaching groups who intervene in the realm of appointments and defend the governmental policies. Other parties also play this game of pressure politics in campuses instead of acting as positive links between the university and society. In the process the university's intellectual and social functions inevitably suffer setbacks.

Progressive and forward-looking academicians are expressing their deep concern at the growing erosion of academic freedom in universities and institutions of higher learning. For instance, in Jammu and Kashmir, Orissa, Bihar, Gujrat and some other states, the Government has either through direct interference in administration and appointments or through ordinances, streamlined teaching faculties into compliance with the state ideology. Even the University Grants Commission is reported to underscore this unhealthy and retrograde activity.

We must take a serious note of the intellectual domination by the ruling class ideology which is pervading various disciplines in manifold, divergent and subtle forms. In all these trends a desperate state machinery which feels insecure in the face of mounting opposition, grabs opportunities to use the agencies of communication towards its own end. After exhausting its legislative and executive powers, the Government resorts to political organization within the campus. Conscious of the fact that knowledge itself can be a source of threat, the State wakes up to control the fountain.

The only way this process of State intervention be halted is to make the university more intimately linked with society. If our

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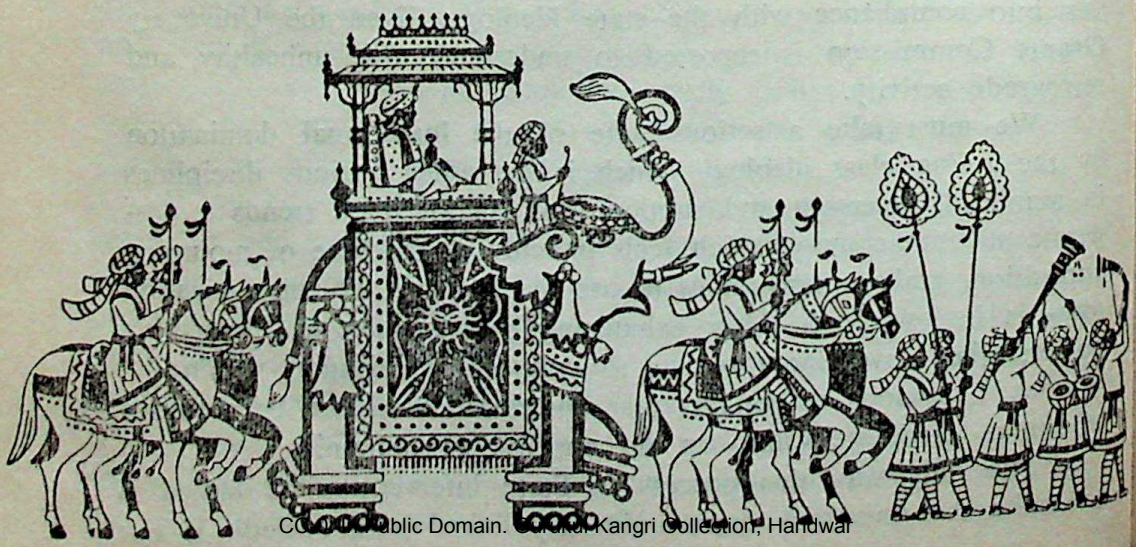
pursuit of knowledge can convince the working people of the country that it is purposive and scientific, then they will elect such a State which zealously protects academic freedom and integrity. When we find popular support for university autonomy, the State shall be pressurised to refrain from intervention. On the one hand our intellectual endeavour must be of such a quality that deserves support from the people and on the other hand, it must contribute to create social conditions congenial for such pursuits of knowledge and culture. Protecting academic freedom from the onslaught of the State and enriching it for the human progress must become a pledge of every concerned individual and institution.

There seems to be in operation a determined conspiracy to stifle the academic initiative and undermine whatever dignity and independence survive in academic life. These trends threaten not only the present functioning of universities and research institutions but their future existence as well. The dire need of the day is that education must be rescued from State debauchery. It is of utmost importance that minds are not enslaved, anaesthetised or numbed and academic initiative and independence not curbed. Let us remember that the history of our freedom struggle was inextricably intertwined with the struggle for the liberation of educational institutions where knowledge of new sciences, arts and history could be imparted unfettered in an atmosphere of freedom and fearlessness in order to create secular, democratic and socialist order.

It is up to the academicians confined to the seclusion of "academic monasteries" and that of laboratories to shed their false sense of superior complex and unhesitatingly join the fighting ranks of the working masses who are in the front line of the battle for bread and human dignity.



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A READING OF ALICE WALKER'S "THE COLOR PURPLE"

KRISHNA PACHEGAONKAR

Since the publication of her first novel "Third life of Grange Copeland" in 1970, Alice Walker has enjoyed a long and profilic career : three books of poetry, two short story collections, two novels and a biography of Langston Hughes for young readers — each work impressive not only in its own right but also by virtue of its appeal. Alice Walker occupies a significant place in the contemporary black Women Writers in America. Born into a large family of sharecroppers in the Deep South, she displays in her fictional corpus a keener interest in the plight of the black woman than do the other members of the contemporary black women writers quartet (Toni Morrison, Alice Walker, Paule Marshall, Gloria Naylor). Although she uses protagonists of both sexes, Walker reveals a strong bias in favour of the black woman ; she regards her as the bearer of enormous social, racial and sexual burdens.

Though "womanist" (she prefers "womanist" to "feminist" a word she finds limited a little weak) in tone and character Walker's writings have placed her in the mainstream of modern literature. Walker is a highly gifted writer of powerfully expressive fiction. Her work consistently reflects her deep concern with racial, sexual, and political issues, particularly with the black woman's struggle for spiritual political survival. Her political awareness, her southern heritage and her sense of the culture and history of her people form the thematic base of her fictional world. Walker's unsparing vision of black women's victimization in sexual love — their isolation, degradation or grotesque defeat by despairing or aspiring black men — has been a major element in her growing body of work. Walker's first collection of short stories "In Love and Trouble" (1973) won her the prestigious Rosenthal Award of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Her second novel "Meridian", is often cited as the best novel of the Civil Rights Movement ; and her recently published novel "The Color Purple" (1982) is awarded

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both the American Book Award and the Pulitzer Prize for Fiction in 1983.

"The Color Purple" is acclaimed as Alice Walker's "the most impressive" (Watkins : 1982) but a poignant tale of five women — black, battered, and ultimately triumphant over a world that seems to have been designed to drive a black woman mad. Walker's language is incandescent, heated with love and rage, and her vision is clear and hard as cut glass.

Celie is a 14-year old black girl in the Jazz Age South : spunky, vulnerable, and the downest and outest of women. Because she must survive against impossible odds, because she has no one to talk, she picks up a pen and pours out her soul to God. Raped repeatedly by the man who may or may not be her real father, robbed of the two children that result bereft her beloved sister Nettie — who fled to seek a better life in Africa — Celie writes about her tragic life in the guise of letters to "white God" because she is ashamed to tell any one else. Celie is black, ugly, not good at school work ; she lives in rural Georgia. Celie has such a low opinion of herself that she meekly submits in marriage to an older man named Albert (always referred to by her as Mr....) who wants someone to take care of his four motherless children. In the first few pages, Celie is raped by her mother's husband, deprived of the two children she is forced to bear and married off to a widower. Her life seems hopeless and over. To Albert, who is in love with a beautiful and determinedly independent blues singer named Shug Avery. Celie becomes merely a servant and an occasional sexual convenience. When his oldest son, Harpo asks Albert why he beats Celie, he says indifferently :

> "Cause she my wife. Plus, she stubborn.
> All women good for — he don't finish.
> He just tuck his chin over the paper like
> he do. Remind me of Pa" (p. 30)

For a time Celie accepts the abuse stoically ;

> "He beat me like he beat the children. Cept
> he don't never hardly beat them. He say
> Celie, get the belt..... It all I can do not
> cry. I make myself wood. I say myself,
> Celie, you are a tree. That's how come I
> know trees fear men". (p. 30)

She watches with curiosity as Albert's teenaged son Harpo falls in love with and marries Sophia, a big strapping girl who tells Celie she is "big" with Harpo's child. She watches with admiration as Sophia successfully stands up to her husband and father-in-law and moves out of the house with her children. She watches with horror as Sophia is carried home later from prison, beaten and abused for

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having walked back to the town's white mayor. Several women came into Celie's life, among them Shug (Sweet as Sugar) Avery, a whore-with-a-heart-of-gold and Albert's former lover who he brings back to the house one day. She is ill with "the nasty woman disease" and no one else will take her in. Celie nurses Shug back to health, admires her with a consuming passion, and in one of the novel's most tender scenes, becomes Shug's lover. Above all, she loves to hear Shug sing. This event which should break up any household, proves oddly restorative. Through Shug, who is bold, passionate, and outspoken, Celie slowly learns to stand up for herself and to resist the brutality and tyranny of men ; through Shug's sisterly embrace, she discovers the sensual possibilities of her hitherto unawakened body. The love that Celie feels for Shug is returned in ways both sisterly and sensuous. Celie frees herself from her husband's repressive control. When she finds out that Albert has intercepted all the letters from her younger sister Nettie — who, with Celie's help, has fled to Africa with a missionary group — allowing her to think that Nettie is dead. When she discovers halfway through the novel that Nettie is still alive, Celie's callous heart breaks open and her rage pours out :

> "The God I been praying and writing" to is
> a man. And act just like all the other means
> I know. Trifling, forgitful, lowdown". (p. 175)

Celie's rage finally breaks through her passivity. She wants to kill Albert but is restrained by Shug. Eventually Celie discovers that laughing at him, standing up to him, and just leaving for awhile cause him to have a change of heart. Here the novel takes a sudden swerve. While Ceile has been slaving in America, Nettie has been playing Albert Schweitzer in Africa, ministering to the needs of a primitive tribe called Olinkas. Always the scholar as a girl, her letters to Celie betray her missionary education and wide travels. Her writing simply doesn't move the reader the way Celie's does. She gives us decorous and pedantic travelogues instead of raw, dramatic, and deeply felt transcriptions of experience. Celie eventually leaves Albert and moves to Memphis, where she starts a business designing and making clothes. Ironically, it is Albert's real love and sometimes mistress, Shug Avery, and his rebellious daughter-in-law Sofia, who provide the emotional support for Celie's personal evolution. And in turn, it is Celie's new understanding of and acceptance of herself that eventually lead to Albert's re-evaluation of his own life and reconciliation among the novel's major characters. As the novel ends, Albert and Shug sit with Celie on Celie's front porch "rocking and fanning files", waiting for the arrival of Nettie and her family.

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"The Color Purple", according to Peter Prescott (1982), "is an American novel of permanent importance, that rare sort of book which (in Norman Mailor's felicitous phrase) amounts to "a diversion in the fields of dread" ; for her, story begins at about the point that most Greek tragedies reserve for the climax, then becomes by immeasurably small steps a comedy which works its way toward acceptance, severity and joy". Her narrative advances entirely by means of letters that are either never delivered or are delivered too late for a response, and most of these are written in a black English that Walker appears to have modified artfully for general conception. In "The Color Purple" Alice Walker can be said to have attempted a kind of encompassing imaginative empathy with the world of the Southern black woman giving due weight to the ubiquitous presence of physical and psychic violence and its burdening effect on the human capacity for self-expression.

One of the major concerns of the novel is the bonding of oppressed women. What particularly distinguishes walker in her role as apologist and chronicler for black women is her revolutionary treatment of black women : that is, she sees the experiences of black women as a series of movements from women totally victimized by society and by the men in their lives to the growing developing women whose consciousness allows them to have control over their lives.

"The Color Purple" is about the strength of the relationships between women, their friendships, their love, their shared oppression. Even the white mayor's family is redeemed when his daughter cares for Sofia's sick daughter.

Africa, the land from which free black men and women were forcibly uprooted and brought to America in chains, has long been imagined in black American folklore and literature as a Paradise Lost, to be returned to one day in pilgrimage. The quality of modern black life in America has done little to diminish the need for such a myth, not the force with which it is embraced by black culture at large. Alice Walker in "The Color Purple" clearly wants to revise the myth — to toss it out entirely, in fact. Africa, as pilgrim Nettie presents it in her letters, is as repressively patriarchal as America. The Olinka men can't believe that women should be educated — at least not their women.

"They are like white people at home who
don't want colored people to learn." (p. 173)

Nettie realizes with a start.And Africa's not much of a paradise for Olinka males either. With the second World War about to erupt, British colonials descend upon the helpless tribe, bulldozing roads through their village and ripping out their sacred roofleaf

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bush in order to plant rubber trees. The resentful black men rape, but game, and treat their women like animals. They remind Nettie, more than anything of her Pa.

If Africa is no Paradise for a black woman from America what does Walker ofter in its place? Her vision is a complex one, and she works it out artfully through the character of Celie. The inescapable logic by which she forces Celie to see that man is the true oppressor, the boundless rage that results — these are her as much as Celie's and two-thirds of the way through the novel we begin to suspect that she has given up on men altogether. Celie and Shug slam the door on Albert and move up North to an old house in Memphis that Celie has inherited from her mother. The two women cook, fix up the house, open a shop that sells homemade pants for women. They weave their lives into a "common dream" in which male lovers and kinsmen have no place. As Shug tells Celie one night before the two women drop off to sleep in each other's arms, "Us is each other's people now".

In the traditional way, Walker ends her comedy with dance, or more precisely with a barbecue. The final mood of the novel is that of forgiveness, reconciliation and faith in the work of God.

Alice Walker is a remarkable novelist, sometimes compared to Toni Morrison, but with a strong, individual voice and vision of her own, and a delicious humour that pervades in "The Color Purple" and tempers the harshness of the lives of its people. Opening with a dedication to the spirit, Walker ends her novel with a postscript : "I thank everybody in this book for coming. A.W., author and medium".

Dignitia Smith, in her review of the novel, quite appropriately comments, "Despite its occasional preachiness, the "Color Purple" marks a major advance for Walker's art ... It places her in the company of Faulkner, from whom she appears to have learned a great deal :" Walker has not turned her back on the Southern fictional tradition. She has absorbed it and made it her. By infusing the black experience into the Southern novel, she enriches both it and the reader. It is indeed a sort of *tour de force*".

NOTES

1. Prescott, Peter S. : "A Long Road to Liberation". *Newsweek* Inc, Vol. XCIX No. 25. June 21, 1982 P. 67-68.
2. Smith, Dignith : "Celie, you a Tree" *The Nation* Vol. 235 No. 6, September 4, 1982.
3. Walker, Alice : "The Color Purple" Newyork : Washington Square Press. 1982.
4. Watkins, Mel : "Some Letters Went to God" in *New York Times Book Review* July 25, 1982. p. 77.

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"THE TRIAL" BY KAFKA
Various Interpretations

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The urge to explain different aspects presented in the novel : "The Trial" becomes stronger, as we follow the actions of Joseph K., who is on the trial. Kafka presents complicated and seemingly meaningless matters in such a simple, direct and lucid style that we are amazed at the craftmanship of this master writer. We often get confused, if we try to find out the solutions of all actions to their logical end. Certain things in the novel can happen and certain things seem shockingly unbelievable. The ideas and images that are presented seem convincing enough, but the objects, which they represent can exist only in the insensible world. If we try to look for some defined order either of form or of theme, it will be a futile groping.

Opinions differ. Like the story of the elephant, the object can be subjected to various explanations. These explanations are there. One of these interpretations can be correct, it may be the right perception of the matter. The understanding and misunderstanding of the same matter may co-exist. They do not wholly exclude each other. If we present the most plausible and convincing argument, there will be more forthcoming, equally plausible and strong. We can present only the relative study of the matter.

Joseph K., a high officer of a bank is tried by a mysterious court for some mysterious offence. The whole trial is shrouded in mystery. He must have committed a very serious crime, because he is executed in a very brutal way at the end. The knife is thrust into his heart and turned there twice.

The novel is full of contradictions and ambiguities and as Eric Heller puts it : "It fails in aesthetic and in ethical logic". A nightmare will not become a novel, even if it is pursued and elaborated through episode after episode.

"The Trial" is full of several possibilities — nature of Joseph K's guilt, nature of law, nature of legal order at various levels,

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nature of punishment meted out to people and enforcement of law. The law is present. Its presence is felt. It is valid and glorious, but the people, who execute the law are of doubtful identities and characters. Perhaps, this is suggestive of the goodness of law and the evil of its execution. The law is essentially good, but when it comes to execution through different levels of authorities, it tends to degenerate. Does Kafka want to point out this common popular experience ? The downward filtration of the execution to the lowest level makes it less and less corresponding to the spirit of the original and hence less and less morally effective. The sensuous world, the physical world is the evil of the spiritual world. Any attempt to translate this spiritual order into physical application would result in nothing but degeneration and evil.

The doorkeepers of the law are dismal. The judges are of mysterious characters. The executioners are ruthless and merciless, but they exist. This state is the concrete shape of the higher order — ideal judiciary order.

What is Joseph K's guilt ? He did not live "here and now" in this world sufficiently. He lacked faith in the solid living — "life". The ignorance of the law is Joseph K's guilt. He was concerned with work-world only. He thinks that he is innocent. Engrossed in his own world, he does not know the court, its existence. He leads the "motivated life". He has created his own work-world. Joseph K's life was limited, normal, conceptual and ordered. If he leaps from this world into genuine universal order, breakthrough in the consciousness, breakthrough for the salvation is possible. What is required is the leap of faith. Otherwise, such existence, as of Joseph K's, can be termed as the existence of the dead man. The story points out, though through suggestive images, the story of fall of man.

"The Trial" underlines the futility and evil character of existence. Our very birth is in itself a "sin"; but once we are in this world, we should live courageously. People like Joseph K have sinned once more because they have not faced the challenges of life with tenacity, courage and abundance — we have failed miserably to enjoy the fruits of the Tree of Life. This tree signifies the laborious, simple, natural life of Wordsworth ; hard, diligent, honest life of our forefathers, earning the bread by the sweat of the brow.

Psychological, theological, political interpretations are extended to explain the ambiguous nature of the episodes in the novel. The personality of Kafka's father was overpowering and it belittled Kafka's personality, and he felt a sort of inferiority so far as practical business work-world was concerned. At times, the rules of the world were incomprehensible to him. As he could not quite make out "the rules", he could not follow them. This resulted in the

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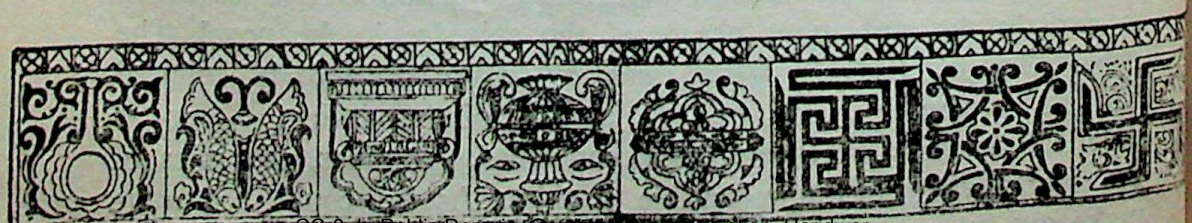
void. He tried to find solace in women, but proved to be groping, ineffective and lacking, as represented in the story of Fraulin Burstner, Leni and the Washerwoman. Joseph K. tries to get involved in his business world, but as the trial goes on, he becomes fumbling. The strain begins to tell on him and then it seems futile. He is ultimately destroyed by the court. The novel shows the effect of the burden of living on the modern man. Such and such things happened to Joseph K and he could not bear the tensions. Such other things happen to the people and they are reduced almost to a breaking point. The episodes in the novel look like a nightmare. A very strange, perverse, thrilling and sometimes curious atmosphere created by showing outstretched hand, peering eyes, real and imaginary ears and curious court places and punishing rooms. This, indeed shows the load of anxiety, an inner look into the subconscious and "pre-conscious". Sometimes the sub-conscious fears break into the conscious world. When this happens, the inner visions are revealed in such a way that they do not look like sensible, orderly and "made to a pattern", whatever it is, Kafka is ingeniously successful in presenting this obscure mass of ideas in the most sensible way. The modern man is tossed and tormented by the dilemma of life.

Does Kafka mean any spiritual explanation through the story ? Does it pertain to a spiritual explanation of soul's salvation ? Is it an effort to show pilgrim's progress ? The soul endeavours to attain the ultimate reality. God is waiting for his devotee to come to him but cannot do anything Himself to help his devotee.

Man himself has to find his own solutions, guide himself and find "Mukti". The intermediary advocates, and the organised religions, represented by different gates are, in a way, the guiding paths. Is salvation and realisation possible after death only ?

The organisational aspects of the society hinder the path and make the man wayward. It is not possible to do away with the set-up. The dictates of the law are followed and enforced in letters. This rigidity this "whipping and torture" of the people representing dictatorial Austrian regime in Kafka's time suggests a wish to find some equitable, justifiable, alternative for social order.



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MANIKANTEESVARA TEMPLE : KANIPAKKAM

PROF. S. SRIPATHI NAIDU

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

Location : The temple is in the village of Kanipakkam, 6 miles from chittoor.

There are two Chola inscriptions in this temple.

The first dated Saka 1102 in the 12th year of Kulotunga Chola Deva (1). But it has been pointed out that 1102 should be 1112 (2). Hence the year is 1112. Kulottunga III came to the throne in 1178 A.D. This inscription is dated in the 12th year of Kulottunga III. Therefore the year is 1190 A.D. (1178-12).

The second dated saka 1108 in the 8th year of Virarajendra Chola Deva. This inscription in incomplete. Virarajendra is the title of Kulottunga III (3). Hence this inscription belongs to the year 1186 A.D.

The above two inscriptions go to show that the temple must have been constructed between 1178 and 1186. Hence the temple belongs to the late chola period.

The two inscriptions mention a local Chief Siyagangan. He was a lord of Kuvalalapura or Kolar. He was a Chola feudatory. An inscription of Siyagangan is found on the south wall of the temple, which refers to remission of taxes by him. Siyagagan may be identical with his namesake referred to in Tiruvallam inscription as a feudatory of Kulottunga III (4) (No. 62 on the north wall of the *mahamandapa* in Bilvanthesvara temple Tiruvallam). This inscription is dated in (3) 4th year of the reign of Kulottunga Chola Deva and records the gift of two lamps by Ariyapalli, the Queen of Amarabharana *Siyaganga*. An inscription in the Ekamranatha Temple at Kanchi (5) mentions the same Chief (Siyaganga) as the supreme lord of Kuvalalapura (Kolar), he who was born from the Ganga family, Siyagangan Amarabharanan alias Tiruvengambhmudaiyar and is dated in the 27th year of the reign of Kulottunga Chola III. Hence Siyagangan was a feudatory of Kulottunga III. 59 of 1907 refers to the remission of taxes by Siyagangan. Tradition and Epigraphy, give Kulottanga III the title "Sungam Tavirtta". He who abolished tolls from 59 of 1907, it can be ascertained that the

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local Chola feudatory Siyagangan gave a remission of taxes in Kañipakkam region, following the state policy of Kulottunga III. Sungam Tavirtta.

Hence we can conclude that the temple belongs to the late Chola period.

The entrance to this temple is from the east. The temple is within a ruined Prakara.

The *Mahamandapa* contains two rows of three pillars each. The first pillar of the first row and the first pillar of the second row are of the Chola Order. These two plain Chola pillars have two quadrangular blocks, with a rectangular base, two square parts above and intervening octagonal sections. They have in the capital a rounded *Kumbhakalasa*, a flat *padma* or idal, without showing the petals and an expanded square *phalaka*, three feet square. Above this is a typical Chola Corbel. The height of the pillar is about 5 feet. The other pillars are of the Vijayanagar type. These pillars contain intersting figure sculptures. They have three quadrangular blocks, each containing sculptures, commonly met with in the Vijayanagar type. The corbels show the lotus stalk and the buds are attached to the base of the corbel by horizontal bands. This shows that this mandapa was reconstructed in the Vijaynagar period.

The *Mahamandapa* leads to an open pillared *mandapa*. The *antarala, garbhagriha* and another *mandapa* are set inside this pillared hall. On the eastern side of this hall there are three pillars on the right side in the first row and eight pillars on the left side in the same row.

In the second row there is one pillar on the right side and six pillars on the left side. All the pillars have a rectangular base, two square parts above and intervening octagonal sections. The corbels are of the typical Chola type. On the northern side there are five pillars, and nine pillars on the western side in one tow and three pillars in the other row. On the southern side there are only two pillars, All the pillars are of the Chola Order.

The *Linga* is found in the centre of the *garbhagriha* on a *somasutra* platform. The ridge of the *somasutra* is projected towards the north to drain off the *abhisheka* water. This water flows out through a gargoyle-shaped tunnel.

The *mandapa before the antarala* contains two rows of four pillars each The pillars are of medium height. All the pillars are found and plain with typical Chola corbels. There is a *Nandi* facing the main god in the *mandapa*. There are two pilasters on either side of the wall of the *antarala*. Each pilaster has a square base, semi-octagonal shaft, and the usual members of the Chola capital. The shaft projects over this and bears the corbel, bevelled at 135°.

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In the mukhamandapa there are icons of *Vrishabha Kantika Siva* and *Surya*.

Siva stands in front of the bull. He has four arms. The upper right arm holds *damaru* and the upper left holds *naga*. The lower right arm holds *trisula* and the lower left arm is in *varadamudra*. *Siva* wears an ornate *mekhala*, *udarabandha*, of three strands and an *yajnopavita*. The lower part of the *yajnopavita* touches the knee of the right leg. He wears an elaborately ornamented necklace consisting of five strands, showing jewel projections. Different ornaments decorate his shoulders, arms and wrists. In both the ears, he wears *patrakundalas* of big size. Over his forehead is a jewelled headband. Above it is *jatakamuta*, The hair is dishevelled. The figure of *Ganga* is shown as seated in the centre of the head. Behind the head is a circular *prabha* consisting of following plaits tied in three rows of knots, which bring up the edge of *prabha*. The figure is slightly less than half life-size.

Another icon found in this *mandapa* is that of *Surya*. He stands in *samabhanga* and he has two arms. Both the arms hold lotus flowers. He wears *ardhoruka* tied with a waist-band, one of the ends flows down his right leg like a ribbon. The jewelled part has semi-circular projections. Besides the waist ornament or *mekhala*, he wears a *udarabandha*, and an *yajnopavita* of three strands. He wears round his neck an elaborate necklace, which shows six strands, every strand having a series of suspended jewels hanging down in semi-circular scrolls. He has *makara-Kundalas* in both the ears. Above the forehead and beneath the *makuta* runs a bejewelled head-band, ending up, on two sides, in scrolls flowing up the *makuta* covering its base. He wears a *Karandamakuta* which is almost conical.

EXTERIOR

The *adhishtana* has an additional base above the ground level. There is a ditch-like depression which separates the verandahs of the *pradakshina* from the shrine expect in the front which is projected into the *antarala* and then on to the *mukhamandapa*.

The shrine is set in a pit and pillared verandah is raised on three sides. There is space between the pillared verandah and the main shrine, which appears like a trench measuring 2 feet wide and 3½ feet deep.

The adhishtana is fully seen from the *pradakshina*. It has simple mouldings like *upana* (5″) a narrow *patta*, a wide *patta* (18″), *gala* (2″), *tripatta*, over which are inscriptions, *gala* cut into compartments by pilasters (8″) and *alinga pattika* (4½″). This shrine is singularly devoid of any decorative sculptures either in the *adhishtana* portion or in the wall portion.

The southern niche of the *antarala* contains the figure of standing *Ganapati*. On the pedestal is carved his *mushika vahana*. He has four arms. The upper right arm holds *ankusa* and the

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upper left holds *pasa*. The lower right is in *abhaya* and the left holds *modaka*, on which rests the tip of his trunk. He wears *purnoruka* shown by folded lines, a *mekhala* with a central knot and a thin scarf tied beneath the *mekhala* and flowing down in loose fold lines. He wears the *udarabandha*, *yajnopavita* and *graiveyakas*. He wears *karandamakuta*, which has several pearl ornaments. He has elephantine ears. The figure is about 3 feet in height.

In the southern wall of the *garbhagriha* there is the figure of *Dakshinamurti*. *This figure* is very ornately carved. He is seated on a pedestal beneath a tree and on the pedestal are carved *rishis*. *Siva's* right foot is placed on the back of *apasmarapurusha*, while his left foot rests on his right thigh. He wears *mekhala*, *udarabandha* of two strands and an *yajnopavita* with the knot appearing on left chest. He wears an elaborately ornamented necklace consisting of four strands, all showing jewel projections and the last being a simple thread with the knot hanging loosely in front with the loose ends. He has four arms. The upper right arm carries a snake and the upper left holds a lotus. The lower right is in *vyakhyana mudra*, while the lower left holds a *pustaka*. In the left ear he wears a *patrakundala* and in the right ear a *makarakundala*. The eyes are half closed. Over his forehead is a jewelled head-band. Above it is *jatamakuta* to which a *simhamukha* ornament is fixed and is tied with *Nagas*. Behind the head is the circular Prabha consisting of flowing plaits tied in four rows of knots, which bring up the edge of Prabha. Over his head are the flowing branches of a tree, which show leaves, fruits and birds. The figure is slightly less than half life-size.

On the backwall of the *garbhagriha* in the central niche, there is the figure of standing *Vishnu*. He stands in *samabhanga*. His left lower arm is held at *kati*, the right lower arm is in *abhayamudra*, while the two back arms hold *sankha* and *chakra*. He wears *purnoruka*, shown by fold lines, a *mekhala* with an elaborate central knot, with two thin *vastras* tied beneath the *mekhala* and flowing down in loose folds on the two sides of the back slab. He wears the *udarabandha*, *yajnopavita* and *graiveyakas*. Above his right chest in *Srivatsa* mark. He wears a tall *kirita* over a headband whose bottom edge is lined with pearls. The *kirita* also has several pearl ornaments. The *jatas* flow out on either side and figure on the projections of the back slab. He wears *makarakundalas* in both the ears. Beneath his feet is a lotus pedestal.

The eastern wall of the *garbhagriha* contains the figure of standing *Brahma* in a niche.He stands in *samabhanga* with three faces. He has four arms. The left lower arm is at *kati*. The right lower arms shows *abhaya hasta*. The right upper arm holds *akshamala* and the left upper arm carries *Kamandala*. He wears *purnoruka*, *mekhala Udarabandha*, *yajnopavita* and *graiveyakas*. He wears a

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karandamakuta over a head-band, decorated with pearls. He stands on a lotus pedestal.

The eastern wall of *antarala* contains the figure of *Vaishnavi-durga*. She stands in *samabhanga*. She has four arms. The upper back arms holds *samkha* and *chakra*, while the left fore-arm rests below *kati*. The right lower arms is in *abhaya*. She wears *manjiras*. She has a *mekhala* and waist ornament flowing down in two folded liness and having pearl decorations which cover half of her thighs. She wears a *kuchabandha*, which is a thin ribbon held across the breasts by means of two vertical ribbons going over her shoulders. She has a *channavira*. Around her neck is an elaborate necklace of three strands, the lowest one having a row of pointed projections. She wears *patrakundala* in her left ear and *makarakundala* in right ear. Over her head is *karandamakuta* of three layers with a jewel in front. She also wears a jewelled head-band. She stands on the head of a *mahisha*. The *sankha* and *chakra* are linked by means of the back slab.

The open pillared *mandapa* in the south western corner contains the figure of seated *Ganapati*. The figure is about 5 feet in height and very attractive. Below *Ganapati* is a *mushika*. The deity has four arms. The upper right arm holds *pasa* while the upper left carries *ankusa*. The lower right is in *abhaya* and the lower left holds *modaka*. There are anklets for the two legs. He wears *udarabandha* and *graiveyakas*. There are also decorated ornaments on the two shoulders. He wears a *karandamakuta*.

In the same pillared *mandapa* behind the *garbhagriha* there is the figure of *Kumaraswami*. *Subrahmanya* is sitting on a peacock which is holding a snake in the beak. He wears *manjiras* in both the legs. He has six faces, three on the front side and three on the back. He has twelve arms. While the 10 arms carry different weapons, the lower right is in *abhaya* and the lower left is in *varada*. He wears an elaborately ornamented necklace, *yajnopavita* and *graiveyakas*. He wears *patrakundalas* in both the ears. Over his three heads are jewelled head-bands. He wears *kiritas* on three heads. Behind them is a *prabhasa* with a lion's face in the centre.

Every niche contains two half pilasters, one on either side with a square base, semi-octagonal shaft and the usual members of the Chola capital. The niche tops are plain.

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WHITMAN AND THE IRONIC BIRD-SYMBOL

T. VISWANADHA RAO

When at first the reader of Whitman's elegy on the death of Abraham Lincoln, *When Lilacs last in the Dooryard Bloom'd,* comes to peruse the poem, he believes that he would taste the bitter cup of grief. The opening of the poem assures him of this with supreme pretension — with the introduction of the drooping star in the West. The ever-returning spring seems to bring back the never-failing autumn of melancholy. But soon we are brought to the door of the Lilac, with its heart-shaped leaves of rich greenery implicitly offering a contrast to the drooping star. The tone of reconciliation with the processes of nature manifests itself too early, as a perceptive reader discerns it.

But the bird now makes its appearance, as though to reassure us and strengthen us in the belief of mourning which the poem undertakes to embody. It has a bleeding throat and sings Death's outlet song of life.

The symbols in the poem are introduced in an ascending order of significance. This is at once curious and shocking — curious, — because in such an order, — the star, which ought to be the supreme symbol, if the poem were to be a genuine elegy, should appear after the lilac and the bird should proceed from strength to strength. But as it is, it makes its appearance early in the poem,, and gradually pales into insignificance before the lilac that symbolises nature's process and the bird that gives us a touch of mystic rapture, transporting us to the realms beyond, compelling us to see life in death and death in life in the penultimate stanza, in which the dead soldiers are said to be at rest, while the living remain in agony worse than death :

They themselves were fully at rest, they
suffer'd not
The living remain'd and suffer'd, the
mother suffer'd
And the wife and the child and the musing
comrade suffer'd

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And the armies that remain'd suffered.[1]

But, to return to the argument of the poem, the "spring of lilac" makes its appearance again, though with a significant variation of emphasis. The poet characterizes death as sane and sacred. The death of Lincoln is now one with the death of the soldiers slain in the civil war.

Presently the star appears again, but with a retrospective reference by the poet as to his inability to understand what it meant when it first made its appearance. Well, this is only a passing vision and holds him but a moment :

But a moment I linger, for the
lustrous star has detain'd me
The star my departing comrade holds
and detains me.[2]

The bird, the singer "bashful and tender", beckons him and the poet assures the bird : "I understood you". The momentary hold of the star escapes him, thus delivering him into the hands of the bird with its greater lure. But the poet is a bird, too. He can"warble" for the "dead one". The breath of his chant and the seawinds go to deck "the grave of him I love."

From the ethereal realms where the star dwells, we are gradually brought to the "scenes of life and the workshops, and the workmen homeward returning" — from the heights of poetic ecstasy to the depths of mundane realism. This remarkable transition is achieved by a rhythmic retrogression in the sense that the star which has its abode in space, instead of exercising its hold, yields place to the bird, — the bird, — which can soar only skyhigh at best and can scarcely touch the star-seated realms. This dramatic downfall is hastened by the bird paling before the poet in his physical aspect.

The implications of such a poetic manipulation are obvious. The star which is said to represent supreme grief at Lincoln's death is made subordinate to the bird with its conciliatory tone of seeing life in death and death in life — in its turn subordinated to the poet, who strikes the universal note, thus reducing the intensity of our grief at Lincoln's death, instead of accentuating it, as the elegy promises to do, at the start.

The thirteenth stanza brings into light the poet's confrontation with the bird, the lilac, as well as the star. The hold of the star has become fainter than earlier in the poem, which is to be seen in the preference of the poet for the lilac, and his even greater preference for the bird (whom he calls "dearest brother") :

O liquid and free and tender !
Will and loose to my soul — o wondrous singer !

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You only I hear — yet the star holds me,
(but will soon depart)
Yet the lilac with mastering odour holds me.[3]

Thus the poet is on the road to eschew sooner or later both the star and the lilac, in preference to the bird.

The climatic fourteenth stanza attempts a philosophical sequestration of the thought of death from the knowledge of death. This metaphysical disquisition, coupled with the comradeship of the poet with the "Thought" of death and the "knowledge" of death, as well as the ready welcome accorded to them by the bird ("The gray-brown bird I know receiv'd us comrades three")[4] sets at naught the pretensions of individual grief and personnal loss, despite the latter utternance; "And he sang the carol of death, and a verse for him I love."[5]

The bird invites the "lovely and soothing death". The invitation to the "strong deliveries" by the bird, is more in accordance with oriental philosophy, a system of thought where death is regarded as a natural phenomenon for which no tears need be shed. This philosophization, coming from Whitman, hardly justifies the intended tone of the elegy.

In the fifteenth stanza, the dead Lincoln totally loses the consolation of being chosen for individual mourning, as the "battle-corpses" of the civil was brought in, though with an ironic reference that they are dead and are at rest, while they that remain, suffer :

They themselves were fully at rest, they suffer'd not,
The living remain'd and suffer'd, the mother suffer'd,
And the wife and the child and the musing comrade suffer'd,
And the armies that remain'd suffer'd.[6]

Such a philosophization is more appropriate to a poem of Shelley steeped in platonism, not for Whitman's *Lilacs* which undertakes to enshrine individual grief and personal mourning.

"The hermit bird" with "death's outlet song", thus pervades the whole poem, and if a poem may be said to have a hero, the bird, and not Lincoln, can be described as the hero of the poem, contrary to the expectations of the reader about the real intentions of the poem.

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D. VISVESWARA RAO

A Profile in Patriotism—But With a Difference

Dr. D. ANJANEYULU

Three decades and more age, a middle-aged gentleman, in homespun jibba and dhoti and a Jawahar jacket, with a khadi bag hung on his shoulders, could be seen busily moving about in literary gatherings, cultural conferences and social get-togethers of the intellectuals. His range included the whole of Andhra, from Madras to Hyderabad and Vijayawada to Visakhapatnam. Not everyone would know who he was or what he was doing. Not many are sure even now; but that is not his fault.

The unbleached khadi that he wore, the earnest manner of his talk and general air of his personality could make the onlookers take him for a jail-going patriot. They would soon come to know that he was a patriot all right, but not of the jail-going variety. He has been a patriot all his life, but with a difference. Patriotism is not necessarily political for him, not entirely, at any rate.

If he is not so much in public view nowadays, it is because he is nolonger young and travel is becoming more and more costly for private individuals with a lot of public spirit but not enough of personal resources.

His name is Devaguptapu Visveswara Rao, now past the biblical span of three score and ten. During the last nearly half a century he has been engrossed in a number of literary-cultural, socio-political activities, which only a major institution or several institutions together maybe, could hope to implement and bring to their fruition. He is always full of ideas, worthy of being taken up by others with better resources in money, manpower and capacity for organisation. His life is a profile in patriotism, a continuous struggle to stimulate the mind of the Andhras and sharpen their awareness to realise their cultural identity, of course, within the nation's larger destiny. The struggle continues; but the goal still eludes. He remains an inexhaustible repository of miscellaneous information on the Freedom movement in India. This writer has always found Conversation with him educative and rewarding.

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An idealist, who never cared to count the cost, Visveswara Rao did not do anything so commonplace or stereo-typed as to seek a Government job, as most qualified young men of his time tried to do, after taking his B.A. degree from the Maharajah's College, Vizianagaram, in 1939. He was among the first Indian young men, who cellaberated wholeheartedly in the scheme of a National Academy of Arts and Letters for India, taken up by Dr. James H. Cousins, the Irish poet and critic, patriot and educationist, who had come to help Dr. Annie Besant in her task of National Renaissance. Visveswara Rao was closely associated with the Academy under the leadership of Dr. Cousins, from its inception in 1939 till 1956. There was a countrywide response to it, with support from a couple of governments in the form of G.Os., apart from seven radio talks and hundreds of articles in different languages.

This was followed up by a few other things. In 1952, Visveswara Rao sponsored a South Indian Academy from Madras, with the support of eminent scholars and educationists, like Sardar K.M. Panikkar, Prof. T.P. Meenakshisundaram Pillai, Dr. G.V. Sitapati and Dr. V. Raghavan. He also played a vital role in paving the way for the formation of the Andhra Sahitya Parishad, from Eluru, after the convention at Amalapuram in March 1953. After a brief gap, it was revived in Hyderabad in 1957, when it was under the Secretaryship of Mr. P.V. Narasimha Rao, for three years (1957-60).

A good student of history and literature, Visveswara Rao lays store by the lives of great men, — poets, scholars and literary critics. He would, perhaps, approve of the saying that a nation unaware of its past might be indifferent to its future, as well. He did more than any other single individual in bringing to light the contribution of quite a few forgotten men of letters and in persuading the Government to do their duty in the context. He still does.

It was he who was mainly responsible for reviving the memory of Achanta Venkata Sankhyayana Sarma, scholar, critic and prolific writer, by organising his birth centenary celebrations in 1964-65, all over Andhra, from Hyderabad to Parvatipuram. Likewise, the birth centenary of Panuganti Lakshminarasimha Rao, poet, Playwright and essayist (famous for his *'Saakshi'* series of lectures) in the classical manner of Addison and Steele, the next year. This was done in February 1965, all over the State, with particular reference to Sitanagaram near Rajahmundry. Andhra is proud of many poets, but there was one known as "Kavigaru" and that was Marepalli Ramachandra Kavi of Visakhapatnam, whose birth centenary was celebrated in 1974-75.

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The list includes not only poets and scholars, but of patrons of learning and public benefactors as well. Dr. Vikrama Deo Varma, Maharaja of Jeypore, is better known as the Pro-Chancellor for life of Andhra University, who had helped to found the Science College, named after him. But he is also a man of letters in his own right — a poet and playwright in Telugu and Oriya. Both the Andhra Pradesh and Orissa Governments extended their co-operation in his birth centenary celebrations by the Andhra University in 1969.

The cultural interests of Visveswara Rao were not confined to Andhra. He had a filial attachment to the noble couple, Dr. James H. Cousins, educationist and connoisseur of art among other things, and Mrs. Margaret E. Cousins, suffragette and social worker, whose birth centenary celebrations were organised in 1977-78 in Visakhapatnam, besides, Adyar and Madanapalle, thanks to his untiring efforts.

To cap it all, Visveswara Rao started early (soon after the world Tamil Conference in Madras), to prepare the minds of the Government and the people of Andhra, for a World Telugu Conference in Hyderabad. The preparatory Committee for the World Telugu Conference was formed by him in Hyderabad in 1968, for which the State Government sanctioned a grant of Rs. 10,000. The Conference was organised on a grand scale by the Government in Hyderabad in April 1975. Though Visveswara Rao was duly honoured, along with so many others, on the occasion, he otherwise chose to keep himself in the background. That was typical of him.

An ardent believer in the principle of unity in diversity, that characterizes Indian culture through the ages, Visveswara Rao has been striving hard, for at least four decades now, for the Renaissance of Andhra and the National Renaissance of India, on the pattern of concentric circles. It should be of interest to note that a new Institute of Indian Renaissance has recently been set up in Hyderbad, with the accent on arts and letters, as also cultural progress and social advancement. He is also trying hard to start an Akhilandhra Parishad to raise the standard of Telugu and honour the memory of great scholars who served the cause of the language.

A man of "plain living and high thinking", Visveswara Rao looks back with pride on his association with great institutions like G.K. Gokhale's Servants of India Society, Lajpat Rai's Servants of the People Society. His ideas may be rather vague, his talk jerky, but his enthusiasm is boundless. Thinking all the time of literature and society, he might well have neglected his own personal interests. But then, he may have no regrets on that score. He would rather be a man of vision than a man of wealth. For such are the men and women,whose life and work shine like a good deed in a naughty world.

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INTEGRAL VIEW OF CULTURE
Sri Aurobindo's Approach

Dr RAM NATH SHARMA

Ever since the dawn of human culture, its progression and retrogression have been recurrent processes. Culture has been an essential ingredient of human environment. It distinguishes the human environment from animal environment which is purely biological and physical. That man is a rational animal primarily means that man is a cultural being. In this connection, it was rightly remarked by Socrates that an unexamined life is not worth living. The primary function of reason is to examine human life, to provide it a style, a pattern, a coherence among means and ends. This leads to better adjustment in the human situation. Man does not live. He lives with other human beings, animals and the natural world around. Therefore, his life is not passed in a vacuum. While he has to live he has also to adjust with others. His rights and duties are correlated.

To adjust with other human beings man has to communicate and reciprocate. In other words, human life is not possible without social relationship. It is precisely these relationships which have been called society. The relationships are organised by the social institutions. The social institutions are of various types, political, economic, educational, religious and of course primarily social. Among social institutions family and marriage are the most important. All these are the vehicles of cultural values which are preserved from generation to generation. So long as the structure of vehicles of culture remains intact human life is well organised and also progressing. But this cannot be a permanent state of affairs. As the human society grows, the old cultural forms become outmoded. This happens first in the life of some persons or groups and then in the life of the masses. This creates a cultural crisis, which obviously, requires creation and adoption of new forms of culture. If this happens a crisis is passed over, cultural change occurs and new values are established.

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Philosophical Approach to Culture

The above picture is painted by a philosophical approach to culture. Such is the approach of Sri Aurobindo. As distinguished from the anthropological approach which is characterised by analysis of facts, the philosophical approach to culture is more synthetic, more synoptic. In the global forms of human culture Sri Aurobindo analyses the components of culture and he shows a hierarchy in them. The hierarchy is the same as prescribed by the principle of evolution in Nature. In evolution the physical, the vital and the mental are the progressive stages everywhere. Man is a mental being who retains the physical and the vital elements. He has a pre-rational past and a supra-rational future. He is a growing being. Obstacles in this growth create crisis. The crisis of growth, according to Sri Aurobindo, is the root cause of cultural crisis and its solution lies in removing the impediments and forging ahead. In other words, a cultural crisis is the crisis of consciousness. The universe, according to Sri Aurobindo, is the play of Consciousness-force. Cultural evolution, its crisis and solutions are stages of this play. Consciousness starts on infra-rational stage. This is the stage of modern human consciousness. Reason has the value of controlling and governing the infra-rational elements but as Sri Aurobindo has repeatedly pointed out, reason is the helper and reason itself becomes the bar. Before coming to the present rational culture human beings experimented with ethical and aesthetic culture. As man is a complex being, no one-sided culture can survive. That is the reason why Barbarism with all its physical and vital vigour, could not rule in any part of the world for a long time. Culture always took over Barbarism. A one-sided culture always reacted in favour of its opposite. This dialectial and spiral process always led to more integral forms of culture. However, the see-saw between culture and civilization on the one hand and a one-sided and a multi-sided culture on the otherhand, still continues.

The interpretation of the nature and the components of culture has been variously presented by different thinkers. This has obviously resulted in prescription of different solutions. Sri Aurobindo's approach, in his philosophy of culture, as everywhere else, is evolutionary and integral. He points out various stages in the cycle of human culture. He analyses the advantages as well as the disadvantages of various types of culture, ethical, aesthetic and rational. He distinguishes between the objective and subjective views of culture and tries to develop an integral view. In the field of means of cultural evolution also after the assessment of the value of education, ethics, religion, Sri Aurobindo suggests Yoga as the best means of cultural evolution. This yoga, however, is not individual but social and even cosmic. It is the ascent of human race to supramental level and

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the descent of the supramental upon earth. This means of cultural evolution has been developed by Sri Aurobindo as a new weapon not only for individual development but primarily for social development.

By this analysis of cultural history of mankind Sri Aurobindo has shown that inwardly cultural growth is the growth of consciousness. This growth requires heightening, widening and transcendence. Human consciousness has been always aspiring after more integral and total freedom. This ideal was achieved by some strong individual great men in different societies at different times. It could never be realised on a mass scale. The present condition does not justify the hope that this will be ever possible. Philosophy of culture, however, as philosophy in general, is based upon the inherent logic. Logical coherence justifies passage from the known to the unknown. Therefore Sri Aurobindo has speculated about the future of mankind. He calls it the gnostic culture, a fuller realisation of the gnosis to which man has always aspired. The value of gnostic culture is obvious but its possibility is not so much guaranteed. In line with his evolutionary logic however, Sri Aurobindo speculates that the gnostic culture will be certainly realised in future. Samuel Alexander argues in his *magnum opus* 'Space, Time and Deity' that as the deity of deities evolved in the past the animal from plant and man from animal, so the deity in man will be realised and the establishment of the kingdom of God on earth is a logical certainty. Arguing with the same logic Sri Aurobindo has described the gnostic culture in details. The critics can however lay the charge of Utopianism upon this speculation. This speculative tendency has been characteristic of philosophers of culture from Plato to Sri Aurobindo, with all its limitation.

Integral Perspective of present Cultural crisis

Sri Aurobindo is neither a reactionary nor a conservative. With the grasp and vision of a yogi, he sees the merits, the limitations as well as the failures of the present civilization, shows the philosophical as well as psychological meaning of its past progression, diagnoses the diseases, visualises the future possibilities and sounds the timely clarion of warning so that man may successfully overcome the present crisis and realize his destiny of serving the purpose of Nature on earth.

Sri Aurobindo has presented an integral vision of human nature, an integral philosophy of history and an integral method of social and individual development. This constitutes an integral Philosophy of culture with an integral ideal of cultural development based on an inner analysis of the psychology of social development. This again, is the basis of Sri Aurobindo's speculations about the future of man.

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Sri Aurobindo's interpretation of the present crisis of human

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civilization is more integral and subtle than that of the moralists, scientists, economists, politicians, philosophers, psychologists and historians, as the Yogic vision characteristically presents a view far more integral, deeper and wider than all others. Sri Aurobindo has looked into the present problems, not only in their psychological and historical meanings but also in the perspective of the inner purpose of Nature, the inherent nisus in her evolutionary process.

According to Sri Aurobindo, the spiritual principle transforms the whole man and governs his mind, life as well as body. The descent of the higher or the ascent of the lower into it does not negate but fulfils the latter. This principle is of considerable importance in Sri Aurobindo's philosophy of culture. His philosophy of culture is a spiritual philosophy of affirmation. The life of the spirit shall not be the life of physical, vital or mental frustration, deficency or incapacity but of more and more enjoyment, growth and activity of the body, the vital being and the mind. While the urges of all these are faltering, blind, ignorant and conflicting on the mental level, in Spirit they become harmonious, purified, enlightened and smooth in working.

The spiritual ideal of Sri Aurobindo's philosophy of culture, however lofty it may appear, is what every human being actually sees in his life though generally blindly and confusedly and through wrong methods. We have to readily agree with the proposition that if man must live, he must live more and more fully, since this is precisely what all of us seek in our own way. But few know clearly, what living more fully means and that is the reason of man's constant failures to live fully. Now, if man would learn his past failures, he should realize that to live fully means to be universally and finally to be divinely. Thus even for the survival, growth and pleasure of his body, life and mind, man should transcend his present level to reach the realm of spirit through gradual and persistent ascent.

The nature of this spirituality has been generally missed by other philosophers of culture. It has been often confused with higher intellectuality, idealism, morality, austerity, religiosity and exalted emotional fervour. It is neither of these, nor even a compound of all these. "Spirituality", according to Sri Aurobindo, "is in its essence an awakening to the inner reality of our being, to a spirit, self, soul, which is other than our mind, life and body, an inner aspiration to know, to feel, to be that, to enter into contact with the greater Reality beyond and pervading the universe which inhabits also our own being, to be in communion with it and union with it, and a turning, a conversion, a transformation of our whole being as a result of the aspiration, the contact, the union, a growth or waking into a new becoming or new being, a new self, a new nature." (*The Life Divine*)

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Sri Aurobindo is not satisfied with the utilitarian compromises, partial remedies, the see-saw of progression and regression. He realised, more than any other thinker, the crisis which the human race is facing at present. He interpreted this crisis not by its overt signs but with a vision into its meaning, with reference to the great forces working not only behind man but in the whole of the cosmos. He realised the gravity of the situation more than the pessimist philosophers of history or society. And yet he is more optimistic than even the meliorists, the pragmatists, a Russell or a Gandhi. This robust optimism is not the idealism of a divine and religious soul. It is based on his practical solution of the problem, a remedy surer and more comprehensive than that of others, as it is based on ultimate metaphysical truths.

O THY UNIVERSE

Shyam Kumari

I am so small
And the universe so large.
Yet I will die of longings
If I cannot hold it all
Within my single heart.
For each living thing sings to me of Thee,
These flower-intensities tell
Enchanting tales of Thy Beauties.
And lofty mountain tops hold high
Eternal emblems of Thy heights.
And mighty ocean depths reveal
A glimpse of Thy profundities.
I cannot bear,
Any part of Thee
To remain unknown to me.
Teach me, O love,
How to hold all Thy greatness
In one tiny heart's sacred secrecy.

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THE FICTIONAL WORLD OF L.N. GUPTA

P. RAJA

Way back in 1980, Writers Workshop of Calcutta gathered the stories of L.N. Gupta and presented it to the readers under the title *The Stench and Other Stories.* One reviewer called this first volume of 14 stories "Exploration of Middle Class Life". Another branded it "Stark Realism". Yet another titled his review "Vignettes of a Cross-Section of Indian Society". And the *Statesman* concluded its review with the following words : "Behind all the stories we hear Gupta's laughter, sometimes rambunctious, sometimes ironic. He laughs at himself, he laughs at things as they are, he laughs at things as they appear to be."

It is said that a short story must "invest a brief sequence of events with reverberating human significance by means of style, selection, and ordering of detail, and —most important of all— present the whole action in such a way that it is at once a parable and a slice of life, at once symbolic and real, both a valid picture of some phase of experience, and a sudden illumination of one of the perennial moral and psychological paradoxes which lie at the heart of *la condition humaine.*"

What marks the short stories of L.N. Gupta eminently readable is the faithful portrayal of human condition. Much associated with protest, against hunger, poverty and the excessive long suffering endurance of man every story of his evolves round a problem — the problem we witness and sometime face in our day to day life.

The title story "The Stench" speaks about the painful life of a clerk. Caught between a consistently unkind boss and a ceaselessly nagging wife, the clerk has to pull on his way for he knows pretty well that he has "to live with them till nobody knows when". The best way to overcome temptation is to yield to it. The clerk reconciles with the stenchy way of life, for worry is more dangerous than a killer-disease. And what we witness here is the "life" encircled by frailties and frustrations, tragedy and despair.

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Stories like "A Private Sunday" and "On the Crossroads" show how even a few minutes of bodily pleasure — the only solace — is denied to the lower middle class couple living in houses where there is no privacy of a bedroom. L.N. Gupta stresses that money, of course, can buy privacy. But what about all those who have no money ? Lack of privacy is not only an embarrassment but also an outrage against the dignity of the individual. Cursed be the financial stress.

"How I Became a Minister" and "Death of an Illusion" bring to light the exploitation of "big brothers" who make a cat's-paw of the poor and the innocent. In the former story L.N. Gupta gives a short account of the rise and fall of a minister. We encounter a young village boy, shy but idealistic growing in power as a tyrant landlord helps him to it. He is kicked up to hold the post of a powerful minister. But soon he realizes to his dismay that "it is the invisible but all-powerful group of bureaucrats and vested interests that rules the country leaving no chance to democratically elected person to help the people who voted him to power or the individuals who are truly in distress." Amidst "big brothers" the minister is a failure and that leads him back to his village and its life. From power the boy is pushed down to obscurity. But the process gives him a sound education into the realities of life. In the short piece "The Grocer's Politics", the author poohpoohs the politicians who always spot out others' easily while unaware of their own.

The portrayal of women as nagging, nympholeptic and deserters of husbands brings to light the misogynist in L.N. Gupta. "The Brigadier's Wife" is a pungent attack on well-to-do women who go under the garb of social workers and Lionesses. They are the best example of "Practise what you do not preach". Mrs Verma, the Brigadier's wife, preaches kindness to animals but in her privacy beats her cow to the degree of killing it and practises dire cruelty on servants. The story ends on a hint of triumph for the servant Madho whose parting serves as common laughter at Mrs. Verma : "You are forgetting that Mrs. Verma is the president only of the Board of kindness for animals, Not Human beings." "Mrs. Arora", an entertaining piece, is about a rich, vain, flirtatious and pompous woman. The entire story is about her vagaries. Her impulsive likes and equally impulsive dislikes reveal her shallowness.

A few stories such as "God's Agent", "A Private Sunday" "Cyclones" and the title story smell salacious and a few lines here and there titillate. But there is no sex for sex's sake in his stories. Unlike Harold Robbins, Irwing Wallace and many other writers of modern sizzlers or pot boilers, L.N. Gupta makes his juicy lines creep in only when the story demands them.

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The wife who rains fire while the husband longs for a smile, the industrialists who rattle and rant against one another out of professional jealousy, a high-caste girl in love with a low-caste tribal, the poor clerk-father stealing his boss's book to please his daughter, the police constables who get a fixed monthly bribe and therefore not feared at all, are a few of the many characters that we encounter in the fictional world of L.N. Gupta. They are people one sees everyday, if one is not blind to one's surroundings. His characters have life in the round.

"Every work of art is a piece of the author's biography. To reveal the art and conceal the artist is the art's aim," thus said Oscar Wilde, the Irish wit. L.N. Gupta's stories reveal the writer's craftsmanship and constitute a distinct chapter of his life, for they are drawn richly on his personal experience and serve as a record of his tragic view of life.

THE TWAIN THUS MEET

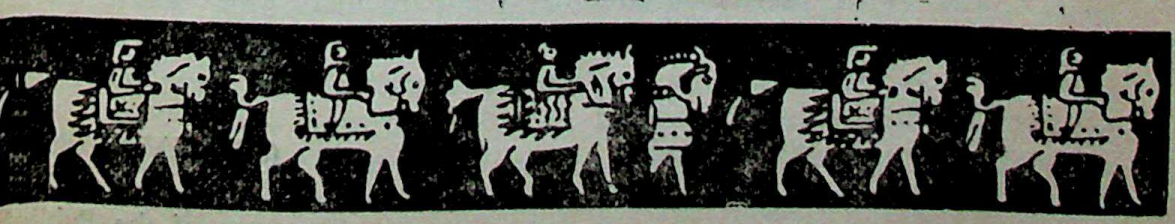
PROF. KOTA S. R. SARMA

Arose on eastern shore a twinkling star,
On evening's closing doors, at a humble height;
Debarring battling shades that fared bizarre,
The starry guards appeared o'er realm of Night.

This one, without any breach of Celestial Law,
Could move ahead to send its silent ray
Toward the West, beholding Zenith in awe,
And toeing, by potent light, the Milky Way.

Though spaced away from former western stars
That move to the East to share in Love's domain,
No alien it is -- the heavens are free of spars;
An added glory the western skies attain!

Enlightening wavy ways, in endless rounds,
The iwant thus meet, where Cosmic Law resounds.



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THE SCIENTIFIC OUTLOOK

DR. SIR C.V. RAMAN

It is customary in all branches of science to associate the names of eminent men with the facts and principles discovered by them which form the foundations of the subjects. This practice is found to be useful since it helps to abbreviate and give precision to the terminology of science. It also serves to commemorate the name and fame of the leaders of science whose labours have helped to create the subject. Indeed this is how the student of science first gets to know the names of the great leaders in his subject. The touch of human interest which the study of science gains in this way is of no small value, since it emphasises the real nature of science as a living and growing creation of the human spirit.

Value of Biography in Science

A study of history of individual branches of science and of the biographies of the leading contributors to thier development is essential for a proper appreciation of the real meaning and spirit of science. They often afford much more stimulating reading than the most learned formal treatises on science. To the teacher, such histories and biographies are invaluable. Whenever he finds the attention of his listeners flagging a little, he can always enliven his class by telling a little story of how this or that great discovery in his subject was made, or by recalling some anecdote about one or another of the famous investigators in the field. In this way, the teacher can convey to the student an understanding of how science is made and of the intellectual outlook which is the essence of it.

Experimental and Theoretical Discoveries

What is meant by a scientific discovery? How is it made? These are questions of personal interest which are often asked and to which the most varied answers have been returned. A discovery may obviously be either of a new fact or of a new idea. It is clear, however, that an unexplained observation is of no particular significance to science. An idea unsubstiated by facts is equally devoid of importance. Hence, to possess real significance

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a scientific discovery must have both an experimental and theoretical basis. Which of these aspects is the more important depends on the particular circumstances of the case, and a rough distinction thereby becomes possible between experimental and theoretical discoveries. Roentgen's discovery of X-rays, for example, was clearly an experimental one while Planck's equally important discovery of the quantum of action was clearly in the field of theory. The manner in which a scientific discovery is made and the attitude of the investigator which makes such a discovery possible are obviously very different in the two cases. The distinction between the attitudes of experimentor and the theorist is most obvious in the mathematical sciences. It is much less obvious in those sciences which rest more exclusively on an empirical foundation and in which observation of facts and thinking about facts are less easily separable process.

Dramatic Moments

The "discovery" suggests a dramatic and exciting event, like finding a fifty-carat diamond in a ploughed field, for example. The history of science is indeed full of such dramatic discoveries, the drama and the excitement being particularly manifested in the personal behaviour of the scientist immediately following the event. I could tell one or two stories myself of such incidents in the life of a scientist. The classic story is that of Archimedes, who rushed into the street straight from his bath with nothing on crying "Eureka, Eureka" when his famous principle of hydrostatics flashed into his mind. The point of the story is the intense emotion aroused by a sense of the overwhelming importance of the new idea. The joy and exhilaration felt at such a moment are indescribable. Indeed, such dramatic moments come into the life of even the most devoted follower of science but once or twice in his career. They are the greatest reward of a lifetime spent in the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake. Lesser discoveries come oftener and are a source of profound satisfaction and encouragement to the investigator. But they do not make such a soul-stirring drama.

Discoveries are not by Accidents

It should be mentioned that the reception given at first to even capital discoveries by the outer world is not always of respectful admiration. One of the commonest ways in which the achievement is sought to be minimised by the unthinking or the envious is by attributing it to accident or a stroke of luck akin to the winning of a lotteryticket. Such comments are of course deplorable and indeed quite meaningless. The idea that a scientific discovery can be made by accident is ruled out by the fact that the accident, if it is one, never occurs except to the right man. The happy discoverer in

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science is invariably a seeker after knowledge and truth working in a chosen field of his own and inspired in his labours by the hope of finding at least a little grain of something new. The commentators who like to consider discoveries as accidents forget that the most important part of a scientific discovery is the recognition of its true nature by the observer, and this is scarcely possible if he does not possess the requisite capacity of knowledge of the subject. Rarely indeed are any scientific discoveries made except as the result of a carefully thought out programme of work. They come, if they do come, as the reward of months or years of systematic study and research in a particular branch of knowledge.

Ignorance's Insult

If the world is sometimes slow to recognise the importance of fundamentally new experimental facts, it is not to be wondered at if it is slower still in appreciating and accepting new theoretical ideas. Usually such new ideas are looked upon with indifference or suspicion, and many years of persistent advocacy and powerful observational support are required before the investigator can hope to see his ideas generally accepted. The story is often told of Arrhenius and the doctorate thesis which he presented to the Stockholm University containing his new ideas regarding the nature of solutions, supported by a great volume of experimental data. All that he received for this epoch-making work was a fourth-class degree permanently disqualifying him from an academic career. Arrhenius happily survived this experience, and lived to receive the Nobel Prize and to be venerated as his country's greatest scientist. But there are, unhappily, other instances of youthful genius being repressed and completely suppressed as well.

Freshness of Outlook

If there is one fact more than any other which stands out in the history of science, it is the remarkable extent to which great discoveries and youthful genius stand associated together. Scores of instances can be quoted in support of this proposition. Indeed, if one were to attempt to write a treatise on any branch of science in which all discoveries made by youthful workers were leftout, there would be very little left to write about. The fact of the matter appears to be-that, other things being the same, the principal requistite for success in scientific research is not the maturity of knowledge associated with age and experience, but the freshness of outlook which is the natural attribute of youth. The conservatism which develops with increasing age is thus revealed as a factor which militates against great achievements in science. The great ideas seem to come most easily to youthful minds. Since, however, much time is required to work out a new idea properly and fully, age and experience are not altogether useless in science. Upto a

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certain point, the conservatism bred by age may even be useful as a brake on the wilder flights of youthful imagination. Further even the elderly may, if they so choose, retain and cherish a youthful spirit and outlook. So long, therefore, as they do not allow the conservatism of age to function as a suppressor of youthful genius the elderly may continue to find themselves useful as guides and inspirers of research. On this view, indeed, the principal function of the older generation of scientific men is to discover talent and genius in the younger generation and to provide ample opportunities for its free expression and expansion.

Creative urge

So far I have said little about the nature of the urge which leads the elite few to devote themselves to science and live laborious days in its service. This is a part of the larger question, what is it that drives men to devote themselves to any type of idealistic activity ? I think it will be readily conceded that the pursuit of science derives its motive power from what is essentially a creative urge. The painter, the sculptor, the architect and the poet, each in his own way, derives his inspiration from nature and seeks to represent her through his chosen medium, be it paint or marble, or stone or just well-chosen words strung together like pearls on a necklace. The man of science is just a student of Nature and equally derives his inspiration from her. He builds or paints pictures of her in his mind, through the intangible medium of his thoughts. He seeks to resolve her infinite complexities into a few simple principles or elements of action which he calls the laws of nature. In doing this, the man of science, like the exponents of other forms of art, subjects himself to a rigorous discipline, the rules of which he has laid down for himself and which he calls logic. The pictures of Nature which science paints for us have to obey these rules, in other words, have to be self-consistent. Intellectual beauty is indeed the highest kind of beauty. Science. in other words, is a fusion, a man's aesthetic and intellectual functions devoted to the representation of Nature. It is, therefore, the highest form of creative art.

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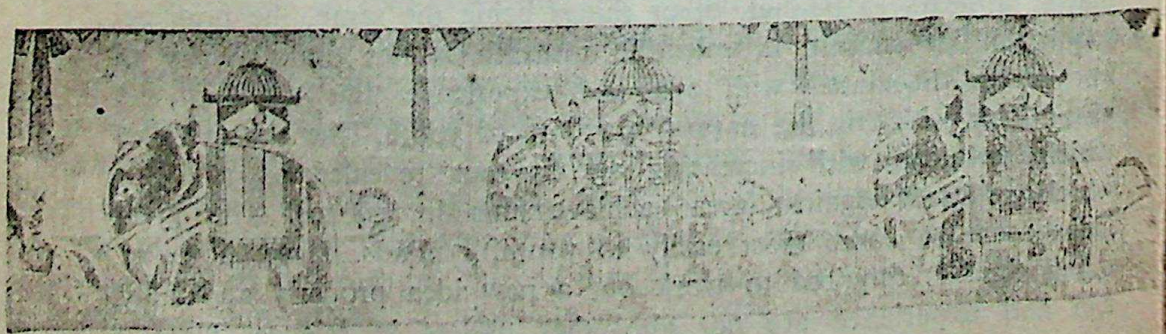

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FLOWER CHILDREN

DR. KULWANT SINGH GILL

They come from the West
Where robots reign,
where spirits droop
under spiritual straih.
Victims of broken homes,
disconsolate and discontent,
failing to find life's intent,
they seek refuge in cultures strange
which stress the harmony of nature and man.
When the muezzin
calls the faithful to prayer
from the minaret of a mosque,
they sit and watch
the glory of the setting sun
radiating Allah's abode,
wondering at their destiny strange
to wander in alien lands.
The vesper bells in a nearby temple,
the soul-stirring resonance of a conch,
awaken not their sonmolent selves
to a sacred song.
They gather their weary limbs and restless souls,
to seek sojourn in sordid hotels.
They haunt the hallowed land
where gopis dance to an eternal tune,
sighing and singing,
thirsting and pining,
for a sight of Krishna,
whose appearance seems not imminent.
Come, Lord ! Come !
Lead the forlorn folks to self-realisation,
Tat, tvam, asi.
Open their third eye to experience divine,
Sat, Chit, Ananda.
Faded jeans, unkempt hair, swollen eyes,
reflect their strange plight.
Smoking hashish, marijuana or hemp,
Singing and sighing,
Loving and forgetting,
like prisoners in a concentration camp.
Psychedelics promote euphoric swell,
A false samadhi, a schizopherenic's hell.
Non-attachment - the way to grace,
Rest illusion, a false escape.

— *Kulwant Singh Gill*

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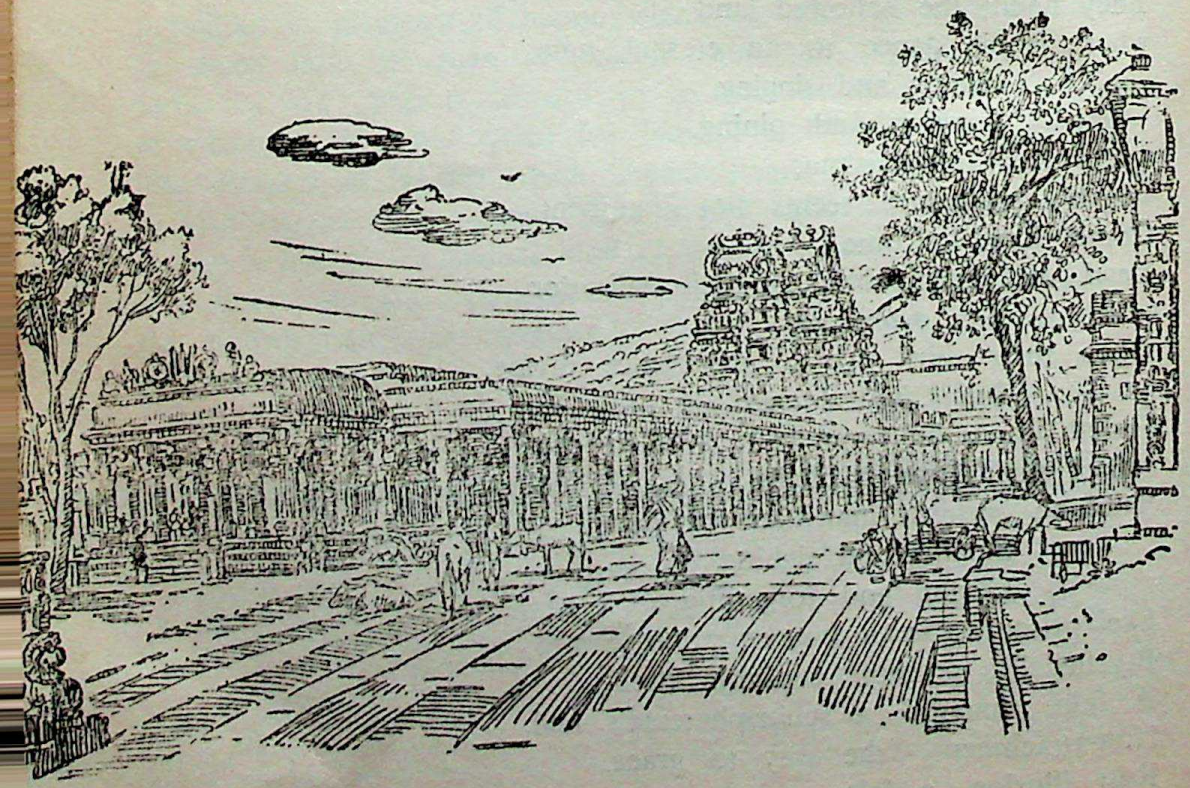
THE PHOENIX

R.Y. DESHPANDE

As in a descending flight,
Descending from the sky because
Our gaze has yet to climb
The blue rapture of his song,
You can hear the applause
Of his coming, you can see
The Phoenix ablaze in the air :
Between what is and what shall be
Swoops down the great flame-bird.
Even when he flies from life to life
In his living there is no gap
And his fire burns everywhere ;
He has no need of death to reach
What cannot be breathed in Time.
His journey is a single lap
Compressed like speech
In the beginningless word
And his hour is all Eternity.



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J. P. SARTRE ON FREEDOM AND RESPONSIBILITY

DR. G. VEDAPARAYAN

Jean-Paul Sartre (1905-1980), an eminent French existentialist and man of letters, ranks as the most versatile writer and as the dominant influence on the intellectual life of the twentieth century. Apart from his philosophical *magnum opus Being and Nothingness*, Sartre has authored a number of literary works like *Nausea, The Wall, No Exist, The Flies, The Roads to Freedom, The Words,* etc. He also edited *Les Temps Modernes*, a review devoted to the discussion of political and literary questions from an existential point of view. He rejected the Noble Prize for literature awarded to him in 1964.

Human freedom is the central theme of all Sartre's writings, philosophical as well as literary. He treats man as being who is inalienably and absolutely free. He equates man with freedom and pictures him as an autonomous and incontestable author of himself and the world around him. Sartre's work *Existentialism and Humanism*, an essay on his brand of atheistic existentialism, provides a clear and detailed account of human freedom coupled with responsibility.

Man, according to Sartre, is not created by God, since God does not exist. Man is not produced like an object, the existence of which is predetermined by its producer. For instance, the production of a knife is the totality of the design and qualities which its producer wants to give it. That is, the existence of an object is preceded by essence as conceived by its producer. The idea in the mind of the "architect" is the foundation of the existence of an object. But it is wrong to think that man is created in conformity to a plan. Man is not an object to be first designed and then produced in accordance with it. There is no universal formula which can determine the birth and life of man. Sartre says that it is bad-faith to entertain the idea : "God makes man according to a procedure and a conception, exactly as the artisan manufactures a paper-knife, following a definition and a formula".[1]

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Sartre is of the view that man is free in the sense that he possesses altogether different qualities from those of a thing. Unlike a thing man is a being of choice. Man is a being of consciousness which is in constant negation of the present. By nature, man is without essence. For man, to be is to be is to "have been"; he exists as a perpetual nihilation of his own being; he never "is"; he ever "is not"; his being is "not yet"; he is always beyond all denominations given to him. That is, man is already something other than what can be said about him. Unlike (the being of) a thing which is "being", man is (a being of) "nonbeing". The (being of a) thing "is"; whereas (the being of) man is not what (it) he is and is what (it) he is not. That is, (the being of) man is outside himself; (it) he is in projecting himself into the future; (it) he is an *elsewhereness* to himself. That is, man is a being of "subjectivity" which is beyond all determinations, materialistic or divine. Sartre says, "Man is, indeed, a project which possesses a subjective life, instead of being a kind of moss, or a fungus or a cauliflower".[2]

Man is a being who does not have a permanent nature; he is not born with a certain nature. On the contrary, man is what he chooses himself to be; man is not born readymade; it is only later on that he becomes "this" or "that". Man is what he makes himself to be; he becomes what he "wants" (not, however, what he may wish to be); man defines himself by his own deeds; he shapes his future which is not preordained but virgin and pure; man's future is not laid down by God in advance; but it is man who fashions his future. That is, man is free to have a future he chooses. Sartre says, " If man, as the existentialist sees him, is not definable, it is because, to begin with, he is nothing. He will not be anything until later, and then he will be what he makes of himself. Thus, there is no human nature, because there is no God to have a conception of it".[3]

Man is not a set of conditioned ractions as all kinds of materialism or idealism treats him to be. Man is not endowed with set patterns of behaviour. Instead, man is a being of absolute freedom. Indeed, Sartre equates man with freedom. Man = freedom. Man and freedom are one and the same. He says that it is impossible to distinguish man from freedom. Man does not exist first in order to be free subsequently. That is, freedom is not a quality added on to man; it is not his accidental character; there is no difference between man and "being-free". Freedom constitutes the very being of man. Satre says, "There is no determinism — man is free, man is freedom".[4]

Sartre holds that, in man, existence precedes essence. That is, man is not determined by his essence. On the Contrary, it is

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he who creates and conditions it. He is free to choose his essence. For instance, no man is born a coward; a coward is a coward not because of his stunted physical organism or abnormal psychological temperament or unfavourable environment but because he chooses himself to be so consciously or "unconsciously", (For Sartre, the so-called unconscious does not exist.) It is his choice that determines him to be a coward. In reality, a coward makes himself a coward and a hero; it is one's own choice that determines who he is or will be. Man simply finds excuses for his irresponsible and inauthentic behaviour in believing in the power and determination of some non-human factors like environment, heredity, etc. Man merely avoids exercising his power of choice by saying, "You see, that is what we are like, no one can do anything about it".[5]

Thus Sartre condemns man to freedom which is coupled with responsibility. He holds that man is what he does; man defines himself by his own actions for which he is responsible through and through. Man is the sum of his actions which are freely chosen by himself. That is, there is no cowardice apart from cowardly actions of a coward; there is no love apart from the deeds of love; there is no genius which is not expressed in the works of art. Man, whatever he may be, is nothing other than what he has made himself to be. Sartre says, "That is what I mean when I say that man is condemned to be free. Condemned, because he did not create himself, yet is nevertheless at liberty, and from the moment he is thrown into the world he is responsible for everything he does".[6]

Sartre maintains that human responsibility in a world without God is overwhelming. Since everything comes into "being" through man, since there is no non-human situation in the world and since "things will be such as men have decided they shall be",[7] man has to choose with tremendous responsibility. But the plight of man is such that he is alone in choosing with responsibility. That is, man is free and responsible without help and excuse. He is without help, for there is neither God nor any non-human guiding principles to help him in choosing with all responsibility; he is without excuse, for there is nobody or nothing upon which he can throw his responsibility and thereby lessen the burden of his absolute freedom. Sartre substantiates man's burden of freedom and responsibility with an example of a pupil who was confronted with a dilemma of deciding between two equally "valid" and different modes of action: one of staying with his old mother for whom he was the only consolation and the other of joining the French Forces in order to fight for his nation and avenge his brother who was killed by the Germans. Sartre contends that the commandments like "act with charity", "love thy neighbour", "deny yourself for others", "choose the way which is harder", etc., are

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ineffective to enable the pupil to prefer decisively any one mode of action to the other, for he finds himself in the vicious circle of fulfilling one at the cost of the other. Nothing can infallibly prove one as being superior to the other; there is no sure guide which can help him out of the dilemma by pronouncing in clear terms that he owes his mother more love than he owes his country.[8]

Sartre contends that even if an individual chooses and acts in accordance with a prescribed principle or a doctrine of behaviour, it is only because of his choice that it becomes a guide to his action. No ethical formula can be authentic unless man recognises it to be so. It is man's choice that renders a particular rule as a guide to action. No rule is "good" or "bad" *a priori*. So also, no mode of action is "good" or "bad" by itself. Sartre says, "If I regard a certain course of action as good, it is only I who choose to say that it is good and not bad".[9] Even if an individual goes to an adviser for advice, again, it is he who chooses the kind of adviser he wants. He first chooses the advice he wants before he chooses an adviser. He goes to the adviser who gives him the advice he wants but never to an adviser who is likely to give an advice which he does not like. Sartre says, "But if you seek counsel from a priest, for example, you have selected that priest; and at bottom you already know, more or less, what he would advise. In other words, to choose an adviser is nevertheless to commit oneself by that choice".[10]

Further, the atheistic existentialism of Sartre describes man as the creator of values. God being absent, man is condemned to invent values. Sartre says, "If I have excluded God the Father, there must be somebody to invent values".[11] Values are not divine and eternal; they are not sacred; no value is a value unless man claims it to be so; no value is independent of man; it is man who creates and ascribes the meaning to a certain value; it is man who gives it a significance through his voluntary choice. That is, man's subjectivity is the foundation of all values. For instance, values like honesty, humanity and progress do not have any meaning without man; they do not have a significance of their own. There is no God or Infinite and Perfect consciousness to formulate values as having fixed and universal validity; there is no heaven where it is written that "this is good", "one must be honest", "one must not lie", etc . Values do not fall from the blue but man brings them into being. Man's existence precedes the values he invents. Accordingly, man's life has precisely the significance given by man. It does not have an intrinsic and prevenient significance of its own, since it is not governed by any kind of superhuman universe or being. Instead, man's life is a sheer accident and it is what he makes it to be. The meaning of life is what man brings to it

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through his freedom of choice and responsibility. Sartre says, "To say that we invent values means neither more nor less than this; that there is no sense in life *a priori*. Life is nothing until it is lived; but it is yours to make sense of, and the value of it is nothing else but the sense that you choose".[12]

To conclude, man's freedom and responsibility are so inalienable the it is impossible for man to be free from them. Man is free but he is not free not to be free. Not to chose is to choose not to choose. Man is responsible even for not being responsible. Man's responsibility is not only great in the sense that it concerns mankind as a whole — man in choosing for himself chooses for all, in fashioning himself after an image fashions others also — but also unbearably heavy in the sense that can never be free from being responsible. Freedom and responsibility are so protean that they manifest even in the acts of not-choosing and not-being-responsible. By rejecting God, Sartre has endowed man with absolute freedom of choice and responsibility and enabled him to face the reality of life authentically. He has revealed to man the fact that man is the sole architect of his life. He has urged man to face the dread of the fact of his being free without escape. He has declared that man being condemned to be free and responsible, he is condemned at every moment to construct himself and the world without remorse. Thus the important import of Sartre's existentialism is that "it puts every man in possession of himself as he is and places entire responsibility for his existence squarely upon his shoulders".[13]

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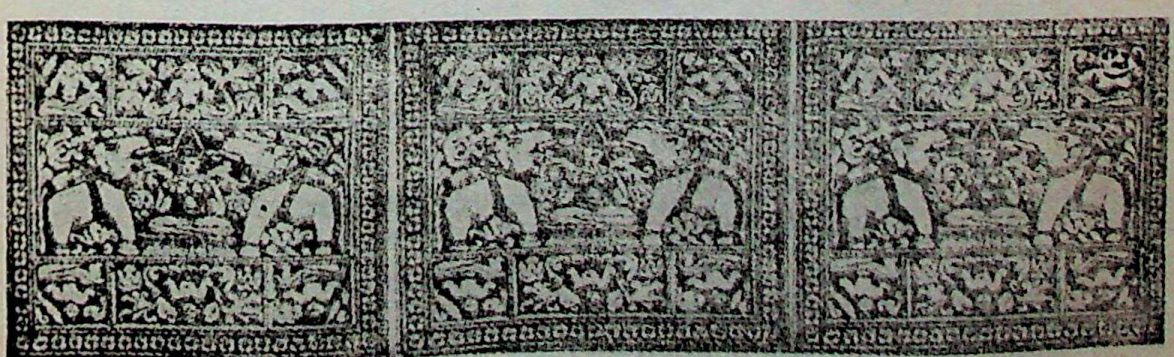

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THREE POEMS

DR. T.R. VRAJBAL

SELF INTRODUCTION

On my mind
the darkness of the past lies thick;
Over my thought
the present depression stands sentinel;
Dusty moonlight
overshadows my future dreams;
I have a body of clay
but my breath is fragrant;
What shall I trust?
Life is transient
like a drop of water
balancing on a glass ball.

UNSOLICITED LIFE

I did not desire to be born.
Unseen hands shaped this unshapely figure.
The earthly feelings radiate the Almighty.
This unsolicited life
The earthly feelings radiate the Almighty.
This unsolicited life
is nothing more than a wager long forgot.

AN INDELIBLE MARK

I am a drop
wherein life mingles with death;
I am a lovely moon
rising in the firmament;
I appear and disappear,
wax and wane,
but never perish,
I am an indelible mark.
I am an ascetic

Translated from Hindi
By DR. RAVI S. VARMA

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PASSAGE TO MORE THAN INDIA

A Note on Walt Whitman's Poetry

DR. K. CHAKRAWARTHY

Walt Whitman reposed his trust on the posterity for proper understanding and appreciation of his poetic achievement.

He wrote :

"Poets to come ! Orators, singers, musicians come !
Not to-day is to justify me and answer what I am for,
But you, a new broad, native athletic, continental,
greater than before known.
Arouse ! For you must justify me."

It was his fond hope and ambition that even after his death if he could return invisibly to a distant land,

"there to some group of mates the chants resuming,
... Ever which pleased smile
I may keep on."

It seems that Whitman could do no better than to have faith on the future generation. In this lifetime, which was considerably long — he lived to be a septuagenarian — he never got the deserved fame and financial independence from his poetical works. It is true that two of his greatly talented readers — Emerson and Thoreau — recognized his poetic attainment ; but most of his readers remained unaware of his great poetic talent throughout his life.

S. Bradley, in his brilliant introduction to the Mentor edition of "Leaves of Grass", informs us that "Whitman's actual sales were never sufficient to support him in poverty. The common man of whom Whitman wrote, if he read poetry at all, preferred Whittier and Longfellow."

From the same source, we come to know that when Osgood and Company launched an ambitious edition of Whitman's poetry, a notification of an impending suit on charges of obscenity was made to the publisher. And so the publication could not materialise. Walt Whitman is a poet of liberty, equality and fraternity. Since he finds that all these ideals are enshrined in the ideal form of

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democracy, he is also a poet of democracy. But his idea of democracy is not what we usually understand by the term. He firmly believes that constitutional from of government, however democratic, can never usher in real democracy. His recipe for the same is simple and he says simply : "Produce great persons, the rest follows."

Whitman is also an ideal singer of total living. He always sings of full immersion in the richness and pride of life.

In "Song of Myself" Whitman tells us : "I have no chair, no church, no philosophy". We need not, however, take his words literally. Admittedly, poets are hardly systematic philosophers. In the case of a poet, poetry and philosophy are inextricably woven together. Whitman's philosophy, epitomized in his unforgettable utterances, has all symbolic significance. He is essentially a poet who seeks mystical identity of the self with the world of his fellowmen. He is always in search of a unique and mystical identity of all men and women of the world. That he places the "self" above everything else can be seen from the following well known lines of his opening inscription :

"One's self I sing, a simple separate person, yet the word Democratic, the word En-masse".

The second poem of his "Inscriptions" may strike one as the poetic testament of Walt Whitman. As the poet ponders in silence, menacing voice accosts him :

"What singest thou ?
Knowest thou not there is but one theme
for ever enduring bard ?"
And that is the theme of War,
the fortune of battles,
The making of perfect soldiers."

The poet answers the "haughty shade" that he also sings of war. He sings about the fight for a better life, for free and unfettered communion between the diverse races and nations of the world. His fight is :

"For life and death, for the Body and for the eternal Soul,
Lo, I too am come, chanting the chant of battles,
I above all promote brave soldiers"

Undoubtedly, Walt Whitman carried on a life-long crusade against all fissiparous tendencies that make cleavages among men and give birth to hatred, jealousy and misunderstanding.

Walt Whitman described himself thus :

"Walt Whitman, a Kosmos, a Manhattan, the son,
Turbulent, fleshy, sensual, eating, drinking, and breeding,
No sentimentalist, no stander above men and women or
apart from them."

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This individual self, an emblem of the conception of Common man, who "does not stand above men or women or apart from them", has, however, a notable distinguishing quality. This individual self of the poet is constantly in search of communion with other souls, therefore he sings songs of identificatin with them. He can proudly and sincerely proclaim :

"I am the actor, the actress, the voter, the politician,
The emigrant and the exile, the criminal that stood in the box,
He who has been famous and he who shall be famous after to-day,
...My hands are spread forth, I pass them in all directions,
I would sound up the shadowy shore to which you are journeying."

Two important incidents during the lifetime of the poet inspired him to write his great poem "A Passage to India." These Two occasions were, the spanning of the whole of America by rail and the linking of Europe and India made possible by the opening of the Suez canal.

These epoch-making events kindled the poet's imagination as well as provided him with a means to make rapport between his own self and hitherto unexplored worlds abroad, The poet is thrilled to think of future when free and unfettered communion between the new continent and the old (signifying India, in the main) would be possible. The aforesaid epoch-making events, the poet fondly hopes, would bring a new era of hope and confidence. God ordains that men of different nations and races would ultimately merge and mingle to bring forth a new generation of supermen :

"Passage to India !
Lo, soul, seest thou not God's purpose from the first ?
The races, neighbours, to marry and be given in marriage,
The oceans to be cross'd, the distant brough near,
The lands to be welded together."

The poem under review is very rich in texture and various levels of meaning can be found in it. The poem is a vision of history, starting with the dawn of civilization in the East and coming up to the modern railway train thundering across the American continent. The poet gives new meanings to the old myths. He brings himself into contact with history, geography and society of India. But the poet is not satisfied with only a passage to India. He wants something more — and therefore he cries in passionate intensity :

"Passages to more than India !
O secret of the earth and sky !

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Of you, O waters of the sea !
O winding creeks and rivers !
Of you, O woods and fields ! of you
strong mountains of my land !
Of you, O prairies ! of you gray rocks !"

We remember in this connection that it was this aspect of the poem which probably prompted E.M. Forster to borrow the name of his most famous novel. Moreover, Forster's belief that the world "is a globe of men trying to reach one another" is very similar to Whitman's belief.

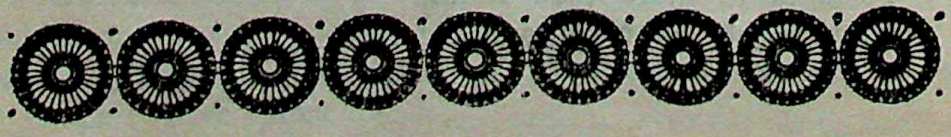
Through his poems, Whitman constantly sought to teach the new religion, which to his mind, had a great relevance in the context of the modern age. This was the religion of life which could embrace all people.

Whitman's faith in the posterity has been partly vindicated. His books have been, and still are read extensively throughout the world. But time is perhaps not yet ripe for the emergence of the type of reading public that he envisaged in his poetry. In this strife-torn world full of violence, the voice of the brotherhood of man and idealistic internationalism may appear to the young readers naive and unconvincing. Yet perhaps it would be profitable to note that a glorious future cannot be envisaged without some touch of the vision shaped by Walt Whitman. Even while living and breathing in an atmosphere of accute dejection and dilemma, one still fondly hopes that the bridge that Whitman built has not yet broken and the future quivers with expectation for the materialisation of his broad and healthy and optimistic vision of life.

A perusal of his poems raises some questions in our mind. Is the reconciliation envisaged by Whitman possible ? Without realising the true self, shall we go on making our old mistakes-political, social and domestic ? When would it be possible for us to integrate ourselves ? When, in the words of the poet :

All these hearts as of fretted children shall be sooth'd,
All affection shall be fully responded to,
The secret shall be told,
...Nature and man shall be disjointed, diffused no more,
The true son of God shall absolutely fuse them ?

To some of us these questions may seem much too other-worldly and ethereal to be worried about. But in all fairness, can we deny that on the satisfactory answers to these pertinent questions lie the hope and ambition of the posterity ?



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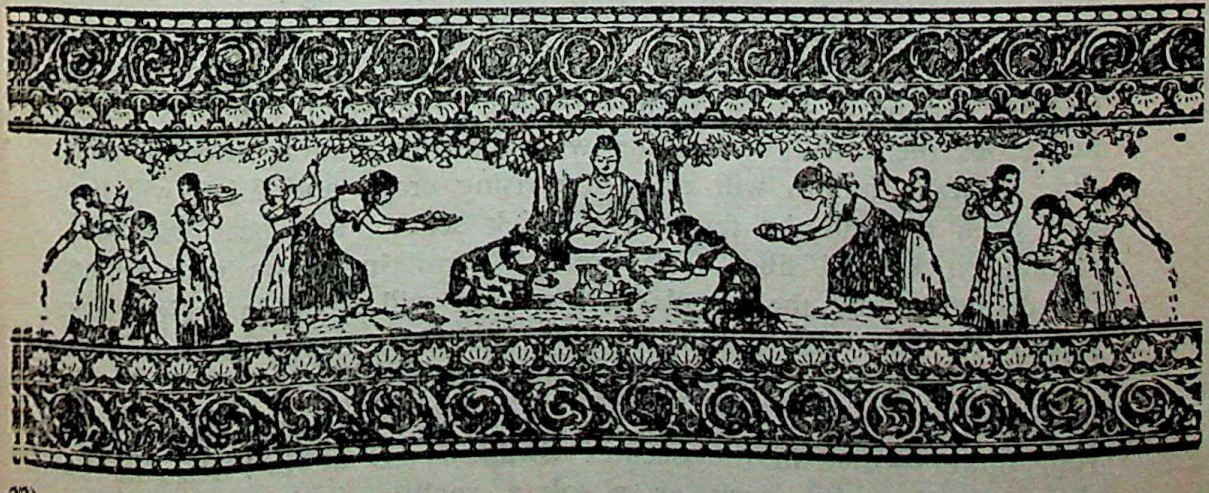
THE FIRE

S. SARBESWAR

The fire that could purge
all dross and impurities
and sublimate my consciousness
instead consumes me outright

the fire that can forge
a god out of
mortal ruins
awaken the somnolent soul
in a sinking foolish body
instead rocks me
with a massive load
of lust and libido

that which can award
a glimpse of 'Truth' and 'Divinity'
the taste of 'Nirvan' and 'Infinity'
grinds and crushes me
as if in a mill-stone
to a sordid lump of
flesh and sensuality.



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AANDAAL'S TIRUPPAAVAI - II
("The Resplendent Resolution")

The Traditional Story of Godaa's Life.
Translated by

Prof. WILLIAM JACKSON
Indiana University, Indianapolis, Indiana, U.S.A.

(Continued from the previous number)

O little ladies of fortunate Repalli, town of the Lord, in your flashing jewels, if you care - and dare - to bathe on the lucky full-moon day in Margali month, the son of strongarmed Nandagopal, the lion cub of Yasoda so wide-eyed, black-cloud bodied and red lotus eyed - Narayana, whose face is splendid as sun and moon, will give us what we need — so come join the celebration and all together let your voices be raised in this hymn of praise.

Seekers of true life ! Listen to what we'll need for the rite of singing at the Holy feet of the Lord who reclines on the milky ocean : Up in the dawn hours we must bathe and have no pride, giving up rich fancy foods and makeup on our eyes, and flower blossoms in our hair. We'll observe the rules of tradition like the old folks — and stop speaking ill of others. We'll give alms, and enjoy the hymning of his praises, come, let's sing !

When we for our own good and for the good of our rite bathe together, dwelling on the sacred chanting the Supreme's name — he who expanded sky high and measured the earth — and as we do austerities there will be nothing wrong in the nation, friendly rains three times a month will ripen the rising crops and fishes will hop and swim through the terraces of thick seaves, and bees will buzz, resting on kuvalai lilies. The great big milking cows with udders full enough to fill the vessels to the brim will stand in their places peacefully, like wise gurus teaching disciples; happy prosperity is certain — join the throng and sing the holy song !

Krishna, vast consciousness, Lord of the rain — Don't hide your power — dive in the ocean ! Swallow the waves ! Rise in the sky expanding and dark as absolute reality, flash lightning and rumble thunder like the brilliance of the disc, and the roar of the conch shell all over the lands of the Lord with the lotus stemming

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from his navel, give us this day our good rain, splash down drops like arrows from the never-failing bow Saranga, and soak the earth when we bathe in Margali month in the morning with our little hearts blissfully carolling this.
blissfully carolling this.

When we with pure hearts approach Madhura's Lord, who roams the groves on the banks of deep blue Yamuna river, and who glows like an emerald (that child of the cow herds who was the brilliance in the belly of Devaki, and is he whose belly is tied round by a thread (damodhara), and when we pour forth fresh petalled blossoms with pure minds and one-pointed adoration, and when we sweetly chant his praise with feelings — the wrongs we might have done will vanish like puffs of cotton in the flames — so come along and all together sing my loving song.

Birds are flapping to glory ! Hear the glad sound of the conch shell — white, right-side-circled — blasting from the temple where the king of birds, Garuda is pictured. Honey child, come along, get up ! The spiritually-minded, dwelling on the Cosmos' Lord, who sucked all the poison from the great ogress's breasts, and wrecked the wheel ogre with a kick of his foot, — the spiritually minded have risen, and in procession in coolness chant the Lord's name — which came into my heart and cooled it — come along, sing my song !

"Kees kees kees" go the flocks of Chatakas, Honey, don't you hear their chirps ? Crazy girl, don't you hear the songs of curd-churning sung by the rods whirred by cowherd girls ? O gem of a girl those cowgirls have sweet-smelling hair, and their fine fore-heads are adorned with red oval and cup-shaped marks; listen now to the jingle-jingle of every single one of their bangles... Hearing us burst into song of God's names will you go back to sleep ? Come on, you with the bright body ! Open up, step out come along and sing my loving song.

In the East the dawn glows brighter — buffaloes untethered scatter. We girls have come along and now en route we wait. We've come to call you and you hold back — Agreeable lady ! arise and sing and receive his blessings. When we together go to him and worship, serving the Lord who destroyed the horse-rakshasa and the wrestler-henchmen of his enemy, he will mercifully take care of us. So come along and be singing my loving song.

Dear niece, mother's sister's daughter, snoozing on your luxurious bed surrounded by more and more brilliance in this immaculate mansion, unlock these jewelled doors. Auntie ! will you make this girl rise and shine ! Is your little girl tongue-tied ? Could be she's just deaf ! Or sleeping spellbound by enchanting charms... Here we are, voicing the names of the all-attractive Lord of the

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Heaven of no return — come along and sing with us this song of love !

O maid of austerities and ecstasy, be a leader of this procession on its way to celebration ! Won't you say something, if you won't open up? Are you in a trance of Krishna's presence ? When we praise the Sole Sustainer with tulsi leaves in his hair, the blessed one will shower grace on us. Did the monstrous sluggard, ancient Kumbakarna, being beaten by bright Rama gift this dull deep sleep to you ? Hey, lazy jewel ! wake up all bright-eyed ! Open up ! join in and sing along, join this loving song.

O girl with a golden shape like a vine, with hips like the hood of a cobra ! Splendid little peacock ! Get yourself up and together ! You know you belong to the clan of the flawless cowherd whose cows flow with milk when they think of their calves, the cowherd who bravely faced and decimated all foes. Awake bejewelled pretty lady — motionless you lie in silence — why are you unconscious ? Kith and kin have come and clogged your threshold to lift their voices in praise of the cloudblue Lord — Come along, sing our song.

O sister of prosperity with new mother cows with bulging udders of milk always flowing at the thought of their calves, drenching your dooryard to puddles hard to cross through ! Here we are at your door altogether — dew and drizzle all over our heads, singing of your darling sweetheart who in righteous anger slew the king of demons and his crew. Speak up ! Wake up ! Are you dead to the world ? Why ? The whole block is up and about — join the love song, come along.

We're on our way, singing of him who ripped the crane-demon's beak in two and slashed off the heads of Ravana. All the womenfolk except for you have reached the place of rendezvous. Sukra in the east (Venus) has risen, and Brihaspati (Jupiter) has faded from our sight. Birds dash here and there filling the anticipated day with song. Pretty doe-eyed baby don't you want to bathe in the cool deep peaceful waters ? Will you keep on sleeping like a log ? Don't play possum on us this fine Margasirsha day. Come along and join us singing my loving song.

Hey clever cutie — you told me you'd wake *us* up! But we can't bring you to ! What are your words worth ? Up ! Up !
The lotuses of red in your green garden pond have opened up and all the black lilies are shut. The pious ones, with pure bright smiles and crimson clothes, with keys to unlock the temple doors for puja, are on their way now. While we, we're going to sing — about the Lord whose eyes are shaped like lotus petals and whose great arms hold the conch shell and the wheel — we're going to sing — so come along join us, altogether now, in this celebration song.....

(To be Continued...)

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HONOUR

K.V. RAGHUPATHI

"Honour to you..."
The Brigadier cheered lustily,
in the hall adorned by men and women dressed sprucely and elegantly,
amid thunderous plaudits and clappings as they echoed and reechoed.

The young man, aged thirty,
tall, lanky, brown,
handsome though not charming,
walked uprightly displaying dignity,
between the rows of seated men and women
with a black box in his hands he carried.

Before Brigadier
he stood saluted.

"Honour to you for your exemplary bravery and courage..."
As the doughty Brigadier outstretched,
from his hands dangled the sparkling glod disc medal, crimson ribboned.

On seeing it
the young man composed, grave
stood in utter silence
as never before in his life.
His looks sullened.

With vigour and force like the gushing forth water
he spluttered from the depth of his heart
much to the astonishment of all :

"... I refuse to adore my body, mind, soul sparkling
with your/medal,
for I now surrender disillusioned and disenchanted
to you my arms and dress bundled in this black box.
I resign henceforth

for I am transformed and enlightened.
My heart now so strong as never before
willed against shedding blood any more,
for I can no longer see with my own glaring eyes
human blood spilled on the ground
the inhuman, brutal sacrifice at the tup of bullet..."

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S. SATYAMURTHY

K. CHANDRASEKHARAN

It was the opening session of the Madras Legislative Council after the general elections in 1923. The Council hall was getting full before the usual hour. The visitors' galleries were packed from floor to ceiling. The passages and corridors were crowded with students who could not gain admission inside. The first resolution to be moved that day in the House was that of No-confidence in the new Ministry. Excitement pervaded the atmosphere. Mr. C.R. Reddy, the mover., spoke with moderation and elegance like a born debater. Speaker after speaker followed him in support of the resolution. The Ministry made but a feeble effort to withstand the volley charges against it. Just after 3-30 in the afternoon rose a defiant figure from his seat with a face indicating derision at the whole race of office-seekers. A fresh enthusiasm ran through the serried ranks of visitors both above and below. The Ministers were afraid to meet the fervent gaze and frenzied phrases of the speaker. Every one of the sentences he uttered bore an emphasis. His attack was direct and determined. His looks were riveted on the opposite benches. His voice grew strong and steady. Humour and eloquence distinguished him from the rest. "These three Ministers do not exhaust the possibility of ministerial talents in this Presidency Deso Vishalha Prabhaavopyanantah" he exclaimed, and the whole House became tense with expectation. There was an effective and detailed tirade against the reactionary policy of the Ministry that had come into office again. When the late leader of the Justice Party was dealt with in his turn, an indistinct protest rose from that old man, but the reverberating voice of the President hushed everything into silence when he commanded, "Mr. Satyamurthi will proceed." There was once more a driving torrent of words. The more the obstacles in his way, the greater seemed the volume and flow of his eloquence. None dared to interrupt him again. None looked cheerful on the Ministerial side, and a death-like gloom overhung them when he wound up the peroration

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with a bold prophecy, "I already see the hand of Death upon the Ministry. It is not permanent. It is bound to die. When it dies, it will die unwept, unhonoured and unsung."

It is all very characteristic of Mr. Satyamurthi. It forces the mind to recall another occasion, when an American professor was in Madras and a public meeting was convened at the Gokhale Hall to welcome him. Mr. Satyamurthi was asked to take the chair. The professor spoke about the great events happening in the West, the Christian spirit of tolerance and propaganda that actuated reformers there, the great advance of socialism in Europe, the unsparing endeavours of true Christians to perpetuate peace and good-will in the world, and his own high hopes of the mission of the East. Mr. Satyamurthi made his concluding remarks. "Let not the Christians think of peace and good-will only on Sundays", was one of the first few utterances from his lips, and the foreigner sat wondering at the speaker's natural humour and courage on the plaform.

"It must be remembered that in the delivery of a long speech emphasis should be economised, so that the voice may not get unduly taxed" says the book on "The Making of an Orator". Mr. Satyamurthi does not care for any such economy however long he may harangue. The lingering pauses that lend distinction to the Rt. Hon. Sastri's speeches have no allurements for him. He is always ready to rise up and speak with feeling. If an audience requires stirring up, his is the voice that can rouse the emotions. It is not sweet to the ear but sufficiently lusty to reach the vast crowds on the sands of the beach. His manner is not imposing but ever direct and appealing. His speeches have no agreeable spray of faultless pronunciation and finish; but always a great satisfaction fills you that his words are happy and ideas clear. The study of his own literature "infuses him with the inspiration for his ideas and with the philosophical justification or the enlightened impetus for his boldness, zeal and patriotism". The great Ruskin said, "Language becomes accurate if the speaker desires to be true; clear, if he speaks with sympathy and a desire to be intelligible; powerful, if he has earnestness; and pleasant, if he has sense of rhythm and order." Mr. Satyamurti has almost all these. He does not lack information. He pauses not for expression. He can be fresh and fascinating in his anecdotes. He can be catchy and catholic in his tastes.

It is quite obvious that "if the man who does not hesitate to speak his mind freely in a private company could imagine, when he faces a public audience for the first time, that he is going to have a little talk with a few friends, he would conquer the initial difficulty of extempore speaking." But with Mr. Satyamurthi, it

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must have been just the other way about. He seems never to have known what it is to be nervous or to speak less freely his mind to a large audience. Nothing deters him from exposing his foes to ridicule and contempt. Neither position nor age has any restraining influence on him. The Liberals had their share of his ungrudging attentions. The Ministerial party suffered long at his hands. The Government every time had to face opposition from him when they wanted to introduce a bill in the Council. He took in everything at a first glance. Nothing could escape him; nothing unnerve him He provided himself with ammunition every time he sallied forth for battle. He returned unexausted for all the rebuffs he received. Crowds cheered him; councillors respected him.

Mr. Satyamurthi is an immense force in himself. He can never be employed or dictated to. It must please him to carry out other people's behests. He must have his own way in everything. He must make his bold assertions. He must plunge headlong into a scathing criticism or a sweeping contradiction.

"Perhaps my imperfect knowledge of Sanskrit is alone responsible for my great love of that language. But I am sure, I will yield to none in my appreciation or attachment for it," said he once in a speech at the Madras Sanskrit Academy. The latter part of his assertion is amply justified by the vigour and consistency of his fervid appeals at the proceedings of the Senate and Academic Council of the Madras University. His faculty for debate and grip of facts have never abandoned him while engaged in those protracted deliberations. He reads the files, prepares himself, if necessary, for an onslaught on his opponents, and brandishes his favourite weapon in utter disregard of any attempt to control him. He brings judgment and purpose to his aid. His arguments contain cogency and colour and never betray lack of pre-meditation or presentation. He rarely sleeps when long vigils are called for. Every strategic move will be adopted for winning a point; every resource resorted to for gaining his object. His opponent fears to successfully withstand him, when he is put down for moving a resolution.

Politics being his sole pursuit in life, he does not feel himself overburdened by it. Art and music have their place in the scheme of his many diversions. He loves to display his versatility. The Sanskrit and Tamil amateur dramatic stages have had a peculiar attraction for him from his boyhood. His natural gifts find him an easy prey to the consuming desire of winning applause at every turn. His acting is at its best when the part chosen by him is in line with his own prominent qualities. He is impressive as an impetuous Asvathama and unsurpassed as an indignant Sarngrava. His pre-disposition for declamation and passion clothe him in good form, when the audience needs spirit and flame on the stage.

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It may look somewhat unusual that a man of his impatience or inflammable temper could ever have the softness to be ensnared by music, and more so by that of the feminine voice. He has an inborn inclination to be moved to great emotions. A good concert generally fails not to impress him. His knowledge of its intricacies may be limited, but his desire to appreciate its delicacies is abundant.

Born with every fine attribute for a life of ease and aesthetic enjoyment, his career as a Congressman has left his deeper desires unsatisfied. He loves to lead others and distinguish himself wherever he be, whether in the vast assemblies of men or on the stage. The spirit of self-abnegation and discipline, so strongly advocated by the Gandhian creed, finds him unwilling to yield himself to its influence. His manhood thirsts not for self-reformation but for wresting power from a determined foe. Progressive as he is in his political slogans, conservative he has grown by experience. Though, in the plenitude of his youth, he once followed modern ways in the wake of Western fashions, he has given up everything foreign to him and his race with the pledging of his faith to the cause of winning Swaraj for his country.

"The man who cannot be loud, or even vociferous, on occasion, is wanting on the jovial side of good fellowship," wrote Leigh Hunt in his short essay on "Table-Talk". Mr. Satyamurthi does not stop there but makes thinking aloud his prime care. He does everything in public. His sharp remarks and trenchant observations create for him enemies in every field of activity. At home his sway is of a stern kind. He rarely allows anything to pass unnoticed by himself. Even his little daughter must choose the hour for her tyranny over him. He may suddenly explode with a strong expression or develop into a heartless censor.

As a host he is kind, as a conversationalist effective. There is almost a straight question from his lips when he greets you for the first time in the day. With young and old he engages in earnest discussions. The younger more particularly invigorate him. Free and hearty, he is entertaining to all in no little measure.

Perhaps few others have so much impressed the outer world of the immense potentialities of South India in the realm of mass-moving oratory as Mr. Satyamurthi. His name conjures up in the interior of the Tamil land a picture of animation combined with the full articulation of a nation's indignation against the wrongs done to it. He is supremely emotional and his deeper springs bubble with love for his race and its religion. His faith lies rooted in the ancient books and he fondly repeats many a pity verse from them. He wields his mother-tongue with the same force and deftness as his English. He sends thrills through

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the vibrant frames of many a fervent youth. He is among the first-born of Renascent India.

In a free country, Mr. Satyamurthi would any day realise his permanent rewards. His powerful tongue and alert intellect can divert the fruitful sources of our national culture into channels of universal recognition. His glowing spirit never deserts him despite the conflicts he is sometimes engaged in. He thinks for himself and speaks fo others.

(From "Persons and Personalities" by K. Chandrasekharan 1932)

GOD THE PAINTER

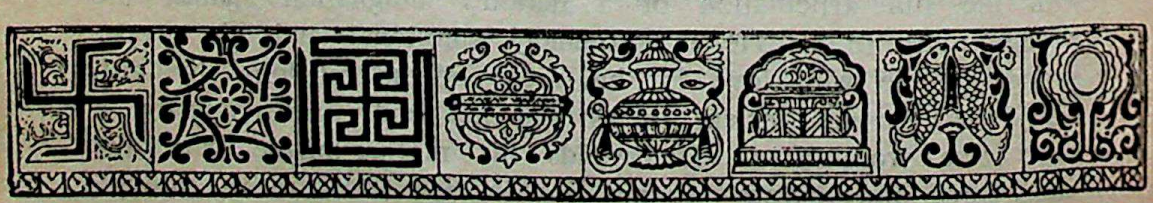
R. SUNDARESAN

When deep into illusoriness
I find out the truth;
the distant outline of a hill
shrouded in the evening fog,
the sleeping village at its foot
and the amusingly tiny palmyrah trees
interspersed between the few huts
reveal the truth
that the most skilful painter is
God.

VORTEX OF CARES

Eddying
in the vortex
of conglomerated cares
all the world spins;
deep in the swirling current
a helpless victim;
eyes sinking, sinking with each revolution
I revolve
till I know I am flat on the ground.

Translated by the author from Tamil



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CORRECTIVE
(Short story)

GURAZADA VENKATA APPA RAO
(Translated from the Original in Telugu by Dr A. Jaganmohana Chari)

Gurazada Venkata Appa Rao (1881-1915), popularly known as Gurazada, is the father of modern Telugu literature. He is a path-finder and harbinger of new values and forms in literature. An epigraphist by profession in the service of the Maharaja of Vizianagaram, he wrote with conviction in social and cultural reform, which links him with the long line of such Renaissance Indian thinkers as Raja Ram Mohan Roy, Bankim Chandra Chatterjee, Michael Madhusudan Dutt, Tagore, Veereshalingam Panthulu, etc.

Kanyasulkam his first social drama, not only has the unique distinction of being the first great drama ever written in Telugu and that in spoken Telugu, but has the revolutionary impact of legitimizing the ordinary, mundane yet burning social problems as the right topics for literary treatment. This drama is yet to be excelled or equalled in Telugu. His short stories are especially known for the qualities of dramatization, brevity, distinctive characterisation, fitting dialogue, and an engaging mixture of satire, humour and pathos. The Story, "Corrective" a translation of *Diddubatu* illustrates the point in full.

Knock... Knock...

The door is not opened. He paused for a minute. The clock in the room rang one in the night. "How late I am ! I was out of my senses. Should be careful from tomorrow. My anti-*nautch* self got stuck in the pleasures of a courtesan's song. It didn't settle with the song alone. It is carried away by the person too. Well, why should I have sat out the song like a rake? Why sought a moment to have a word with her? Look, I slap my face. I'll not call from tomorrow for the song. For certain... If I called aloud Kamalini may be awakened. If I could knock the door softly and wake up Ramu, I may yet get on to her side in the guise of a virtuous man."

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The door gave way at the mere touch of Gopal Rao's hand. "How come this !" surprised he opened the shutters to find no lamp in the verandah. No lamp could be found in his bed-room when he opened its door crossing the front part of the house. He tried to approach the cot walking with noiseless steps to see if Kamalini is asleep or wakeful. But his attempt to make her out was in vain. He lighted a match. She was not to be seen on the cot

Aghast he shed the cinder - stick to the floor. Darkness quickly spread through the room and his mind as well. All kinds of foolish suspicions and equally specious answers began to arise and die in his mind causing quite a torment. Anger and irritation surged either on his own folly or for Kamalini being unseen. There was neither a maid nor a man-servant within call under the star light in the mid front yard.

He returned to the room, lit the lamp and looked around ; but Kamalini couldn't be seen. As he reached the door that opened into the street, his eye was engaged by the sight of Ramu sucking at a tobacco-roll and watching the stars with lifted head. Anger welling up in him he cried, "Ramu, come here." Ramu was caught unawares. He threw away the roll and replied hoarsely, "Babu."

"Where is your mother?"

"My mother ! She is in our house, Babu."

"Not your mother, fool. I mean my wife."

"Oh, you mean my lady-mother ? where should she be ? She must be sleeping."

"She isn't there in the house."

Worry rushed into Ramu's mind. As he entered the house, two heavy fist-blows descended on his back. Ramu sank to the ground crying, "Don't you kill me, Babu."

But Gopal is kind-hearted. The inequity of his action quickly dawned on him and his fury sank to remorse. He helped Ramu to get up, patted his back, and took him into the room feeling ashamed of his beastly behaviour.

Seated in his chair in dejection he moaned out, "Look, Ramu, what a fine pass it has come to."

"It all looks like some *maya,* Babu."

"Could she have gone to her mother's !"

"Isn't she capable of that ? I can't say anything to merit your anger but what do you think will happen if womenfolk are educated ?"

"But Ramu, what do you know about the value of education ?"

While he held his head in desperate thoughtfulness in both his hands, elbows rested on the table, Gopal's eyes alighted on a letter written in his wife's hand; which he began to read aloud.

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"Ayya".

"Has 'Priya' given way to 'Ayya' already?"

"Is *Peyya** on te run, Babu?"

"Fool, keep quiet."

> Ayya ! It's ten days now. I haven't known your coming home. You said you were attending meetings engaged in movements sacrificing sleep aiming at the well-being of the people. But I have learnt the truth through my companions. You had to utter lies because I am in the house. If I am at my mother's, there will not be any restraint on your freedom and need for untruths. Isn't it my duty as a wife who desires her husband's welfare to keep myself away from your course rather than create an occasion for you to utter lies everyday? Therefore, this evening I am leaving for my parents' house. Hope you will entertain with kindness whatever little is left of the items for daily consumption."

When he finished reading the letter Gopal Rao declared, "I am a beast."

"What is it Babu? How can you say that !"

"A beast out and out."

Ramu tried his best to suppress laughter.

"A lady full of virtues, a treasure of learning, excelling in courtesy, she has made me expiate for my ill intentions."

"What has the lady done, Babu ?"

"She's gone to her parents' ! But how did she go without your knowledge, Ramu ?"

Ramu stepped back two feet. "I must have slept, Babu, If you take offence, I cannot say anything, but if the woman goes to her parents' house without seeking your permission, you ought to slap her into sense, I suppose. If she takes to writing and scoring like a man, don't you think it is odd ?"

"Oh you fool ! the one thing which excels all god's creation is the gem of an educated woman. Siva has shared half of his body with Parvati. Englishman called his wife a 'better-half.' It means a wife is superior to her husband. Do you understand ?*"

"I do not have elephantiasis, Babu." Ramu was desperately trying to keep from laughing.

"Isn't your daughter going to school? You'll understand the value of education, yourself. But forget. Either you or me must expressly

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* *Peyya* in rural Telugu means 'Cow.'

* This is conveyed in Telugu by "*Bodha Paddadaa*". If the sound conveyed by *dh* in *bodha* is not stressed, the word means 'elephantiasis.' Ramu pretends to take it in this sense.

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leave for Chandravaram. I cannot stir out of the town for another four days. You have been a servant since forefathers' time. Go and fetch Kamalini back. Do you know what you have to convey to her ?"

"Yes, I know, Babu. I will say 'Babu has thrashed my back. Please come along'."

"Forget the thrashing. I'll give you two rupees for that and you should never make a mention of that. Well, don't say it to Kamalini even by a slip of the tongue."

"I won't, Babu."

"I'll tell you what you have to say. Listen carefully. 'Pantulu is all repentance. He"ll not call at the courtesan's for songs. He'll not stir out of the house in the nights. This is for certain.' Well, do you know now. 'He desired me to tell you all this by way of his craving for indulgence. He wants you to take pity on him and return in two or three days without exposing his faults. Each day of your absence is like ages to him now.' Call up all your skills in conveying this, do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand, Babu."

"Tell me once what you will say there."

Scratching his head, Ramu began, "How, now, I don't know all that Babu. But I'll say, 'Well, my lady-mother, listen to me. I have lived a long time. Womenfolk ought to carry on quietly obeying the master. Otherwise, even our master like my older master will keep a courtesan. A secret for your ears alone. A courtesan as pretty as a golden doll is in the town. And my master is out of his wits. Now it is for you to decide.' This I will say."

"You idiot!" Gopal Rao all full of anger stood up from his chair.

Ramu shot out of the room like a thin cane.

Then was heard from under the cot a ringing of nectar-soaked laughter and a heart-tingling jingle of bangles.

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THE POETRY OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE

N. PRATIMA

Tagore was influenced by the Upanishads and Bengal Vaishnavism. He drew inspiration from the ideals of the Upanishads. The ultimate truth or the Absolute is interpreted by Tagore as the Cosmic Person. He feels the nearness of the Cosmic Person and his poetry has a hymn-like quality in praise of the Cosmic Person who is the author of all the myriad forms and novelties in creation. The Absolute is also indentified as the Creative Personality by Tagore. The Absolute or the Cosmic Person is present in every aspect of creation. There is no separation between the creator and the world created by Him. Tagore finds an unbroken unity pervading the animate and the inanimate aspects of nature. There is no divisive force in nature and there is a fundamental unity pervading the entire creation.

Not only the Upanishadic texts but also the epics have shaped the mind of Tagore. If the Upanishads have provided the conceptual framework of his view towards the world, life and reality, the epics have inspired him to grapple with the realities of life. Tagore's poetry does not deal with the abstract issues, but throws light on the concrete problems faced by the human being in society and history. Tagore's poetry contains the pangs and sorrows as well as the harmony and *ananda* felt by the human being. His poetry is a graphic representation of the awakening of the creative spirit within and its flow towards the Divine Being. In his poetry the human and the Divine intermingle and no chasm whatsoever remains in between. The Cosmic Person or God has to be realised for in it lies the human destiny. It is ignorance which keeps the individual away from knowing the basic creative power which links everything in creation into a harmonious whole, maintains Tagore.

Tagore's poetry is saturated with the themes of Vaishnavism. He has pointed out that *mukti* is the primary objective of Vaishnava poetry. He has clarified the misconceptions perpetuated around the Vaishnava poetry. Tagore says,

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"The songs of the *Baishnabas* are for *Baikuntha* alone
Courting, attachment, sulkiness, sensitiveness,
Tryst, dalliances, parting and union, theme of,
The songs of Brindaban — this dream of love,
In the *Shraban* night on the bank of the *Kalindi*
The meeting of the four eyes under the *Kadamba* tree
In blushing adoration - are these all for the Lord.

Baishnab Kabita

Tagore has accepted the relevance of the ideals governing Indian culture. He has praised the great insights of the ancient seers into the nature of reality and truth. He depends on the wisdom embedded in the words of the ancient seers. Tagore accepts that one cannot know the nature of reality, though one can feel its presence within oneself and in the world through meditation. The creative force which shapes everything in the universe cannot be given any form, says Tagore. But he also accepts that one can enjoy the proximity of the Infinite Being, provided one has unstinted faith in Him. He says,

'I have beheld in sudden flashes
The Infinite, behind the veil of the finite"

Janmadinay

Tagore has followed the traditions of Bengal Vaishnavism. He maintains that the thirst of the human soul is never quenched without the glimpse of God. The individual soul would reach its highest destiny through God realisation. The poet says that without the grace of God none can be cleansed of the evil desires and acquisitive instict. The proximity of God will not be available so long as the individual is under the sway of selfish motives and evil desires, says Tagore.

Tagore's poetry is full of devotion and love towards God. He has stressed on the purity of mind. The pure mind is transparent *sattvika*. On the basis of devotion and love that the human being can build the strong edifice of culture and civilisation, maintains Tagore. He says that to attain knowledge one has to wage a long struggle, but the path of devotion takes the indidual towards truth provided that the mind is cleansed of all impurities. He points out that the path of action leads to knowledge and ultimately to the coalescence of knowledge and devotion. He accepts that when knowledge is perfected, made steady and consistent, it becomes pure love which can lead directly to the realisation of the ultimate truth. He maintains that devotion and self-surrender are the two necessary ingredients of liberation. Devotion and self surrender do not contradict the path of knowledge, but they are in fact its consummation. says Tagore.

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Tagore has identified work with worship. Constructive work undertaken for the well-being and development of fellow beings is as sacred as worship and prayer. He has given a preeminent position to the workers in his scheme of life. Tagore maintains that for human development and the harmonious growth of personality, hard work is the absolute minimum. Tagore recognises that until the basic necessities of humanity are fulfilled through concerted action on a global scale, there cannot be any growth of real culture, refinement and knowledge. Tagore is not a mere dreamer cut off from the mainstream of life. His poetry is a combination of the spiritual ideals and the facts of life. The practical and the theoretical, the spiritual and the material find an equal place in his poetry and writings. *The Gitanjali* is a spiritual manifesto as well as the blueprint of his approach towards the practical aspects of human life and culture. Tagore is against the exclusive stress on the spiritual aspect of human life and the universe. He indicates that worship of God should not hinder one from involving oneself in the constructive work for the development of society and the upliftment of fellow beings.

Tagore says that the divine being is with those hard workers who are engaged in constructive activities. Practical involvement in social life and a belief in the spiritual ideals are the twin modes which can pave the way for progress and human development. Tagore has linked the ideals of religion with the practical aspects of life and culture and he has discouraged all such attempts which tend to create a gulf between the spiritual and material. He says,

> "Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers and incense ! What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained ? Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow."
>
> *Gitanjali*

Tagore prays to God to cleanse the human heart of all the traces of selfishness and narrow attitudes. He prays that the Divine may bestow on the human being courage and tenacity to meet the challenges of life. Tagore is against all despotic forces and he is for waging a relentless battle against all forms of tyranny. He gives preeminent value to human freedom, for in its absence human creativity is benumbed. Tagore visualises that until one has faith in the Divine, one cannot realise that basic purpose of human life. The human being should function as the instrument of the Divine in order to become a creative agent. He says,

> "give me the strength to surrender my strength to thy will with love."
>
> *Gitanjali*

5)

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Tagore maintains that truth is present in all manifestations of nature. The One Reality takes manifold forms and every movement the truth appears in a new colour. The poetry of Tagore is concerned with the message of the Profound One. The music of his poetry is enchanting. Tagore accepts that the being of man is not devoid of the knowledge and truth and it is the poet who brings out from within the tidings of the Everchanging One.

"I composed songs and under cover of my rhythm
I glimpsed joys and yearnings of the Limitless One."

Pranam

Human existence contains infinite knowledge and bliss. The evanescent forms of life bear the stamp of the infinite reality. The frail human being gains spiritual heights and enjoys infinite existence, because of the truth within. The compassion of the Infinite One endow the human being with the sheen of immortality. Creativity is the hallmark of human existence which is an integral part of the eternal truth.

"Thy infinite gifts come to me only on
these small hands of mine. Ages pass, and still
thou pourest, and still there is room to fill."

Gitanjali

The human being has a perfection unrivalled in creation. The creative force appears in all its greatness in the human being who is in fact the crown of creation. The creative force unfolds its essence in the human being and he only can visualise the future and solve the contradictions of life and history. Tagore says,

"Come man onto the stage of life !
One by one, new lamps are lit,
New meanings find their voice.
Man, in wondrous light,
Beholds his future's unique shape"

Janmadinay

For Tagore the human growth should be in tune with the cosmic rhythm. Any human effort which goes against the creative rhythm embedded in every aspect of nature will ultimately hurt the human well-being. All activities, individual or collective, which tend to destroy the balance and equilibrium between man and nature would hinder the growth of human knowledge and culture in the right direction. In his inimitable style Tagore says,

"Why did the harp-string break?
I tried to force a note that was beyond its power,
that is why the harp-string is broken."

Gardener

Tagore wants to be in the midst of change and revolution. He is not against the radical changes in society, provided that the

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human freedom, values and culture remain intact. He wants to associate himself with the people of all lands and take part in their sufferings and joys. His love for humanity is above all geographical barriers and is not coloured with any specific ism or religion. He accepts that the life-force moves ahead with amazing speed and explodes into myriad forms. Tagore does not like stagnancy in any sphere of life and likes to plunge into the fast changing world with full gusto.

"Many times I wish in that tempest of life
To set full sail like a light speedy boat."

Basundhara

The poet is a wayfarer on the path of truth, affirms Tagore. He indicates that the truth will dawn in a most unexpected way, though sometimes even with the utmost vigilance and guidance one cannot reach the coveted target. One can expect to have a glimpse of truth when the mind is devoid of preconceived notions, says Tagore. Within the ebb and tide of expectations and aspirations one is not sure of gaining insight into truth, yet in a most surprising way one will come face to face with the object one desires most. It is not seldom that individual is after such things which he cannot acquire, and what he acquires is not what he desired most. Tagore is against all craftiness and he opts for the spontaneous development of human personality and talent. Rigidness and artificiality should have to be avoided in order to realise the highest goals of human life. When desires and ambitions sway the individual's thinking he will go astray from the path of life. Tagore presents the predicament of a person who is lost in self-esteem and is inconstant search for the objects he likes most. Life is full of surprises.

"I seek what I cannot get,
I get what I do not seek."

The Gardener

The poet is a singer of the joys as well as the sorrows of mankind. The suffering and aspirations of everyone find an echo in the heart of the poet. The sensitive mind of the poet is the barometer of the changing moods of men, women and children and also the transformations in nature. Tagore says that the function of the poet is most fundamental for the prosperity and survival of mankind. The function of the poet is to get engrossed in the ups and downs of human history and indentify himself with the changing tempo of human life. The poet cannot fulfil his vision if he remains cut off from the stream of life speculating over the abstruse problems of life and death. The poet is with everyone for he can peep into the mind and heart of an adult

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as well as a child. Age cannot make any difference in the capacity of the poet to hear the heart beats of the old and the young.

"They all have need for me, and I have no time to brood over the after-life.
I am of an age with each, what matter if my hair turns grey?"

The Gardener

The poet is in constant search for the highest ideals. The poet delves into the depths of his own heart and moves towards the transcending reality. The poet can hear with equal ease the voice of the "Great beyond" which beckon the human being to have a glimpse of the many worlds over and above the human world. The poet also finds a wondrous world with the unknown expanses of the universe. Tagore's vision breaks through the rigid frameworks of society, history and the physical world.

"My soul goes out in a longing to touch the skirt of the dim distance."

The Gardener

Tagore has defined the functions and aims of the poet. He has given a significant place to the poet in his scheme of life. The poet is the harbinger of hope for the humanity suffering under the burden of superstitions and illusions. The poet is the ray of light in the darkness of ignorance and wrong beliefs, which have engulfed mankind. The poet is the pathfinder who awakens the humanity from the slumber of ages. Tagore is the poet of poets who has inspired the fellow poets to discharge their mission without any fear or favour. Tagore has a vital message to the poets in his poem "Call Me Back to Work".

Gather yourself, O poet and arise.
If you have courage, bring it as your gift.
There is so much sorrow and pain,
a world of suffering, lies ahead, —
poor, empty, small, confined and dark.
We need food and life, light and air,
strength and health and spirit bright with joy and wide bold hearts.
Into the misery of this world, O poet,
bring once more from heaven the light of faith."

Tagore's poetry is rooted in the conceptual basis of the Indian civilisation. His poetry is a combination of the old and the new and it also reflects the vitality of the modern India. Tagore's symbolism takes one into the basic sources of Indian culture and mythology. He has used the old myths in a creative way to throw a new light on the problems of the modern world. His poetry is universalistic and has a deep fascination for the people of all lands.

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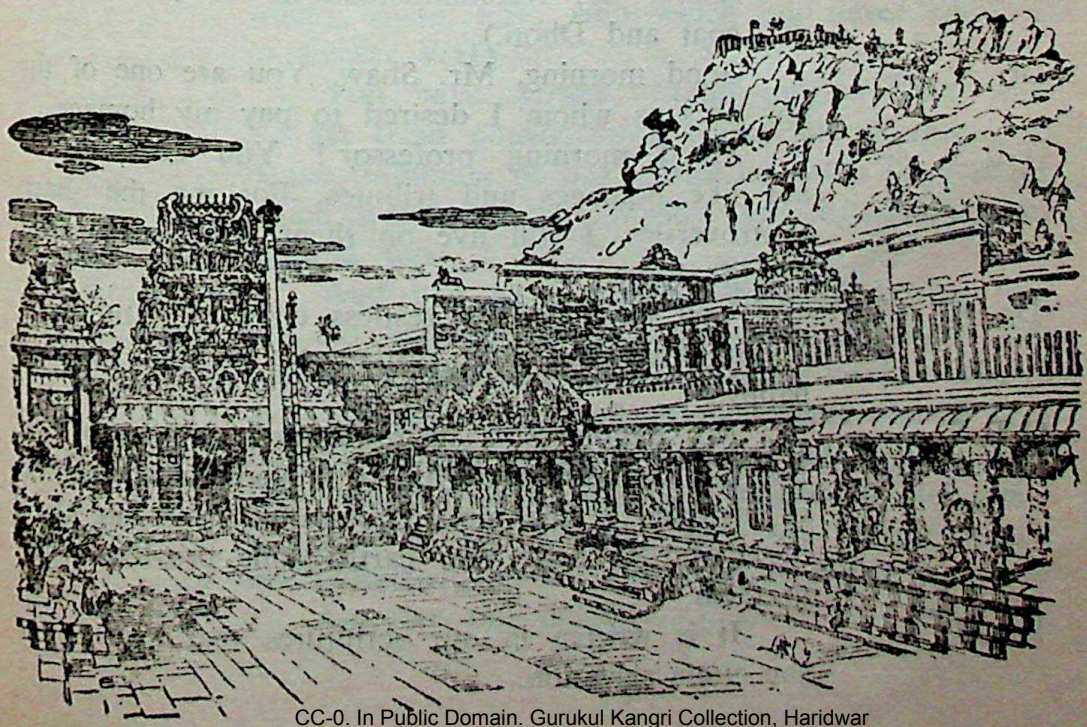
DESIRES

P. RAJA

The heaving waves
sigh
for the land's feminine touch ;
long
for a union divine.
But the eternal quest
of a cherished desire
ends only in
a hurried hug,
a stolen kiss,
a husky whisper and
a parting murmur.



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Dr. RADHAKRISHNAN AND GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

(An imaginary conversation)

N.C. ZAMINDAR

(Enter G.B. Shaw. His lean, lanky figure with flowing, snow white beard looks impressive on the sombre background.)

G. B .S. :— Eternity is a nuisance. I am feeling restless in this do-nothing-but-contemplation atmosophere. Most of the centenarians are contemplatives. Others like me are uncomfortable. When time stops, activity becomes meaningless.

This year some new centenarians are joining us. Jawaharlal Nehru the man who gave me mangoes and Sir Radhakrishnan, from the Indian sub-continent are important persons worth meeting. Somebody is coming.

(Enter Dr. Radhakrishnan in his turban, long coat and Dhoti.)

Dr. R. :— Good morning, Mr. Shaw. You are one of the few persons whom I desired to pay my homage.

G. B .S. :— Good morning professor ! You know I do not like homages and tributes. For me the sharp controversies. I still live on them. They alone feed the life force.

Dr. R. :— You have been a restless child of nature and I can understand your restlessness. I hope you are happy.

G. B .S. :— My happiness is in restlessness as you put it. But this restlessness is that of a Bodhisatva. Welfare of mankind is the aim. Bodhisatvas have no place in heaven or hell. Yes, earth alone provides place to them.

Dr. R. :— It is written in our scriptures that man alone can attain salvation.

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G.B.S. :— Please do not quote Samskrit. It stops my thinking. We are our own scriptures. What use are old quotes ?

Dr. R. :— They carry the wisdom of eternity. They are the lamps to show light to man.

G.B.S. :— Mankind is suffering from too much light. A little darkness may help.

Dr. R. :— Light has little use without darkness. If you permit me the paradox, too much light blinds the best of us.

G.B.S. :— You are right. The so-called scientific progress is of little use to inner growth. In fact it is brutalizing human nature. Man does not look to his fellow-being but tries to conquer the limitless space. He overlooks the reality and gazes at the skies.

Dr. R. :— Yes, that is the tragedy of the present times of the earth.

G.B.S. :— I did write in *Back to Methuselah* of life's many mansions and the great beyond, but little did I realize that it meant the blotting out the reality.

Dr. R. :— That is why I wrote, that modern literature is trivial.

G.B.S. :— Literature is not trivial, it merely mirrors the times. If the times are trivial, well, literature is bound to reflect them.

Dr. R. :— But there is something permanant. Why it is not mirrored?

G.B.S. :— I have written, "Never ask why. Ask what, when, where, now, who which but never allow us to answer WHY."

You have written, "True religion isnot what we get from outside from books and teachers... It is the fulfilment of our nature in which there is joy which overflows into world's service." Permanence negated this.

Dr. R. :— And you have written, "Men think that they can do without religion. They do not know that religion is indestructible... civilization needs a religion as a matter of life and death." There should be a recovery of faith. What is indestructible is permanent. Who writes this indestructible religion in literature ?

G.B.S. :— I have written only that. My writings touch the indestructible. Yet you call it trivial.

Dr. R. :— Can we not differ ?

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G. B .S. :— Yes, we should differ and see the various facets of truth. Let me come to present day India. What does it show?

Dr. R. :— Present day India is fast losing its moorings. It is systematically destroying its harbours of peace. The last person to warn against this was Gandhi.

G. B .S. :— Yes, Mahatma, the Major, is being forgotten. I, Mahatma, the Minor, has already been made a text-book writer. My message, my warnings are unread. "Oh Pshaw" they say, as if I have written nonsense.

Dr. R. :— Nonsense also has a place but senselessness is bewildering.

G. B .S. :— It is now that some sense is dawning on the super powers.

Even communism needs a Glasnosst (Openness) and perestroiks (Re-structuring). It is only super men that can live in the world of mortals.

Dr. R. :— I found Stalin a broken man. Under Russian communism life had become sterile.

G. B .S. :— Stalin was a great man. He knew how to get things done. Without him U.S.S.R. would have crumbled and Soviet Russia would have remained backward.

Dr. R. :— But the cost was terrible.

G. B .S. :— Dear Professor, it was necessary. You were a politician-philosopher and as such you should have appreciated the reality.

Dr. R. :— I, a politician ?

G. B .S. :— Don't feel scandalized. Without politicking you would not have become a Vice-President and then President. I, an artist-philosopher, was defeated in an ordinary election.

Dr. R. :— Nehru wanted me.

G. B .S. :— Nehru was a philosopher-politician. He was a bad judge of men. But he recognized my greatness as Mahatma the Minor.

Time has stopped for us but one must conclude somewhere. The best definition of hell is a perpetual holiday but perpetual activity is also not heaven. There must be a balance as your Lord Buddha has said.

We will meet some other time, it was a privilege and a pleasure to exchange ideas with an Eastern Vidwan (Scholar) like you.

Dr. R. :— I am indeed grateful for this talk. Thanks for promissing a meeting soon.

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THE IRONIC VISION IN EMMA

Dr. T. VASUDEVA REDDY

Emma of all the novels of Jane Austen is very much remarkable for irony, which has become an organic part of the novel both intrinsically and extrinsically. The author carefully chooses a theme which is largely pregnant with ironic implications. She builds her novels exclusively on the theme of self-deception of the heroine and her gradual realization. Emma, the heroine, living in a world of illusion for a long time, commits grave blunders which have serious repurcussions. Graham Hough says, "Emma's attempts at match-making are her most serious mistakes".[1] But for quite a long period she is unaware of her limitations and lives long in self-deception.

Though Miss Austen had dealt upon these themes in the earlier novels like *Northanger Abbey, Sense and Sensibility* and *Pride and Prejudice,* there the theme of self-deception is not principal one and it is treated with equal importance with other themes, while in this novel it has the central and pivotal role, and it is both thematically and structurally the basis on which the entire superstructure of the novel is built. Even in *Northanger Abbey* the heroine is a victim of one type of deception which comes to her mainly on account of inexperience and the reading of unhealthy fiction like Radciffean novels. Lack of proper education makes her personality incomplete and with the association of Henry Tilney, the proper man, she comes to realise the affairs of the world in a right perspective.

In *Sense and Sensibility,* Marianne who always feeds her brain with a strong dose of romantic imagination, gets disillusioned with her existing mental set-up by the nauseating duplicity of her long admired hero Willoughby and finally comes into terms with the hard realities of the world. Her marriage with Col. Brandon is a powerful testimonial of the vast change, which she is subject to. In *Pride and Prejudice* Elizabeth becomes a victim of self-deception mainly on account of the complicated situations as well as her strong prejudice she develops in the beginning of the novel

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itself against Darcy who has accidentally passed a remark totally unaware of its consequences. The theme is built more on the strong citadel of misunderstanding and less on self-deception.

But Marvin Mudrick makes a sweeping generalization which is vague as well as misleading without going deep into the implication, when he says *"Emma,* like *Pride and Prejudice,* is a story of self-deception, and the problem of each heroine is to undeceive herself".[2] It is true with *Emma,*but it is not so with *Pride and Prejudice*: a careful analysis of the theme of the latter reveals the distinction between the two is glaring enough. Emma is entirely a victim of self-deception and willingly she lets herself live in her own world of incorrect thinking and inaccurate conclusions, while Elizabeth Bennet is deceived into erroneous judgements by situations which are dramatically potential enough to lead her to wrong conclusions. The ground work for Elizabeth's deception is carefully prepared through various dramatic strokes and it has its strong foundation laid on her prejudice which has its lush growth on reasonable grounds. Technically there is a lot of difference between self-deception and misunderstanding; the former involves a type of ignorance to which the character surrenders, while the latter involves a partial ignorance to which the person accidentally becomes a prey. Prof. Mudrick, in his enthusiasm to write elaborately on "Irony as Form: *Emma"*, fails to understand the subtle difference and hastily makes an equation of *Emma* and *Pride and Prejudice* on vague and ill-conceived premises.

A discussion of Jane Austen's use of irony automatically leads us to a discussion of *Emma,* where irony is seen in its bulwark. It is in this novel where irony is seen in all its implications spreading its shade on all the pages by extending its sovereignty over all the personae without any exception whatsoever. In the very opening page of the novel, Miss Emma Woodhouse, the heroine, is presented as a character who suffers from a real evil of "the power of having rather too much her own way". While it seems to be a general and casual remark without any undertone of meaning, it is full of dramatic irony which makes a penetrating insight into the character. Emma is always cocksure of being right, when she is actually wrong and extremely erroneous. She wholly devotes herself to "match-making", as though she has kind of supernatural talent to determine the destinies of the people. Emma's excessive self-confidence leads to deceptions. She chooses the amiable, soft and equally stupid Harriet Smith as the favourite object of her experiment. As soon as she thinks about Mr. Elton, she rushes to the speedy conclusion that he would be the suitable partner for Harriet and dissuades her to accept the reasonable and proper proposal of Robert Martin. Jane Austen satirizes the snob-

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bish nature of Emma. There is a kind of steady running commentary on the behaviour and the manners of the characters, which undoubtedly lends intensity to irony.

The strength of Jane Austen's irony lies in the gradual process in which realization is brought in the character. As D.D. Devlin says, "Her irony is awareness and insight".[3] Snobbery and overconfidence on her innate talents are the ruling motives in Emma, which have ironical significance throughout the novel. Jane Austen satirizes such snobbish qualities present in the society. Emma criticizes Mr. Knightley of masculine understanding, "one of the few people who ever told her of them". When her first project fails, now she imagines that Frank Churchill is the proper person for Harriet. Anything is possible for Emma's imagination. Frank Churchill leads her completely into wrong path in estimating the character of Jane Fairfax. Emma is the last person to understand the cunning character of Frank. Her relationship with Frank is one of the major ironies of the book.

Emma is so stubborn that she even ignores John Knightley, when he warns her that Mr. Elton "seems to have a great deal of goodwill towards you". Instantly Emma replies, "I thank you; but I assure you that you are quite mistaken. Mr. Elton and I are very good friends and nothing more". (EM, p. 112) Emma fails to take the cue from him who is more of a mentor than a mere friend or casual visitor. She takes this warning in an amused way and talks to her well-wisher in her light-hearted tone. A.H. Wright says, "This is a marvellous piece of anticipatory dramatic irony".[4] The irony in the character of Emma gives rise to laughter and humour. Her stubbornness in prizing her own insight into men and matters, her own confidence and her snobbery all these create comic effect in the novel. The study of her character, by itself, gives us any amount of amusement and she leads the irony in the novel and sets it agoing. Harriet Smith is a foolish and ignorant girl; mentally immature, she is one who always needs advice. She is an undeveloped priggish creature without individuality, relishing to have her shelter under the wings of Emma. She is a plaything in the hands of Emma. When Harriet gives Emma the letter of proposal by Martin, Emma talks for a long time in such a fashion that Harriet is not able to understand the meaning and when Harriet finally rushes to the conclusion that Emma is advising her to accept it, then Emma says that she is thinking in which manner the letter is to be rejected, assuming the refusal as granted. This episode is entirely comic and ironical with its undertones of meaning.

Jane Austen also satirizes persons like Jane Fairfax and Frank Churchill who do not seem to be fully dependable people. The

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former is too reserved, while the latter is too talkative and hypocritical. Even Mr. Knightley, who sees in Jane a finely accomplished young woman, cannot but remark to Emma in his conversation that she is too reserved in nature. Though she is sensitive, she is ineffective. In spite of her longstanding engagement with Frank Churchill, she passively suffers at the excursions to Donwell and Box-hill. She comes back from the Box Hill party with painful feelings not merely at Emma's outrageous flirting with the man of her choice but with Emma's unkind and even brutal treatment of Miss Bates. Of course, later, she is deeply touched at her cruel behaviour, when Mr. Knightley strongly and sternly admonishes her. The total change in her heart is the result of the mortification: "Never had she felt so agitated, mortified, grieved, at any circumstance in her life. She was most forcibly struck. The truth of his representation there was no denying".[5] (E.M. p. 376) with real tenderness of heart she tries to make amends for her past cruelty, by calling on Miss Bates. But Jane Fairfax does not easily forget it and forgive her. She doesn't disclose her heart to anyone in the novel and what is more astonishing in her character is that she prefers to be a silent sufferer even in the teeth of distressing circumstances, which must really be heart-breaking to her. Her silence adds to the mystery of Frank, the young and fashionable man with a dashing temperament and a touch of flair. At every stage he is contrasted to Knightley, whom as Dr. Champman says, "all must agree that he is a perfect English gentleman".[6]

Jane Austen makes a perfect aim of her shaft of satire when she makes him go to London with the only purpose of getting his hair cut. This shows his frivolus nature and wanton lightness. It is so silly that even Emma observes. "There was an air of foppery and nonsense in it which she could not approve". Still she is fond of this man whose ways and means of doing things are dubious and morally repulsive. She doesn't so easily sever her connections with this man of doubtful character. It is quite ironical to see her deliberately flirting, to an outrageous degree, with the man, who uses her as a decoy and who is already engaged to Jane Fairfax who is in no way inferior to Emma either in accomplishments or in delicacy of feeling.

Jane Austen's powers as an inimitable ironist reach their acme in *Emma* forming a powerful undercurrent beneath the basic theme of the novel the theme of deception. In a awy *Emma* is the delightful story of a spoiled wealthy girl whose defects are rectified by defeat and love, who learns humility through humiliation and who is rewarded in the end with a happy married life.

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4. *Jane Austen's Novels* : A Study in Structure, p. 141
5. A.C. Bradley choosing this situation remarks: "She has a generous nature. She is self-confident, and she likes to be first : but she is not vain. She is faultless in her relations with her father and though she will not take advice from Knightley, her readiness to take reproof and to make amends for her errors is more than magnanimous" "Jane Austen", in *Essays and Studies* by Members of the English Association, II (1911), 23.
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OBLIVION

Sri P. SESHU

Around the corner,
awaits —
OBLIVION, the black - hole
for mediocrity.

I see
faces macabre
gaits stumbling
being engulfed.

With your INTELLECT
trained to EXCELLENCE,
Walk erect, O Mankind !
Walk erect.

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CULTURAL IDENTITY

Dr. PHANI MOHANTY

Culture is a way of life. It is a continuous process by which ideas are exchanged and transmitted from man to man, from generation to generation in a given society. Culture develops in and through the different levels of a particular society. Society is a complex structure in which diverse cultural traditions are formed, transmitted and modified and communication is established in the midst of these diversities of cultural traditions are formed, transmitted and modified and communication is established in the midst of these diversities of cultural traditions. Thus, the concept culture has a meaning in a given social and cultural context. How the diversity of cultural traditions is to be understood meaningfully is the question before a philosopher. We must follow a scientific methodology which includes the comparative study of diverse cultures existing in a society. In a particular society, one may discover processes of cultural traditions and "in complex modern societies there are a great number of separate cultural traditions".[1]

The separate cultural traditions do not coalesce but often confront with each other. This confrontation is much common in the present day material world than in the primitive time. Conflicting cultural patterns are possible when various cultures develop freely, grow freely without hatred or misunderstanding. The question of identity arises when a given society is overburdened with conflicting cultural patterns. This problem of conflicting culture is to be studied through a study of "institutionalised social relations involved in the transmission of cultural traditions".[2] For T.S. Eliot, families are the important channels of transmission of culture. Robert Redfield has defined it "as the way in which clements of action are put together in any particular case of transmission of tradition".[3] The transmission of tradition is cultivated in a society by different castes and sects, by different religious leaders and teachers, etc. The concept of social oragnisation and structure of cultural tradition is meaning-

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ful only when "little" and "great" traditions are in mutual contact and communication. Social relations in respect of marriage, trade, political administration, etc., are the medium of the "cultural transmission" which enables us to discover and express a sense of "cultural identity". Cultural identity can overcome the antinomies existing between one culture pattern and another. "By concentrating on the institutionalised social relations, media and functionaries which transmit specific cultural traditions from person to person and from group to group, this approach is at once both structural and cultural".[4] The main point lies in understanding the important cultural manifestations. We are to deal with people who stand in a living relationship to the essentials of their culture. Each culture upholds a particular scale of value. All value judgements are culturally conditioned. Even primitive culture is no exception to this. We should not look at the primitive culture in the eyes of western thinking which emphasises on intellectual cognitive.[5]

Intellectual cognition demands a sharp distinction between one's own pure thought and pure action. Pure action belongs to the sphere of outer world and pure thought belongs to the inner world. One is private and the other is public. "And since both are created, there seems to be a point of identity, but since these two are completely different, there is no point of contact between the two".[6]

The problem of identity and differences are very conflicting ideas. It has to be tackled very carefully. The difference can be overcome if a thinking being cultivated self-discipline. We can mould the identity in such a way that all differences would disappear says Prof. G. Misra. The confusion of cultural pattern arises because of our sharp distinction between the pure thought and pure action. A compromise has to be made between the two. Humanity everywhere is one and human culture is also essentially one. Every society is governed by its cultural tradition and in complex modern societies there are a number of separate cultural traditions. Communication has to be reinforced between the separate local traditions and wider regional and national cultural traditions.

Otherwise, it would lead to unnecessary conflicting situations. The identity of every particular culture is to be sought for without dismissing the other when there is an interaction in complex cultures the problem of identity arises. An intelligent being is aware of the greatness of another culture as it happened in the West with Marxist conception of "Mass Culture".

Mass culture is a positive death-blow over the "High Culture" of the capitalists. It has no definite ethics, no moral code of conduct. F.R. Leavis in his book "Mass Civilization and Minority Culture" writes "Culture was at crisis". For Leavis it is the

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machine which radically breaks families, affects religion and value. The modern mass culture is a stepping-stone towards dehumanisation resulting in "cultural barbarism". That's why Nietzsche dismissed the the masses as mediocre, morally corrupt. The vamps, beatniks and gangsters are mad after mass media, pop music and cheap best-sellers. It is not family but State which is supreme.

Rightly Daniel Bell points out, "for the modern, cosmopolitan-man, culture has replaced both religion and work as a means of selffulfilment or as justification — of life without fear, creating those crude values in the absence of which society must necessarily collapse into anarchy or anomic".[7] The concept of culture of F.R. Leavis and Eliot which emphasises on religion and value system is opposed to Mass Culture which undermines traditional value and social organisation. It rejects the material as well as the technological developments in communication which are, of course, essential pre-requisites for a universal culture. The consciousness of an identity is growing up fast in the different cultural groups in the modern world. But the whole problem lies with the proper understanding of one's culture. Lack of understanding leads to utter intolerance, mutual mistrust, hatred and jealousy. Raymond Williams in "Culture and Society" writes, "The human crisis is always a crisis of understanding". Mass Culture, which is an antithesis of "High Culture" is in full support of technology which again is the cause of the collapse of a value system. It encourages pervasiveness right from drug addicts to wife-swapping underworld business, light music, etc. It is anti-religious, anti-rational. Roughly speaking, it is a debasement of culture, aptly called a "pseudo-culture".

We must try to observe and analyse rigorously the different traditions within a definite framework of culture and try to link up between "the little tradition" of the uneducated and the half-educated. Every one has a claim to all that is best in any culture of the world. Mutual checking and balancing lead to proper understanding of one's culture. Indian culture is apparently motivated in this direction. In India, unlike West, the culture is identified with man and hence Indian culture is called as "human culture" (*mānava dharma or samskriti*). It is so very comprehensive that it houses the diversities of caste, creed, religion, colour, etc. It has an universal appeal. It has been growing, changing, developing as per the need of the hour.There are, of course, linguistic, racial, religious and political differences. But all these differences are reconciled at the time of a crisis. The concept of understanding is adjudged to be in the highest order in our catholic humane culture. It, therefore, accommodates, adjusts not only with this

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or that particular group of people but with the fast-changing world as a whole. The word "*samskriti*" stands for purification, transformation and perfection of the mankind. Indian culture believes in the "*Pinda Brahmanda*" theory....."*Yat pindo tat brahmanda*".

Man is neither a mere machine nor a physical entity. Both man and machine can do wrong. Both are subject to correction. one who understands the two — his own self as well as the mechanical tools — is something superb, something distinct. The material mechanical pursuit of the modern Western culture can summarilly be rejected even by two little Indians like Nachiketa and Maitreyi. "The time is indeed ripe and the stage is set, for a correct undestanding of the various patterns of culture and for exploring the methods for their harmonizing, taking our stand on the fundamentals and not on the accidentals, on the agreement and not on the divergences".[8] The basic values of Indian culture are "*samanvaya*" (synthesis), "*Satya-jijnasa*" (desire to know the truth)

In the cultural milieu of India, religion does play a major role. Religion often creates bitterness, division, discord and disintegration. Blind faith without proper understanding for the sake of identity fosters and further breeds intelerance and animosity between man and man in the same culture or between one culture and another culture. Religion, race, castes, classes are dangerous weapons. One must handle these weapons very cautiously. The essence of all great religions is same, the goal is same. It aims at the general good, the overall welfare of the man and the society at large. It is only the fanatics under the garb of pseudo religious cover creates a wound which aggravates human suffering in this planet. One must dismiss such religion which disintegrates. "To neglect the spiritual unity of the world and undermine the religious diversity would be philosophically unjustifiable, morally undesirable and socially dangerous",[9] writes Radhakrishnan. Religion therefore must be life-oriented, must be humanistic.

Indian culture in spite of its appalling diversity is humanistic. In this global age, when there is ethnic problem in Srilanka or drought in South Africa or even racial, religious and political crisis in some part of the country, the whole humanity can't remain just unconcerned and indifferent. Human understanding is more important than the understanding of either a machine or God. Both machine and God create a chasm, an unbridgeable gulf. Philosophy produces either "machine man" or "ascetics". But man is neither "this" nor "that". Man is a distinct individual. He can distinguish and identify objects, persons from one another. While identifying others he identifies himself. A man who does not

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live in a society can't identify himself. Understanding of such a human situation is more important than the understanding of either a machine or God. Human understanding can resolve different cultural conflicts and unity if not identity can be reinforced. Human understanding is not simply a make-believe. If we take it in that spirit, then it leads to bad logic. It would be something like I.A. Richards' pseudo-statement. A pseudo-statement can't help us to understand either man or the universe. We must deepen our understanding to know the diversity of cultural conditioning. All value judgements are culturally conditioned. They originate in the social and cultural context. They are variable. There can't be any common standard for measuring all values. All value judgements are equally important in different social contexts. One society must tolerate the value system of other societies in the mutual interest. In no society a rapist or a murderer can be rewarded. No society can tolerate if family tie is threatened. There must be mutual understanding in diverse cultural formulations. This understanding would lead to mutual co-existence. In the absence of which cultural crisis and conflicts of culture would arise.

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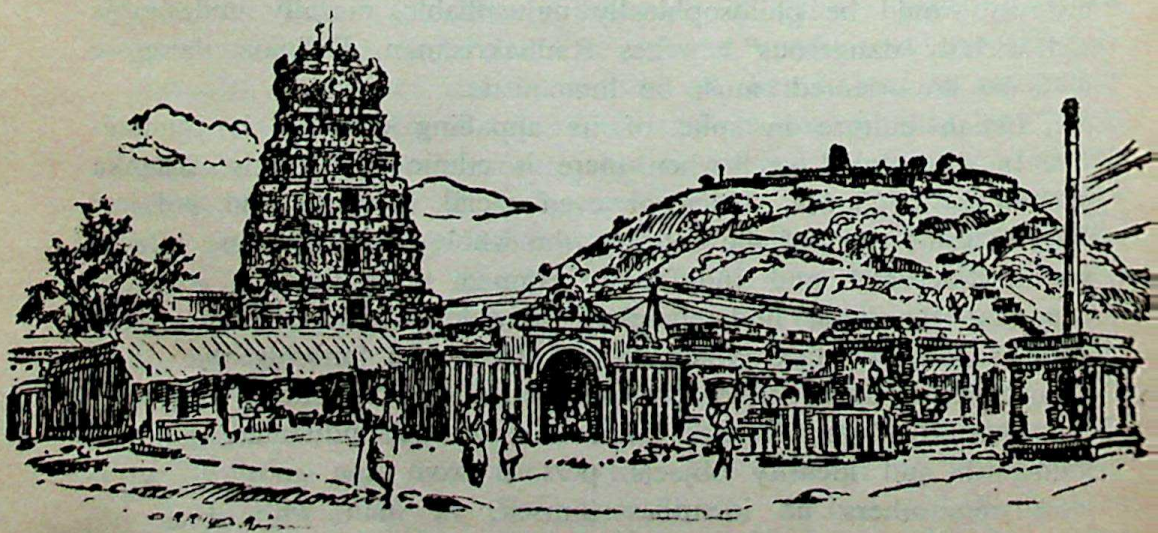

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LOVE POETRY OF KAMALA DAS

Dr. P. MALLIKARJUNA RAO

Kamala Das lends a new dimension to her love poetry by revealing her kinship with an anterior Indian tradition which has its roots in Indian epics. Apart from this, her Nayar background not only provides a suitable background but also strengthens the confessional streak of her poetry. Thus the significant aspect of her love poetry is the merger of two traditions — the Indian and the western. It is in this light that an attempt is made here to examine Kamala Das' love poetry.

Search for love is the principal preccupation of Kamala Das' poetry. She confesses with utmost candour that she "began to write poetry with the ignoble aim of wooing a man".[1] As a result love becomes the pervasive theme and it is through love that she endeavours to discover herself. As she concerns herself with various facets of love, her love poetry can be divided into two phases. While in the first phase her obsessive concern with physical love is quite prominent, in the second, her drift towards ideal love can be discerned. By ideal love she means the kind of relation that exists between the legendary Radha and Krishna. She yearns for such a love which does not impede her impulse to freedom. Her concept of ideal love is embedded in the poem "The Old Playhouse".

... Love is Narcissus at the waters' edge, haunted
By its own lovely face, and yet it must seek at last
An end,a pure, total freedom, it must will the mirrors
To shatter and the kind night to erase the water.

In the narcissistic phase, the lovers do not outgrow their egos which stand as hurdles preventing their merger. They are chained mutations seeking "total freedom". It is in the second phase of ideal love that the lovers transgress the boundaries of their egos or narrow selves to merge with each other, as such merger ensures total freedom. The poet beholds such an exemplary relation in the love between Radha and Krishna. She surmises herself

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as Radha who goes in search of Krishna, the ideal lover, in spite of her marriage. This brings into her poetic context the *Abhisarika* tradition of Sanskrit poetry.[2] Besides this her uninhibited treatment of love and sex reminds one of *Sahaja* tradition.[3]

But in Kamala Das the element of *bhakti* is absent. Her relation with Krishna is purely human. She confesses, "I was looking an ideal lover. I was looking for the one who went to Mathura and forgot to return to his Radha".[4] Thus the poet lives simultaneously in two worlds, the actual world, where love usually is a synonym for lust, in her words "Skin communicated love", and the mythical world of Vrindavan.

While there is so much in her poetry which seems to draw from earlier Indian traditions, there are also various shades of physical love described in the confessional mode. This mode of expression suits her as she ventilates her personal experiences and humiliations and also the intensity of her experience. In conformity with the confessional tradition, she talks in poetic terms about her unpleasant sexual experiences. Inevitably her poems are autobiographical. This lends a kind of authenticity to her poetry which is found lacking in much of love poetry written today. She says, "A Poet's raw material is not stone or clay; it is her personality".[5] Hence the emotional and sexual traumas she experiences become the subject matter of her poems. In the initial stages she submits herself to sexual desires and pleasures : "now here is a girl with vast/sexual hungers/a bitch after my own heart". She is not ashamed to call herself a bitch. Marriage comes as a disappointment to her for "in the orbit of licit sex, there seemed to be only crudeness and violence".[6] This failure to get love within the framework of marriage leads her to seek it outside wedlock. "... beg now at strangers' doors to /Receive love, at least in small change?"

But very soon she realizes the futility of her search. She finds the remedy worse than the disease. For instance, when she fails to receive love from her husband, she turns to a "band of cynics". But "they said, each of/Them, I do not love, I cannot love, it is not/In my nature to love, but I can be kind to you..." What she needs is not kindness but love. They only toy with her body and do not fulfil her psychic needs. They assuage the "skin's lazy hungers" with a violence and primitiveness described in "Convicts". "That was the only kind of love,/This hacking at each other's parts/Like convicts hacking, clods,/At noon." Such talking about one's personal humiliation is typical of a confessional poet. So to save her face she would, "... flaunt, at/Times, a grand, flamboyant lust." And consequently, "With a cheap toy's

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indifference" she enters other's lives, and makes every trap of lust "A temporary home."

The agony of not finding a true lover and a sense of defeat oppress her and she finds no way out of this limbo of sex. She becomes aware of the fact that reliance on body cannot carry her far enough and it is a trap which prevents her from experiencing true love.

As the convict studies
His prison's geography
I study the trappings
Of your body, dear love,
For I must some day find
An escape from its snare.

(*The Prisoner*)

She discovers that after all the pleasures the body offers are of cloying and ephemeral nature. A love which flourishes and thrives on body is bound to wither with it and the search for true love in a world of philanderers is a futile exercise. So she turns to the mythical world of Krishna and Vrindavan to seek lasting love and fulfilment. She imagines herself as Radha and finds comfort in the arms of imaginary Krishna. Further she can experience absolute liberty from the rigid social code and the constraints of super ego in the presence of Krishna. In psychological terms, Krishna, as Sudhir Kakar remarks, "encourages the individual to identify with an ideal primal self, released from all social and supper ego constraints. Krishna's promise, like that of Dionysus in ancient Greece, is one of utter freedom and instinctual exhilaration".[7] Contrary to her husband's love which cribs and confines her, Krishna promises total freedom.

Her grandomother's younger sister Ammalu, also a poet, exerted a positive influence on Kamala Das. She was a worshipper of Krishna and wrote several poems in His praise. Though she was pretty and eligible, she remained a spinster until her death. She was very faithful to Lord Krishna and in her last poem she wrote, "My chastity is my only gift to you, Oh, Krishna..." Her writings seem to have "disturbed" Kamala Das very much.

The haunting image of Krishna becomes inseparable. She remembers him on her bridal night and when she is pregnant and also while playing with her son. He appears to her in "myriad shapes" and residers in her consciousness: "... whose blue face is/A phantom-lotus on the waters of my dreams."

During one of the bouts of her illness, she has a mystical experience. While the fear of death grips her heart, she hears "a low whistling...that sounded like the playing of a flute...".[8]

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It is against this background that one can appreciate the significance of her Krishna poems. "Ghanshyam" depicts vividly the transformation that was wrought in her by her relentless search for love. She realizes that her husband can never establish a rapport with her soul, because "And each time his lust was quietened/And he turned his back on me..." What she seeks is a total merger in her lover. But since it is not feasible in the actual world, she searches for Ghanshyam, the ideal lover.Dissolution of the individual self and the total indentification is possible only with her mythical lover. This is illustrated by the poem "Radha," where she somewhat sentimentally depicts the ecstasy Radha experiences in Krishna's embrace. She cries :

Everything in me
is melting, even the hardness at core
O, Krishna, I am melting, melting
Nothing remains but
you...

But Radha does not snap her marital ties in spite of her love for Krishna as she considers her corporeal form insignificant. She is contemptuous of her husband who only wants the warmth of her body. The poem entitled "Maggots" embodies Radha's experience with her husband which is analogous to the predicament of the poet. Radha does not experience rapture in the arms of her husband, but remains as a corpse, indifferent.

At sunset, on the river bank, Krishna
Loved her for the last time and left...
That night in her husband's arms, Radha felt
So dead that he asked, what is wrong
Do you mind my kisses, love? And she said,
No, not at all, but thought, what is
It to the corpse if the maggots nip?

(*Maggots*)

Thus Krishna has a therapeutic role to play in the poet's life. Her thoughts about Him give her relief from the asphyxiating male chauvinism. Another woman poet who wrote on Krishna was Sarojini Naidu. Her collection of poems *The Feather of Dawn* contains a section entitled Krishna poems. It will be interesting to contrast Kamala Das' treatment of Krishna motif with that of Sarojini Naidu.

In her poem "Ghanshyam" Sarojini Naidu depicts Krishna not as her lover but as God who is omniscient and omnipotent and is the central principle of this universe.

Thou givest to the shadows on the mountains
The colours of thy glory, Ghanshyam
Thy laughter to high secret snow-fed mountains,

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To forest pines thy healing breath of balm.
Thou lendest to the storm's unbriddled tresses
The beauty and blackness of thy hair...

This poem is written in the form of *Stotra*, a hymn in praise of God. The tone of the poem suggests the high seriousness of a devotee. She offers the lord not her body like Kamala Das but her "yearning soul": "O take my yearning soul for thine oblation."

Kamala Das, on the other hand, considers Krishna as her "mate" who comes to her in "myriad forms" and to whom "In many shapes shall I surrender... I shall be fondled by Him".[9]

In her "Songs of Radha", Sarojini Naidu describes the restlessness, anxiety and pain Radha experiences in waiting for her lover,Krishna. Her songs are rhythmic and have a musical appeal, while Kamala Das poems are short, and highly personal. While spontaneity characterises Sarojini's poems, brooding and meditation permeate Kamala Das's poems. In Sarojini Naidu the Radha-Krishna relationship is a metaphor for that between *Atman* and*Brahman;* in Kamala Das the relationship, though one of ideal lovers, is realized in human terms, and as such it does not rise to "the divine level." Sarojini Naidu's Radha is not anti-sexual, yet sex is not the primary concern in the Radha poems. But in Kamala Das sex implies a "deep and intense relationship" which is not devotional; it is very much human in its concern. Fritz Blackwell rightly observes that the poet's "concern is literary and existential, not religious; she is using a religious concept for a literary motif and metaphor".[10]

Thus Kamala Das love poems stand apart as they fruitfully combine the indigenous traditions such as *Abhisarika* and *Sahaja* and the confessional tradition which is western. Her love poetry is a fine blending of the two different literary traditions.

NOTES

1. As quoted by K. Indrasena Reddy, *The Poetry of Kamala Das : A Study of Her Themes* (unpublished M.Phil. thesis), Kakatiya University, Warangal, 1981.
2. According to *Abhisarika* tradition a woman goes to meet her lover braving elements, darkness, etc. She is supposed to be Radha and her lover Krishna. Radha-Krishna relation is considered as metaphoric of *Atman-Brahman* relation.
3. Medieval *Sahaja* poet espoused free love as a means of self-realization. Kamala Das discussion of her emotional and sexual traumas with exceptional candour reminds R. Parthasarathy of *Sahaja* tra-

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dition. Ref. R. Parthasarathy, "Traditions and Freedom", *The Indian Journal of English Studies*, 21 (1981-'82), p. 56.

4. Kamala Das, *My Story* (New Delhi : Sterling, 1976), p. 191.

5. *Ibid.*, p. 74.

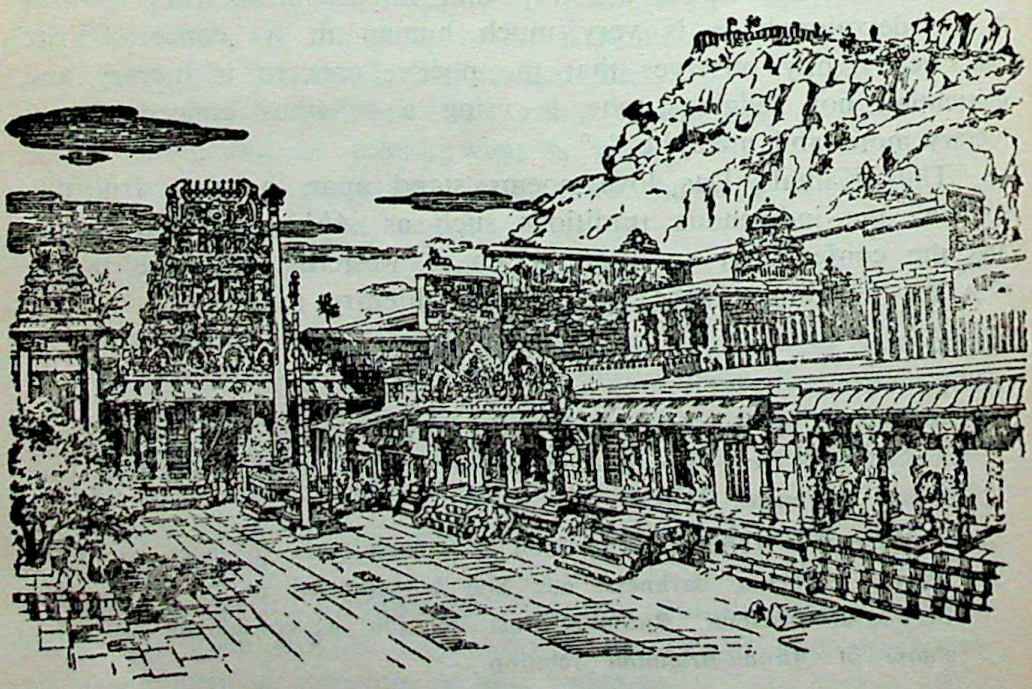
6. *Ibid.*, p. 33.

7. Sudhir Kakar, *The Inner World: A Psycho-analytic Study of Childhood and Society in India* (Delhi : Oxford, 1981), p. 142.

8. Atma Ram, "An Interview with Kamala Das", *The Book Maker*, 5, No. 6 (June 1978), p. 1.

9. *My Story*, op. cit., p. 208.

10. Fritz Blackwell, "Krishna Motifs in the Poetry of Sarojini Naidu and Kamala Das", *Journal of South Asian Literature*, 13, Nos. 1-4 (1977-'78), p. 13.



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CITY

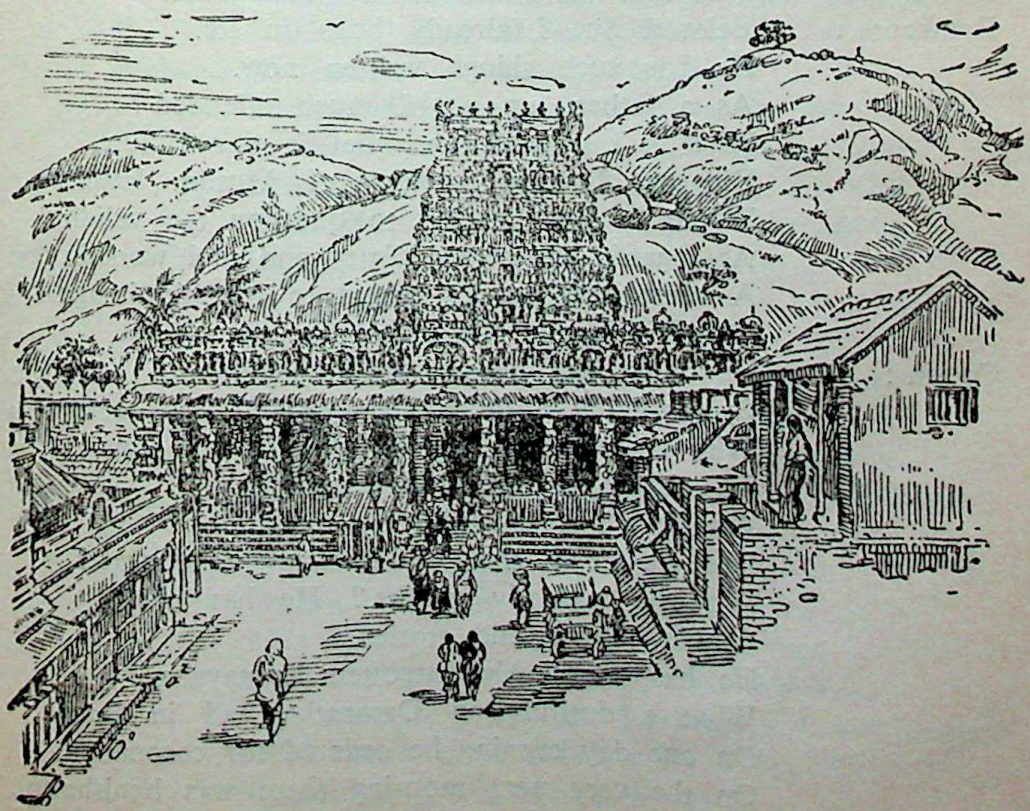
HARSHDEV MADHAV

In the "Bhixapatra" of "Buddha"
The city is dropped burnt by Atombombs

A lost butterfly came
It took a breath but believing the city like a plastic flower
It flew away, Now, Spring will not come
on the roads decorated by towers !

I am wandering hither and thither to find a man who is rest in living condition but I am finding
cigaratte-boxes
stones
carriers, cycles, motors
and
historical places !

City is
a bird without wings
a tree without green leaves
a butterfly without colours
a body without soul !



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RAJA RAM MOHAN ROY

M. JAGANNATHAN

SCENE I

(One Act play)

Ist Man : Ramkanta, the work of your boy is useless.
He has begun to question our conduct.
He challenges the tradition handed down to us.
He questions the validity and use of idolatry.
Can we afford to ignore the images of our deities?
Be it Shivalinga or the image of Lord Krishna?
How wrong he is led, alas!
Why you joined in him in a maulvi school?
He has become a Mussalman.
That is all it seems to me, Ramkanta.

Ramkanta : Beloved Sir, I already burn in ire.
He has such things written now.
As a father, am not I much offended?
What is our tradition, what is our culture?
Did not I read theology of Muslim law?
Where is the necessity to question the validity,
As regards our own idolatry and idol worship?
A Mussalman is not bound to worship image
Our Rishis did not forbid the same.

Cousin : He could not become a Prahalada
By disputing a father like you.
Who emboldened him to question like this.
To challenge our holy images?
Are they not sanctified by recitations?
Has he read the Vedas and Vendangas?
Why he uselessly speaks? He has read
Arabic culture and stories.
He has completely forgotten Ramayana.
What a dutiful son Dasaratha had in Rama.
On one day evening he ordered for coronation.
On the very next morning there was banishment.

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Was either of the decree of the king questioned?
What a marvellous obedience to the will of father!
The word of the father. Ha, ha, is he also a son?
Others will also soon revolt.
They may choose to live in Arab.
Idolatry is worse than carnage.
It is the word of Mohammedan.
It will not bind on us on any score.
We are not his wallet man.
What a nonsense your son did !

Ramkanta : Whether all of you favour him or oppose him
I am convinced in my opinion to foster him no more
I have to advise my wife and convince her.
About Her son's conduct in respect of religion.
Have we not learnt what he has learnt ?
How well he could have learnt our scriptures?
I am not ready to become a fool
Skanda is said to have taught Pranava;
The fountain word of all Vedas.
Shiva bowed to him to learn.
But what this boy does ?
He comes rather to disregard Pranava itself.
I will not any further shelter Ram Mohan.

(*Enters Ram Mohan's Mother*)

Ram's mother : Salutations to elders. Salutation.
Something phenomenal may be in this assembly.
I am a woman. Have I the right to know?

1st Man : Definitely you have to know it, my child.
Your beloved son has begun to wrong us.

Mother : Unable to hear, Excuse me elders.
It is a wild accusation.
In the name of Shiva I swear.
My son will never wrong elders like you.

2nd Man : Why you lock your ears, dear child ?
You have not fully heard our complaint.
There is no personal harm to any individual.
Your son is not such a wicked boy.
But he has begun to pillage the basis
Of our religious edifice of ancestors.
He flouts our worship of Sivalinga,
And the images of Ram and Krishna.
"Is there any use in worshipping these images?
What good these could bring to you?"
Questions of this nature he asks.

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Dear child, now tell, what you would like to tell?

Mother : I am made speechless on this occasion.
I am not much wise to say anything.
It is a subject beyond my comprehension.
I will not give up worship of Shivalinga.
Although my lord himself worships Ram and Krishna
Will I for this boy's sake forsake that ?

Ramkanta : This is the stand of every one here.
He has troubled the serenity of these elders.
"One is the God. Worship Him alone"
Ram Mohan says this, say : reminds this
Who knows not this vedantic view?
Who can afford to ignore Krishna?
Who has taught the much-praised Gita ?
Is there any lore on earth equal to it ?
Can we afford to forget that teacher ?
Will it not be reason and transgression ?
Alas! How cruel a question he asks ?

1st Man : Offer of oblation and worship to that image
Is the worship of the All-pervading Self.
Within his human semblance, he had everything.
Is the boy aware at least of this ?
Fault is with his recent learning.
He has read much Mohamedan literature;
Koran and other works at Patna.
That is why he speaks thus.

2nd Man : Most of our kinsmen have learnt Arabian law
The Koran and allied theology.
The studies are for attending in Mohamedan courts.
But is there any necessity on his part
To make them the criterion of his conduct ?
This is the issue now in question.
Why shall he differ from others ?

Ramkanta : My boy has become a problem at this tender age.
I have lost the serenity by his behaviour.

Others : Now keep peace, we shall then decide publicly.
Whatsoever be the decision of assembly;
Be ready to bow to the same.

SCENE II

(House of Ram Mohan
Ram Mohan, Ramkanta and Others.)

Ramkanta : Mohan, I sent you to Patna to learn Arabic language
Wishing that you may follow me in my stead.
But what now you have done?

Mohan : I have learnt there Arabic language;

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The culture wont to Arabians;
The Koran, and connected works
All have contributed to wider understanding
They are men and community of phenomena.
I will be able to occupy the post you hold.

Ramkanta : By your knowledge of Koran and Shariat;
Sufi lore and theology of Arab;
Definitely Mohammedans will love you.
They will hold you in high esteem.
But what you have brought to your home?

Mohan : Your question puts me on the horns of dilemma.
Father, what ye wish that I should bring home?
Tell me plainly. I am not able to understand.
What now ye wish to say to me?

Ramkanta : You have provoked me, your mother.
And upon the whole, the community.
You have become a Mussalman.
Since you learnt Koran and Shariat
Under the roof a Brahmin is a Mussalman.
People have begun to speak like that.

Mohan : Father, what is it? Why ye speak like this?
I have learnt the Koran. It is true.
But I have not become a Mussalman.
Why you speak like this?

Ramkanta : As if ignorant of what yourself have done,
Ram Mohan, you speak to me now.
You have begun to flout the tradition.
The worship of the images of gods.
On that score you have become a Mussalman.
It is not enjoined on us to worship like them.
Our culture and tradition have glory.
Also they are of very hoary past.
It is not a religion of the desert lands.
We never took to dates and camels
When they had no Avatar they worship Mohammed's Lord.
We have Vedas and other Shastras.
The Shastras sanction the worship now in vogue.
It is also the custom among us.
Moreover such custom and worship of idols
Brought in its train no harm to us.
People are happy and calm.
The plains of the land are fertile.
Our ancestors have been rich.

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Equally also am I not living here ?
Why you shun our worship and question ?
This I wish to say.

Mohan : Now I have learnt the cause of your wrath.
Our kinsmen have instigated you
So that my knowledge be abandoned.
I am convinced with my learning.
I have given up earlier learnings and beliefs.
The customs in vogue are crude enough.
They are against true knowledge.
Grandeur of God is beyond speech and comparison.
How ye all came to reduce the same to idol.
God is the creator of the man and stone,
Then how man put God into a stone ? Tell me, father ?

Ramkanta : I am not able to dispute this, Mohan.
This is a difficult question to answer.
Have you not read our Shastras ?
There is recommendation and suggestion
Instances and illustrations to us
So that we may use these symbols
The idols now we worship.
Idol worshippers have been wise.
They have been blessed with progeny.
They are not wanting in riches.
They are calm and comfortable.
Then, why you should talk like this ?

Mohan : I think not of material welfare
In connection with the worship of God.
My contention is that God has no equal.
Everything has its origin from Him.
As such, created beings could not be worshipped.
He is beyond the human faculty.
Reasoning will not relate Him to us.
Then, how will idols testify to His traits?
He is said to have no form.
How form then He could have got?
I am not able to agree with you.
Or with the traditional worship.
Although there may be instances in our literatures
Sanctifying and attesting to idol worship
I am not ready to follow them.
My instincts speak against the same.
Please excuse me father,
If my speech wrong you now.

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Ramkanta : Definitely your speech provokes me.

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All go to anger me immeasurably.
For the sake of a son I may bear with you.
When you speak like this I may lend ears
But will the kindred leave the matter ?
They have resolved to discuss it publicly.
And decide in respect of your conduct.
Ask your mother what has happened?
Even your mother was made speechless.
All are put to anxiety on your score.
You have begun to condemn and caricature.
The worship of kinsmen openly.
They are determined to assemble publicly.
They may order banishment of you.
Or for your sake the family as a whole.
Since I am Comfortably rich
And since they draw from my purse
They may hesitate to initiate such step.
But they are all against you.
This much I could say.

Mohan : Let all men related to me go against me.
But why shall I go against my own conscience?
No one can afford to do this.
Are they not abiding by the dictates of their conscience?
How then they expect me to give up the knowledge?
So I also follow the path of my knowledge.
It is in accordance with my conscience.
How then I could be happy or calm?
Do they think I should go mad or become fop.
Father, I shall see mother, For the present. forgive.

SCENE III

(*Home — Mother and Rammohan*)

Mother : Mohan, our relatives are very wrathful.
They all burn in wrath and blow like whirl-wind.
I was washed away like by Gangetic floods.
Number less relatives had come hither.
They all spoke against you.
They spoke some of your points and ideas.
They asked me if I attest and approve the same.
On that occasion I quickly replied.
"I am the worshipper of Sivalinga.
I will not give up that for my son's sake.
I see no foolery in the same.
You speak of difficult things.
You are elderly and wise yourself shall decide".

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I took leave of the scene soon.
Within my bosom there is a struggle.
My son is very obedient. He worshipped as I do.
How he came to talk like that?
Your father is also displeased with you.
What you all have to say to this?

Rammohan : Mother, ever I am an obedient son.
I will honour my mother and father.
I worshipped Sivalinga and idols of Krishna and Rama.
And whatsoever image I happened to see
It was my habit then.
Now there is a change in that habit.
The change in habit is caused by my learning.

Mother : What you have learnt at Patna ?
What is that teaching that transformed you ?
Have you become a Muslim ?
Simply because you learnt Arabic language ?

Rammohan : Mother, I have not become a Muslim.
But it is to be told that I read Koran.
I have learnt our Shastras well.
They all speak of God in exalted language.
You know God is the Creator of all.
That he created human being and inanimate being.
A stone is an inanimate thing.
Man is a living being.
But God is above all things.
As such, how man can create God ?
A god in idol made out of stone is mockery.
It flouts at the imperishable trait of God.
Tell mother. If God is within the idol.
Will not he be within the mountains we see ?
Why don't we worship them all ?
Why you garland the idols here ?
How these chiselled stones became gods ?
Tell me mother. Tell.

Mother : What is it boy? You speak much, you speak well.
You have learnt well. So you speak.
I am not able to answer all these questions?
What the elders say to the volley of questions?
Have they replied to you?

Rammohan : I will one day question them.
But they will not be quietened like you.
They will become cold-blooded and heave.
They may seek to drive me away from home.
But mother, in accordance with my learning,

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SCENE - IV

(Assembly of Brahmins)

Chief Purohit: This is an assembly of our community.
Many of you may have known the cause
Which forced the convening of this assembly.
We are facing a new threat, new challenge;
From a member within our order and fold.
The opponent is none other than a young boy.
The male heir to our esteemed Ramkanta.
Father bows to traditions and customs.
Son revolts and he flouts at our worship.
The very basis of our existence is shaken.
The purohits tremble to hear the same.
Not a jolt to their profession;
But their satisfaction is spoiled.
Our ancient ways of prayer is flouted.
How? How? You may all seek to know.
His father Ramkanta as he knew from his son will speak.
Hear from him. I summon him to speak here.

Ramkanta : Salutations to your holiness. Salutations to Purohits.
Salutations to other elderly members
Fairly versed in our shastras.
I, indeed with the head to stoop, speak.
Yes, my son questions the mode of worship.
He asks. He argues thus.
God is great. He is the Creator of all.
He is the protector of all.
He is giver of all our weal or woe.
Then how your God came to be created.
Is a sculptor the creator of a god ?
Is the stone carved out the God you worship?
When you have to offer flowers.
When you pour milk and ghee on the idol
How god could be fed by the same?
Do you think he is bathed or pleased?
God is one. He is Great.
He could not be done even as you all do.
So on and so on he questions and answers.
At times I stood spell bound.
At times I have been provoked to wrath.
What can I afford to do?
I am not able to decide as to what I ought to do.

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Priest : Many Rishis known to me have worshipped idols.
Worshippers of Linga in the world are many.
It is indeed provoking everyone.
Without an image how God could be adored?
It seems that your son has become a Muslim.
Muslims only to my knowledge worship thus.
They have no image. Their God is formless.
They worship when they see no form.

Brahmin : Suppose he has become a Muslim.
How he dared to deride our worship ?
Or the validity of our idols?
They are the repository of our contentment.
Say, when I see not the idol of Rama a day
And garland the same, I will have no sleep at all.
Even Akbar is said to have honoured our idols.
Is Ram Mohan becoming an Aurangazeb.

2nd man : The questions as spoken to by Ramkanta
Appear most dreadful and derisive and diabolical.
Such a person could not deserve his shelter.
What Ramkanta prefers to do ?

3rd man : Yes, what Ramkanta prefers to do?

Chief Priest : The offender involved in the issue in his son.
We shall not force him to decide
We shall decide to issue and pronounce it.

Purohit : His speech and behaviour as at present,
I am afraid, will mar the normalcy of community.
If youngsters like him begin to think like him.
And follow his path we will be ruined.
Community will collapse.
Vedic Dharma will ruin.
In the interest of a community
Sacrifice of one individual is desirable.
Krishna Paramatma has spoken this.
His conduct deserves social ostracism.
It is my considered view on him.
His continued presence in the community
His continued posers to our idol worship
All go to uproot the clan.
So I advocate his immediate banishment.
This will be a warning note to others.
If any who may choose to question like him
So, sir favour my decision and pronounce the verdict.

2nd Priest : Purohit of Panduranga temple spoke aright.
I may adore the idol of Sivalinga.

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But the decision spoken to is correct
Pronounce the verdict banishing him.

3rd Priest : Ramkanta has reasons to grieve or faint.
But it will be foolish to foster a son like him.
If out of affection now we shelter him,
In the long run we will have no shelter at all.
So in the larger interest of community
I persuade Ramkanta to bow to the verdict.
I strengthen his heart to face the situation.

4th Priest : Ramkanta, you know the Smriti of Manu ?
He is a chief legislator of our race.
He has given us the laws to live.
One of the laws is to this effect,
Which you may also remember now.
Whosoever interferes in the matters of temple,
Dishonours women and the like, put him to sword.
Moreover, even if a person happens to be a Brahmin
He cannot escape the sentence.
But as a Brahmin he could not be put to sword
As law enjoins on us, we shall banish him.
This is the law of our Manu.
The chief priest is hearing our arguments.
He appears to expect your avowal.
Bow to the verdict and banish your son.

Ramkanta : When everyone is against his posers,
I have no option but to bow to the decision.
How can I afford to forsake my worship
For the sake of my son ? I will do.

Chief Priest : It is hereby ordered and declared
That Ram Mohan son of Ramkanta is hereby banished.
Ramkanta himself has chosen this verdict.
Treat him henceforth as outcaste.

All : So shall we treat him henceforth

(Exeunt)

SCENE V

(House - Ramkanta, Mohan and another)

Ramkanta : All and sundry voted against Ram Mohan
The collective verdict is banishment of Mohan
I had to bow to their decision.
Priest after priest arose to speak
They all reprimanded Ram Mohan

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Ram Mohan has incurred the wrath and curse,
Before long the chief priest speaks
I bow to the decision of many.
Ram Mohan, I am driven to despair,
By your posers you have created fresh problems.

Mohan : Father, kindly bear with me,
If ever I have sought to wrong you.
In truth, I have not become a Muslim,
I am not against our religion,
I am also against the idol worship.
When communal order is against me
I am not willing to be sheltered by you.
Before long the community pronounced this decision,
I have made up my mind to leave this roof
May that omnipotent Providence be merciful to all.
Giving up myself solely to the will
I take leave of you, beloved mother,
I am well aware of the paternal, maternal affection.
More than you, mother may suffer a lot.
On that score I could not cause additional wrongs.
Parents may your peace and prosperity remain.
May they cease to tease you any further.
I wish the God's unfailing grace.

Mother : Beloved boy, at this tender age where could you go ?
Why you are stubborn in your decision ?
Follow us, give up your decision.
How can I afford to endure your separation ?

Mohan : You are a wise woman. Your duty is here.
In quest of knowledge I will travel far and wide.
It is the duty incumbent on Brahmin.
Take me for a Parivirajaka.
What Acharya Sankara did? Have not you heard?
With the permission of his beloved mother
He went on to fulfill his mission.
I have a duty. I will fulfill. Allow me mother.
Follow the examples of brave mothers.
Neither your husband nor your son less grand.
I may at a time return to see you.
Allow me to take leave of you.
Whereever I be wish my welfare.
That will do.

Mother : Put on you the chains and jewels
Have this purse. Brahmins may beg for food.

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But I desire not you to beg.
It is to the lot of the Lord.
Forget not me nor your father.
Under inevitable circumstances we part.

Mohan : I have not an iota of wrath or ill will
Ever I would worship you,
Parents, bid me farewell.

Parents : Adieu.... adieu.....

THE RAINBOW

P.V. SHRIKANTH

Beneath a tree, beside a glimmering lake, sat I,
A carpet around me of flowers blood red.
So soothing, pleasant and cool to the eye
Across the lake blue, many a Daffodil's bed.
Calm, serene and cloudless was the yonder sky.
On flowers gently the squirrels in play did tread.

Nearer to the lake's quivering edge,
Grow broad flowers, purple and white,
And patches of grass among the sedge.
In which floated lilies, broad and bright;
Many an oak was lit that overhung the hedge
With starry reflections of watery light.

Over the horizon, majestic and lovely came it,
Of colours, splenderous, charming seven,
The Rainbow in me sensuous thrill lit,
As behold I did to gateway of Heaven.
Which made many a poet's heart leap to knit
Wonderous poems on Beauty's haven,

Reflection of the Sun from raindrops, it's said,
By scientists, far and wide, after many years' quest;
Or is it He shooting colours from the rainbow blue and red,
Making man's life full of colour and zest;
To me it's inspiration for man to be of good stead,
In rise and fall, with colourful emotions blended best.

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THE POETRY OF PROF. D. V. K. RAGHAVACHARYULU

Dr. K.R. RAO

Reviewing the poetic oeuvre of professor-poets is both a rewarding experience and excruciating adventurism, for these poets work under myriad influences, absorbing them into the vital structure of their poetic corpus, and yet retaining their individual stamp of authenticity and autochthonous pulsation of feeling or imaginative perception. There is almost a cloying or over-elegant fastidiousness which renders their poetry much more cerebral than emotional, more complex than platitudinous, both in the component of their felt experience or in the poetic communication of the shared memory, which at times exhibits verbal redundancy or needless pedantry. Harold Bloom, writing about the anxiety of influence, avers : Poetic influence — when it involves two strong authentic poets — always proceeds by a misreading of the prior poet, an act of creative correction that is actually and necessarily a misrepresentation.

The history of fruitful poetic influence, which is to say the main tradition of Western poetry since Renaissance, is a history of anxiety and self-saving caricature, of distortion, of perverse, willful revisionism without which modern poetry as such could not exist. But this is not to traduce Prof. DVK's Poetry which is of highest order nor shore his achievement into poetic rescission. There are a good many poets who readily lend themselves to a highly mannered poetry as exemplified in Eliot and Pound's poetry, where the influence "takes the form of the transference of personality, a mode of giving away." One doesn't know whether such labyrinthine affections, of what Freud calls "family affections" transpired in the case of Prof. DVK, but it is a truism to say that he hasn't completely steered clear of such extremities, which constrict the work of even those poets who have won international recognition. Professors Ezekiel, AK Ramanujan, Shiv K. Kumar, R. Parthasarathy and Sharat Chandra, to mention only a few,

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turned to poetry after a successful stint as academics, scholar-critics, as late bloomers. They too failed to extricate themselves from "the anxiety of influence", for it acted as a corrective, as a simulacrum for all their extensive divagations. Thus poetic "misprision", what Harold Bloom calls, is inescapable for any poet.

Prof. DVK is not a prolific poet and the total output of his poetry comprises only two collections todate. *The Song of the Red Rose* and *Similies in Haikus.* In both of these collections, there is a protean variety in theme, resilience in tone and structure coupled with a rare conceptual aplomb and imagistic brilliance. His themes range from the mere cataloguing of the facticities of the quotidian life to the diefication of Major Man, and almost with an agglutinative temper and a poetic surcease, his poems are rendered into the subtle inflection of a sensibility which absorbs light from both ends and acquires the plasticity of expression and resonance of meaning. Moving around a vast variety of themes and experiences, of a motley crowd of events and scenes, the poet encapsulates them all into his confessional mode, which carves for itself a self-space that integrates all polarities and contradictions into the flexibility of form. An image or a symbol or a myth emanates out of the constant churning of experience on its own, without any trace of slapdash inefficiency or a straining after effect. This is the singular legerdemain which the poet achieves as no other poet, and makes his poetry strident and self-consciously genuine. For instance, take this poem which acquires the aesthetic registering unabtrusively, without any lavish jamborees.

The sky was
His begging bowel,
And the stars were
Grains of wheat,
As he went hobbling
Homeward. (*Homecoming*)

The poet seems to wade through a "forest of symbols" and images which enact the feeling with ease and lissomness. The poem retains its selfhood through visual prefigurement of imagery which acquires the colourations of a liturgy. In another of his poem, "Marathwada Interlude", the poet allows it acquire the specific notation of its locale even as he endeavours to transmute the feeling so evoked into high-pitched symbolist exercise. The first few lines show that the whole poem is conducted through highly evocative images and symbols, which makes its conceptual enactment altogether different :

In Marathwada
Sunset swished and roared

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Like lions and lightning
Leaping down the hills.

And sometime later :

The antique landscape
Of ancestral Aurangabad
Rose like coral reefs.

The whole poem, as in Mehrotra's poem, assumes the piquancy of interest and conceptual adquacy, without ever allowing it to malappropriate the facticity, which the poem seeks to evoke.

Prof. DVK also writes of the process of making a poem and the way in which a poem subsumes the subjective correlatives into the mode of its visual enactment and ingression. The poet's wrestle with words is a perpetual beginning and a perpetual"end-game". The struggle and lacerations of limning a poem on light is ever on, and there is no end of "voyaging". As the poet writes :

Today
After the great stupor
Life is ready once again
To limn a poem on light. (*Is Readiness All*)

And again :

Occasionally yours.
But rarely mine,
The life of words
Is more syntax
Than meaning. (*Occasionally Yours.*)

In "A Poet's Promise", he writes :

Hating the approximate
Makes you abstract.
And tyrant fact
Wearing the spectre of things.....

The poet is aware of the fact that he has no promises to make and keep away from woods and heraldic snows. But he would turn fiction into metaphor, no matter what the residue may be.

The poet is equally adept in handling weightier themes, like most of his poetic compatriots, who daub their poetic mosaic with gems of recapitulated brilliance. There is nonetheless no recourse to surrealistic pantomime, no detours to abstractionism. The feeling, flowing through the conduits of perception, is tensile and succulantly brilliant. For example, in the poem "The Second Going", he writes :

A moment comes when
You can do nothing.

And sometime later :

Our drift
Is the sea's drift

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Swallowing the river;
Our drift is
The earth's drift
Swallowing the sun;
Our drift is time's drift
Swallowing the word.

The poet contemplates "nirvanana", a regression into the primordial "Nil", which presages the second going. The poem, with its ordinations and conceptual ordering becomes the *tableau viviant*, and retains its ingrained gravitas. In his poem, "Wisdom was Tedious", the poet observes :

Wisdom was tedious then,
When in that oval sunrise
Spreading on those golden sands,
Every atom was radical light.

It is nonetheleess no escape into the "Lake Isle of Innisfree", but a kind of epiphany, which is symbolically prefigured in "the drift to radical light."

It is significant to note that Prof. DVK's poetry is mercifully aloof from the scatalogical syndrome, from the voyeuristic innuendoes, which ordinates the feelings of most of the post-modernist poets like Shiv K. Kumar, Ezekiel or even Mahapatra. There is no attempt at importing the exotica, and when he occasionally writes a poem on man-woman relationship, it assumes the form of a symbiotic or a mutuality of love, which is reciprocated in abundance. "Between You and Me", the poet desires this kind of Platonic love, which is alembicated in choice phrases.

Between you and me
Thought stood forlorn
And lone, like silence
Mocking the shapes of speech.

In "Memories of Marina", the poet describes the teen-aged nymphet:

The teen-age nymphet
Stands invitingly
On mosquito legs
Jiggling in her jeans
Drawing praise and abuse
From toughs and beachcombers.

This is a kind of modern debasement of love when the sanctimony of love gets reduced into a mere sexual act, a perverse reduction into the quenching of lust, which is another version of Eliot's perversion of love as it gets localised in his clebrated poem, *The Waste Land.*

It is not alogical to conclude that Prof. DVK fails to wrench himself from the academician's *idees fixe*, which is a prominant

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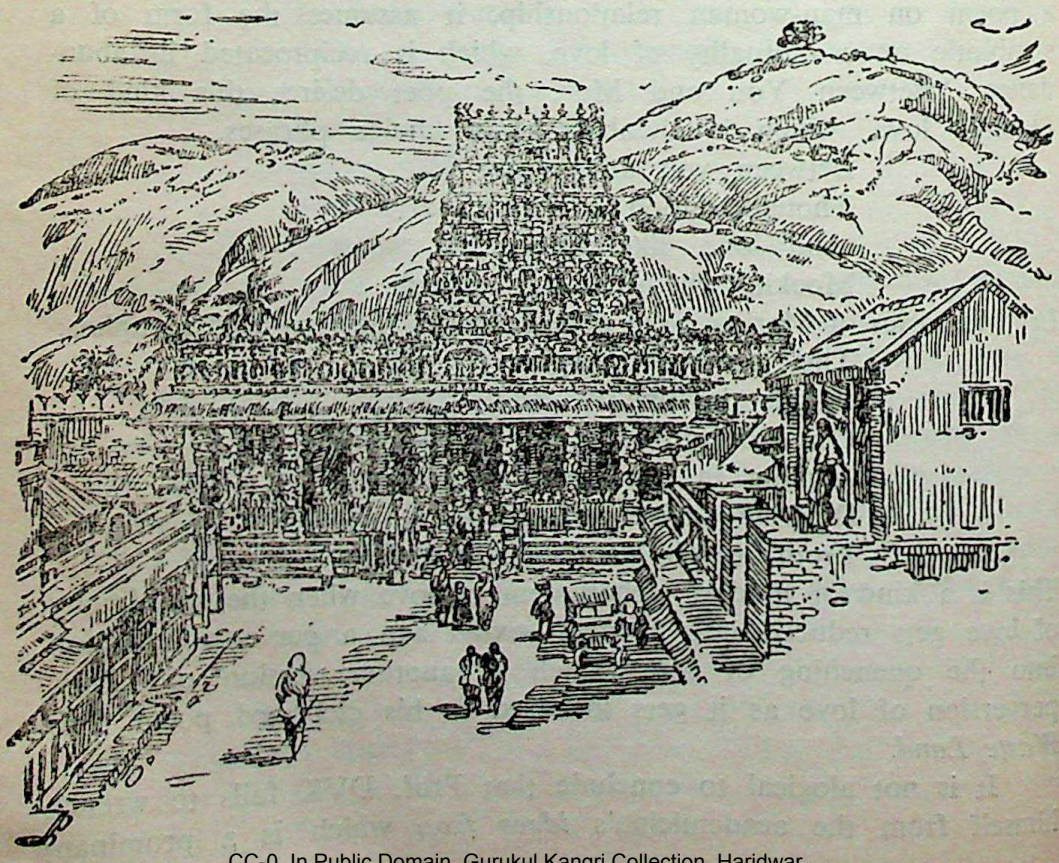
feature of most of the contemporary Indian poets writing in English. And even in the choice of themes, he exhibits a tendency to fall back upon his academic training. Some of the titles of his poems bear testimony to this fact and reveal that he has fashioned for himself a peculiar niche by drawing upon the deposits of this memory, by transhuming the "usable past" to act as the mediating ground between his experience and expression. Poems such as "The Divine Mother", "Savitri", "A View from the Void", "Music of Deeper Self", "Sailing to Utopia", are all drawn from the palimsest of memories, myths, legends, "the soul-stuff", which Prof. P. Lal and Raghavendra Rao rebelled against, way back in 1950. Hence I have called such poetry "the poetry of misprision", adopting Harold Bloom's phrase. It is true that poets create their precursors but to heavily lean on the past, as does Eliot, does serve no purpose. But this is not to truncate Prof, DVK's poetry which shows the timbre of potential both in theme and form. One hopes that he had weaned himself away from the creative cataclysm of his predecessors. As long as such influences work, one cannot perhaps refuse to accept Harold Bloom's conclusions, when he says :

"Poetry is the anxiety of influence, is misprision, is a disciplined perverseness, misinterpretation, misalliance."



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OH MAN !

ISMAIL

oh man !
behold the falcon
flying aloft in the sky
it knows no frontiers
sits in no self-drawn circle
rotates the globe
on the tip of its beak
its ideal the fiery eye that glances
perspicaciously and piercingly

oh man !
look at the tree
that's taught flight to the birdies
in what language does it blossom?
lovers' arms entwining
at twilight in the shade of prop roots
in what language do
they caress each other?

oh man !
behold bits of sky and birdies
shining in paddy fields
tints of joy
in fields of China, Vietnam, Japan
everywhere
aren't they alike?

oh man !
in any language salt
is saltish

Translated from Telugu by M.V. Chalapathi Rao.

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ANGUS WILSON'S PROTAGONISTS

Dr. K.K. SINHA

In Lionel Trilling's novel *The Middle of Journey*, John Laskell, a patient of scarlet fever, represents the liberal humanist tradition. He, in his sickness, is fascinated by a rose and contemplates it for hours. His friend, Nacy Croom, compares him to Ferdinand, the young bull who loved flowers. Laskel recalls with some embarrassment the story of how, when Ferdinand was sent to Madrid, instead of fighting, he sat down in the middle of the bull-ring and enjoyed the flower in the hair of the ladies. As a result the bull was disgraced but safe, and sent back to the ranch. He is startled by the application of the story to himself, and uses it to define his own liberalism. Although people praise the bull, they really feel scorn, their attitude typifies a strange ambivalence in Laskell's own attitudes. His belief in individual liberty makes him afraid to impose his will on others; and so he considers whether his ideas withdraw him from the real struggles of life : "I wonder if we don't rather like the idea of safety by loss of bullhood."

Laskell represents a type of character to be seen in many novels of the last hundred years. Obvious examples are Ralph Touchett in James's *The Portrait of a Lady*, Fielding in Forster's *A Passage to India* and Bernard Sand in Wilson's *Hemlock and After*. The educated liberals of our time lack vitality. Either instinctively or deliberately, writers have often associated the liberal tradition with sickness. Laskell's very name suggests lassitude; he thoroughly enjoys his illness. His pleasure in illness is caused by an instinctive reaction to the violence of life; his delight in the rose is a kind of sophisticated aestheticism into which the defeated man of culture is tempted to retire. In the course of the story, he overcomes his love of death and reasserts the value of liberalism. In common with many other liberals, Trilling recognizes that his own ideals can lead to a form of weakness, a lack of contact with real life. He tries to demonstrate how this can be overcome, and liberalism given a new health. Exactly the same purpose underlies much of Angus Wilson.

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Wilson's protagonists are but a slight variation on Trilling's Laskell-type character. They are all confronted with the problems of the liberal humanists of our time. Today, liberals in England find that their values are impotent, yet a large number of people, particularly among the educated classes, still find liberal values very relevant to their private lives. Henry James, E.M. Forster, Virginia Woolf and Angus Willson are concerned with the moral problems of these people, with the ways in which they can develop a mature sense of values. Wilson's protagonists, such as Laskell, demonstrate the weakness of modern humanists and the attempt on their part to overcome them :

"Simple naive people I am impatient of, because they haven't faced up to the main responsibility of civilized man" — that of facing up to what he is and to the Freudian motivations of his actions. Most of my characters have a calvinist conscience, and this is something which in itself makes action difficult. The heroism of my people, again, is in their success in making a relationship with other human beings, in a humanistic way, and their willingness to accept some sort of pleasure principle in life as against the gnawings of calvinist conscience and the awareness of Freudian motivations. These people are fully self-conscious".[1]

Wilson's heroes and heroines are put to the test of awareness. They must rediscover the lost past in order to confront the unfound future. Consequently, their movements ahead (their actions) are halting and confused, their return upon the past (their reflections) at once sweeping and meticulous.

The dilemma of Wilson's characters are always connected with their relation to other people. The hero of *Hemlock and After*, the novelist Bernard Sands, is a humanist whose inner complacency is shattered. The development of his homosexual tendencies in middle age, and his observation that he feels a sadistic pleasure on seeing a male homosexual arrested in Leicester Square. It is not his "salvation". He is worried (like the heroes of *Sartre* and *Camus*) about the fact that his relation to society is not what he thought it was the discovery of his relation to it gives him a sense of guilt that leads him to death.

Wilson is concerned with his hero as an illustration of the inevitability of decline if life is denied. The hero of *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* is a historian whose personal life has been highly unsatisfactory owing to his moral cowardice.

Simon Carter, the hero of *The Old Men at the Zoo* is also a kind of humanist. But he is unable to cope with the savage violence, on a collecting expedition with Falcon in Uganda he suffers an attack of dysentery, and is forced to retire from active work in tropics. As with Laskell in *The Middle of the Journey*, his

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sickness is a sign of inability to accept the conditions of real life. He never becomes aware of his delusions and self-deceptions. "In unfolding of the events," says J. Halio, "he steadily changes, like Gulliver, from the instrument of satire to its object".[2] This explains way he is not a serious comic hero like Gerald Middleton or Meg Eliot.

Wilson's protagonists are usually humanists. They struggle against the anti-humanist forces of society including their own illusions and lusts. Marcus in *No Laughing Matter* changes from a weak homosexual to an active force and achieves "optimism of will and pessimism of intellect." The heroine of *Late Call* is quite a different kind of character. In Sylvia Calvert Wilson chooses for the first time a protagonist who cannot articulate or even understand her own condition. No doubt, he succeeds in evoking, through meticulous characterization and powerful imagery, the texture of her consciousness. But he is thrall to his own success, as though the creature must sustain its creator. For whenever he fails to project the consciousness of Sylvia Calvert upon the ongoing business of the novel, there is so sharp a falling up as to leave the reader entirely unconcerned.

Angus Wilson's memorable characters, all, have a family likeness. Most of them, indeed, can be grouped into a few simple categories. There is, first of all, Bernard Sands, Gerald Middleton, Meg Eliot and other humanists — Wilson's type of good men who are the stoical and also emotional cripple. These characters, like the heroes of Sillitoe and Iris Murdoch, find the virtue of simple perception very rewarding. Their words are more difficult, their facts harder to understand and arrange. They, being existentialists, are caught between their vast possibilities and their enormous limitations. "The new hero is too self-divided... he has to learn to heal his self-division." says Colin Wilson, "the final hero will be the man who has healed self-division, and is again prepared to fling himself back to struggle".[3] Wilson's protagonists are self-divided at first but in course of their lives they become integrated personalities and return to life. They are the "final hero" in Colin Wilson's term.

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3. Colin Wilson, *The Age of Defeat,* (London : Vector Gollancz, 1959), p. 88

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BOOK REVIEWS

SRI KRISHNA LEELA TARANGINI : By Narayana Tirtha (Vol. I. Tarangams I to VI) Translated and Edited by B. Natarajan. Mudgala Trust, 12, IV Cross Street, Ramakrishna Nagar, Madras - 600 028. Price Rs. 300.

Our saint-singers, like Chaitanya and Kabir, Meerabai, Tulsi Das and Surdas, who are often taken for granted, are the true integrators of India. The themes they deal with happen to be familiar to the masses in all parts of country — be literate or illiterate. The sentiments that pervade the stories and anecdotes from the epics and the puranas, the myths and the legends, are equally widespread, as they had been imbibed by most people, since their infancy in their mothers' arms and childhood on the laps of their grandmothers. There is hardly any one who has not thus heard of the adventures and achievements of Rama and the exploits and escapades of Krishna.

The literary and musical heritage of South India seems to surpass the boundaries of local languages. Hence the wide-spread popularity of the compositions of Tyagaraja and Purandaradasa, Kshetrajna and Jayadeva, Sadasiva Brahmendra and Narayana Tirtha. The last three composed in Sanskrit, which in spite of its being simple, lucid and mellifluous, is becoming a closed book to a generation that is gradually going away from it.

Like Jayadeva's *Gitagovinda,* which is dominated by the rasa of *Sringara Bhakti* or *Bhakti Sringara,* Narayana Tirtha's *Krishna Leela Tarangini* is characterized by *Advaita Bhakti.*

Mr. B. Natarajan's book, a sumptuous volume, is beautifully produced, illustrated with quite a few art plates in colour as well as in black and white. It is the first available translation in English, with transliteration in the Roman script, along with the Sanskrit text in Devanagari. This being the first volume covering the first six *Taranginis* (or waves), out of a total of a total of the musical composition, whose title is translated in English as *"The River of the Lord Krishna".*

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Explaining his own motivation for undertaking this major work, which he did as a labour of love, as a sacrament in fact, the author says in his Preface :

> "Many musicologists have expressed the view that a translation of the *Tarangini* into English, is long overdue. The work itself is known only in the Southern states — mostly in Andhra Pradesh and Tamil Nadu and to a certain extent, in Karnataka and Kerala. It should be known in other states in India, like Orissa, West Bengal, U.P., Gujarat and Rajasthan, where the Krishna cult has a considerable following and is a living tradition."

It was quite thoughtful of Mr. Natarajan to have done so and he would thereby have earned the gratitude of not only lovers of Sanskrit poetry and Indian music in this country, but of others as well in the world outside. He had rightly anticipated the tastes and requirements of everyone concerned when he refers to the increasing interest shown in recent years by foreign scholars in Indology generally and in the Krishna theme in particular.

The *Tarangini* (literally 'River' or one with waves) has been composed around the 17th century by Narayana Tirtha in chaste Sanskrit and set to music, in the form of a *Yakshagana* (dance-drama) on Sri Krishna — the divine stealer of butter, hearts and clothes of the cowherdesses — based on the exciting story from his birth to his marriage with Rukmini, as related in the *Dasama Skandha* (Book Ten) of *Srimad Bhagavatam*.

The composition comprises 155 *gitams* (songs) in 39 *Ragas*, short *daruvus*, 348 *slokas*, *gadyams* and *Vachanas* (link-passages in prose) and is divided into 12 *trangams* (or waves), making up into Indian philosophy, his mastery classical carnatic music and his gift of verbal magic, this work is able to transform what is familiar into the fascinating, and make the ancedotes flow like a living river. With its delightful and distinctive flavour, it has earned a lasting place in the *Sankirtana* tradition.

The book is divided into two parts. Part I presents the historical perspective, the biographical details of the composer, with a discussion of the literary, cultural and musical traditions of Puri, Kuchipudi and Bhagavata Mela, Addanki and Ongole. This section running to over 250 pages is sure to be of immense value to students of Indian literature, history and culture.

Part II, which is of equal size, is made up of the Sanskrit text, with transliteration, translation and explanatory notes in English. As also a select but detailed bibliography, glossary, index of songs (in Sanskrit and English) and of names, all of which are essential to a scholarly work of this kind. A number of maps relating to the areas of relevance to the composer and the theme are also provided.

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The fusion of cultures in South India — Telugu and Tamil, Pallava, Chola, Chalukya, Maharashtra in Tanjore — described in the first chapter is a valuable contribution to South Indian history and indirectly to the social-intellectual milieu for mutual understanding, if not the process of national integration.

With his academic training in Mathematics, it is not surprising that Mr. Natarajan is a stickler for precision, following the accepted international standards of spelling in transliteration. In the difficult art of translation, which is a dangerous walk on the razor's edge of fidelity and beauty, he has obviously given more importance to fidelity, of course, violating the familiar canons of English idiom and usage.

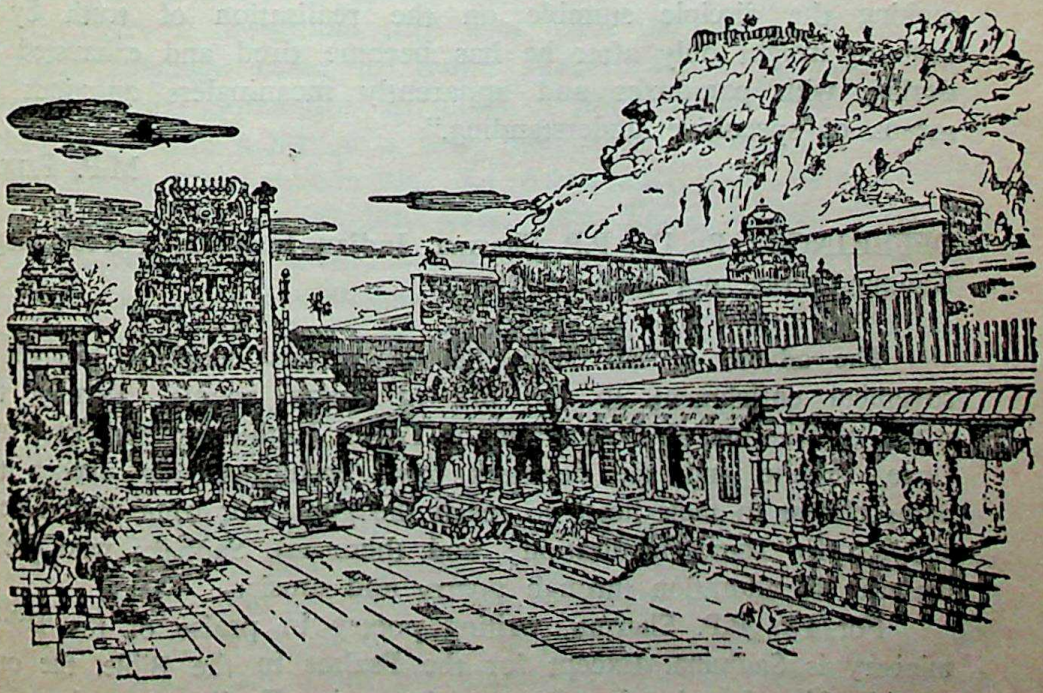
As a research scholar schooled under the guidance of his father (S.R. Balasubrahmanyam, a renowned scholar in ancient history, art and archaeology), the author cautiously proceeds from the known to the unknown, having learnt of the treating of research as "exercise of intelligent surmise".

He also has kept in mind Lord Morley's useful dictum :

"Do not put in what should have been put out;
and do not put out what should have been put in."

He has certainly put in all that he could, with discretion, judgment and circumspection. A truly rewarding volume for the serious reader interested in the subject, who would eagerly look forward to the second volume.

DR. D. ANJANEYULU



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PHILOSOPHICAL REFLECTIONS : By G.C. Nayak. Motilal Banarsidass, Delhi 7. Price: Rs. 60.

Avowedly analytical and critical in their approach, eighteen essays of themes of philosophical interest are stimulating. The author presents his views with no claim for finality though he does not accept traditional standards of spiritual knowledge. Writing on the Philosophy of Sri Aurobindo, for instance, he finds it difficult to agree that spiritual or mystic experience — and the knowledge derived from it — cannot be called upon to stand the tests of intellectual verification. He respects the authenticity of the glorious Vision of the Seer but wonders how far it can be verified. Sri Aurobindo himself says that these experienced truths are verifiable by those who are competent therefor and who are ready to adopt the means that correspond to the quality of the consciousness underlying the experience.

Studies in the Madhyamika and Vedanta thought, the Zen system, Values of Dharma and Moksha are come of the interesting topics discussed in these pages. The writer appeals for cultivation of what he calls "Common-ism" in Religion — adoption of universally applicable values. Speaking of a synthesis of Eastern and Western Thought, he rightly points out that it is wrong to proceed upon superfiicial resemblances. He argues that a working synthesis is possible from the point of view of the *trends* in both.

Dr. Nayak has interesting things to say about the origin and methods of the Zen system. "The technique consists in making the disciple stumble on the realisation of truth by a flash of insight only after he has become tired and exhausted by dealing with paradoxes and apparently meaningless questions by means of specultive understanding."

M.P. PANDIT

OFFERINGS : By Dr. P.P. Sharma. Indian Institute of Technology, Kanpur. (Price not mentioned)

The advent of Sri Satya Sai Baba has certainly brought a sovereign enrichment to the life of many people. Turning the wheel of Dharma to the rhythm of Truth. Righteousness, Peace and Love, Infinite and the devotees have enthusiastically chosen the paths closest to their heart to reach the goal. For some it has been action : for some, meditation: and there are Sadhaks who prefer the way of adoration through poetry and music.

For Dr. P.P. Sharma, writing poetry in praise of the Baba's ministry is Sadhana. Except for the Psalms in the Bible, the only considerable devotional poetry written in English has been by

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Indians. Dr. Sharma follows this tradition nurtured by great names like Swami Vivekananda, Sri Aurobindo and Dilip Kumar Roy. Sincerity is here a-plenty, a conscious desire to chisel the verses in terms of rhyme now and then. *Offerings* is a collection of monlogues with the Ishta Devata, capturing several moods and mainly "the healing that emanates from His sheer Presence", a Presence that brings to experiential reality the entire past :

Behind my closed eyes
blossoms out a world
rich with the fragrance
of lotus-feet
the twang of the arrow
the enchanting flute-melody
the effulgence of the swan-borne
goddess, her fingers playing at vina,
the drum, the trident
the snake-roll, the crescent
of Shiva, the androgynous.

DR. PREMA NANDAKUMAR

A RUDRAKSHA ROSARY AND OTHER POEMS : By Mahanand Sharma. Ashutosh Prakashan, Shiva Kutir, D-29, Shastri Nagar, Meerut, U.P. Price. Rs. 100.

English literature has hardly any "devotional" poetry except the Psalms in the Holy Bible. Indians have given every branch of their poetry a .devotional turn ever since the Vedic times. When English language came to India, Indians began to record their religio-spiritual experiences in terms of philosophical poetry. Among the earliest who achieved a wide measure of success in this genre were Swami Vivekananda and Sri Aurobindo. They were followed by practitioners of English verse like Dilip Kumar Roy and Sarojini Naidu who moved the reader's heart by building a rainbow bridge from earth to eternity. Mahanand Sharma is the latest entrant to this polyvalent world of devotional lyricism. And he is most welcome.

A succinct preface tells us why he has chosen to retell the myths of Lord Shiva. These myths are direct descendants of the forces of nature worshipped as deities by the Vedic seers. However, despite their importanc, Hindi poets have largely preferred to deal with Krishna in Brindavan to Shiva residing in the cremation ground. While this has helped the myths to save themselves from the corrupting influence of roily imagination, it has also kept the general public away from the nuances of the spiritual significances associated with the stories of Shiva, Parvati, Kartikeya and Ganesa. It was a happy thought on the part of Sri Sharma to attempt a

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The form and style of *A Rudraksha Rosary* are Miltonic. The myths dealt with in the narrative are : the failure of Brahma and Vishnu to find the beginning and end of Shiva standing as a column passing through the earth; the destruction of Daksha's sacrifice; Shiva's wanderings carrying the lifeless form of Sati; the burning of Kama; the wedding of Shiva and Parvati; the birth of Ganesa and Kartikeya; the story of Markandeya; Kartikeya's killing of the demon Tarak; the wedding of Kartikeya and Sena; Shiva's destruction of the demon Andhak; the end of Bhasmasura; and the trial of Arjuna.

Dr. Sharma's handling of the ten-syllabled blank verse is pleasing to the ear. He keeps to the story with commendable ease and avoids tedium by expertly wielding meaningful dialogues at the appropriate places. His descriptions are realistic and poetic as when he refers to "a dry, extensive sheet of autumn leaves" and draws a map of even the Americas when following the enraged Shiva all over the globe. His wakeful moralising achieves immediate impact :

"Like vultures fattening on the corpses' flesh,
The wealth, the pow'r, the swelling ego feed
Upon the sweat of the living dead — the poor".

The stray lyrics at the end of the volume stand witness to his philosophical bent of mind and adherence to the golden adage of simple living and truthful thoughts.

DR. PREMA NANDAKUMAR

A. SWAMI VIVEKANANDA AND THE WORLD OF YOUTH : By Nabaniharan Mukhopadyay, Akhil Bharat Vivekananda Yuva Mahamadal, Bhuban-Bhavan, P.O. Balaram Dharma Sopan, Khardah - 743 121 W.B. Price Rs. 20.

B. ELEVEN GREAT INDIANS IN THEIR YOUTH (A commemorative volume to the International youth year celebrations). Ramakrishna Mission Ashram, Patna - 800 004. Price Rs. 10.

C. SRI RAMAKRISHNA AND HIS ADMIRERS (Eastern and Western) : Edited by Debkumar Mukharjee. Charn Publishing Co., C-8 College Street Market, Calcutta - 700 007.

Swami Vivekananda and the World of youth by Naba Niharan Mukhopadhyay is a book worth its weight in gold. We heartily recommend it to all right-minded people of India, who care to think of the country and the role of youth in nation-building. It's a pity that many of us don't know of the excellent work that is being done by Akhil Bharat Vivekananda Yuva Mahamandal since its inception in 1967. It publishes, among many other activities, a

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monthly English journal *Vivek jivan.* The volume under review is a collection of 51 editorials carefully selected and presented under four chapters captioned as (i) Youth today (ii) The Melody and Remedy (iii) Character (iv) Education : The panacea. The message of Vivekananda emerges out of these thoughtful pages and exhorts our youngmen to learn to serve the nation in absolute spirit of dedication sans selfishness. Sri Vivekananda presents a vision of India "in which", says swami Ranganathananda in his *foreword*, "every citizen will be enthroned on the pedestal of freedom, equality, dignity and all-round human welfare".

We congratulate Sri Mukhopadhay for calling a spade a spade when everyone, as a rule, praises youth for wrong reasons and proposes wrong ideals. Our politicians and educationists have been misleading the youth and Sri Mukhopadhyay has the courage of conviction to say it out in his first editorial and place his critical finger exactly on the weak spot in our current educational system. In the "Concern for youth", he avers that a 150 page report on youth published by the United Nations reveals nothing new and out of the way. "On the other hand, the only thing it reveals is an absence of understanding about youth". The youth today is in need of moral education of which our policy makers are greatly afraid because of our commitments to pseudo-secularism.

Eleven Great Indians in their youth is a collection of eleven essays illustrating the youthful adventures and achievements of some Indians whose life can inspire our youth to work for the right type of growth of their individuality as well as the society. The inclusion of such men of God as Acharya Sankara and Ramana Maharshi is not in accordance with the manifesto issued by the U.N. in 1985, but Swami Vedantananda defends it in his fore-word thus : "The objectives of the youth year, that is, participation, development and peace were reflected in the lives and activities of these great sons of Mother India, though not in accordance with the meaning of the words in the manifesto". There is no doubt that the lives of these great Indians Acharya Sankara, Shri Chaitanya, Guru Gobind Singh, Sri Ramana Maharshi, Mathatma Gandhi, Rajendra Prasad, Shivaji, Swami Vivekananda, Rana Pratap, Sri Ramakrishna and Subhaschandra Bose will set an ideal for the youth.

Sri Ramakrishna and his admirers (*Easten and Western*) is an excellent compilation of essays in which stalwarts form all walks of life from east and west pay their homage to Sri Ramakrishna, whose syncretic, universal, eternal religion holds a key to religious harmony and peace in the strife torn world of today. In the first part great Indians like Mahatma Gandhi, Nehru, Rabindranath Tagore P.C. Sivanatha Sastry pay their tribute to the sage of

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Dakshineswar, while in the later part great men of the west like Ch. Tawney, F. Max Muller, Romain Rolland, Nicholas Roerich, Joseph Compbell Albert Schweitzer and Arnold Toynbee pay their homage. The editor's introduction is both thoughtful and beautiful.

DR. G. SRIVAMA MURTY

GHAI, D.P. UNITY IN DIVERSITY: By G.P. Ghai. Sterling Publishers, New Delhi. Price : Rs. 50.

Notwithstanding its somewhat pompous subtitle, "A guide to the understanding the fundamental unity underlying the great living religions of the world," this selection of sayings from nine different religions is a worthy attempt to show the common basis of human spirituality. The book is divided into twenty-nine sections such as "Anger, Brotherhood, Courage, Deeds, Duty, Evil, Faith, Family, Forgiveness," etc., under which the various quotations are organized. The nine great religions included are, in this order, Hinduism, Zoroastrianism, Buddhisim, Christianity, Confucianism, Jainism, Mohammedanism, Shinto, and Sikhism.

So far so good. But now the problems start. First, the quotations are not identified. There is a general listing at the beginning of the "major sacred writings from which selections have been made. After this, there is no means of identifying individual quotations. No mention is made about which translations are being used, nor from which chapter or verse, let alone which text, the selection is being made. So now we have no means not only of verifying the authenticity of the various quotations, but also of examining their contexts in the original text. The result is all religions end up sounding pretty much the same making one wonder why they're listed separately in the first place. In a word, this book reduces and simplifies the whole concept of religion so as to make it almost meaningless.

The attempt to make the book visually appealing, along with its basically "good intention," may be appreciated. But as to whether it is really persuasive enough to achieve its objective, the answer must , regretfully, be in the negative.

DR. MAKARAND R. PARANJAPE

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GLIMPSES OF TELUGU LITERATURE : By Dr. D. Anjaneyulu. Writers Workshop, Calcutta - 45. Price : Rs. 120.

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan observed that Indian literature is one though written in many languages. Viewed in this context, we are greatly indebted to Dr. D. Anjaneyulu for assembling this book of essays on *Telugu Literature.* In fact, Dr. Anjaneyulu's book entiled *Glimpses of Telugu Literat*ure has a two-fold significance. For it will be required reading for students of comparative literature in our universities. Again I suspect that Dr. Anjaneyulu has deliberately addressed this volume — I am using the word "deliberately" advisedly — to the largest general readership.

There is a lot to appreciate here,not least the elegant way Dr. Anjaneyulu begins with A Bird's EyeView of Telugu Literature and proceeds to enlarge the frontiers of the subject, taking off from literal fact to empathy; with the addition of perceptive essays on C.P. Brown and C.R. Reddy. A characteristic example of his objectivity presents itself in his essay on C.P. Brown: "Literary criticism is still more often than not (with a few honourable exceptions) a matter of personal equation or communal affiliation." His range was encyclopaedic, but his instinct was artistic". Equally objective is his assessment of C.R. Reddy : "Unfortunately, as in life, so in literature, Reddy's initial promise was hardly fulfilled by later achievements..... He worked by fits and starts — but the fits were original and starts brilliant. His contribution, rather slender, was significant in quality."

The importance of Dr. Anjaneyulu's work lies in the fact that despite the long span over which the individual essays had been written, a coherent view of the leaders and landmarks of Telugu literature is focussed on the readers' mind. Furthermore, Dr. Anjaneyulu's literary portraits of Potana, Vemana, Kshetrajna, D.V. Krishna Sastry, Viswanatha, Dasarathi, C. Narayana Reddi, Bairagi, P.V. Rajamannar, Sri Sri, Bhamidipati Kameswara Rao, P. Padmaraju, Butchi Babu, Nanduri Subba Rao, Illindala Saraswati Devi, D. Visalakshmi, G.V. Sitapati, Tapi Dharma Rao, Srivaatsava, Mutnuri Krishna Rao and V.R. Narla, are not merely interpretative but also informative.

Of Padmaraju, Dr. Anjaneyulu writes : "Modern in outlook, and authentic in idiom, Shri Padmajaju was one of the most thoughtful and sensitive writers in Telugu." And one cannot read these comments and literary portraits without reflecting on his thoughtful essays such as *Trends in Telugu Literary Criticism, Impact of Socialist Ideology on Telugu Literature, Great Lexicographers of Telugu, Social Consciousness in the Telugu Novel,*

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Literature of Protest in Telugu and *State of Modern Writing : A Cursory Glance.* Summing up Dr. Anjaneyulu's *Landmarks in Telugu Literature* could be regarded as a volume of essays which is at once elegantly written and critically deft.

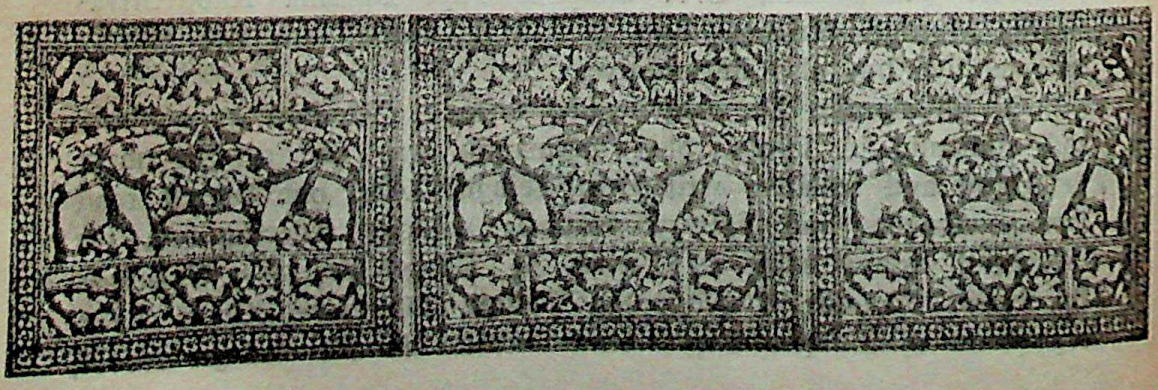
A. RANGANATHAN

SHORT-STORIES : By P.M. Nityanand. Writers' Workshop, Lake Gardens, Calcutta-45. Price : Rs. 60.

Here we have a real interesting story-teller with an eye to serving his readers good hour or two of unflagging enjoyment due to his craftsmanship : A group of stories, each with its own pointed objective of vivifying episodes of diversified experience and observation of life. Nothing like a justifiable suspense in the art of short-story takes the reader to his summation of satisfaction after finishing the reading. The author is a keen student of life in its bewilderingly changing aspects and daily occurrence. These stories amply prove that merit.

Though following the modern trend of short-story writing in its conclusion not allowing of a conclusion but leaving the reader to form his own, still some of them in this volume wholesomely make the reading quite rewarding by the narration in a language of vivid colour and content. Two of the stories may remain for long in the memory of readers such as *The Interlude* and *Caesar* for their extraordinary attraction of narration and imaginative presentation. The volume deserves its name in the fullest measure of appreciation.

K. CHANDRASEKHARAN



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FREE INDIA'S FIRST SPEAKER : Edited by Purushottam Ganesh Mavalankar. Price : Rs. 25.

THE OFFICE OF THE SPEAKER : By Ganesh Vasudev Mavalankar. Price : Rs. 15. Both the booklets are published by Harold Laski Institute of Political Science, Ellis Bridge, Ahmedabad - 380 006.
POINTS OF ADVICE TO MY SONS : By Ganesh Vasudev Mavalankar. Sannishtha Prakashan, Ahmedabad.

These three booklets, brought out on the occasion of the birth centenary of Ganesh Vasudeo Mavalankar, popularly known as Dadasaheb Mavalankar (27-11-1888 to 27-2-1956), provide interesting insights into the political philosophy, nay philosophy of life itself, of Dadasaheb — free India's first Speaker.

Dadasaheb made All-India Speakers' Conference an annual feature with a view to organising the functioning of Parliamentary democracy in the whole of India on a common basis with uniform procedures, practices and conventions. He observed that though the Speaker must be above party, must be a protector of the privileges of the House and member of Parliament, he should not divorce himself *absolutely* from all politics.

The qualities that make a successful Speaker according to Dadasaheb are: a quick grasp of the question at issue, presence of mind, infinite patience and a sense of humour. Dadasaheb's seminal services as Speaker of Indian Parliament in moulding the institutions to the requirements of an Independent India are significant. His mastery over parliamentary procedure made him a successful Speaker. He strongly condemned the mushroom growth of political parties which only contributes to the instability and frequent changes of Government.

His advice to his sons is: one should not expect to live merely on returns from ancestral investments. Intellectual pursuits should not be divorced from physical labour. These booklets throw useful light on the work, philosophy and aspirations of Dadasaheb.

DR. I. SATYA SUNDARAM

DATE OF ADISANKARA : By V.G. Ramachandran. International Society for the investigation of Ancient Civilizations, 31 Poos Garden, Madras - 600 086. Price: Rs. 25.

Though the main theme of this work is the data of Adisankara, it discusses in detail about the criteria for fixing up the chronological dates in the ancient Indian history. The following are some of the conclusions arrived at. Astronomy in preference to others

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like the archeological and inscriptional evidences, is the best aid to history. On the evidence of the astronomical data found in the Vedas and the Puranas, the dates of Mahabharata war and Ashoka are to be fixed as 3067 B.C. and 1472 B.C. respectively. These two dates are the corner-stones of Indian chronology.

Our history started from 8576 B.C. the date of Vaivasvata Manu who propounded the first calendar of the world of the Saptarshis. Kali era begins in 3101 B.C. Civilisation of India extends even farther than 9000 B.C. On this strong foundation with undemolishable arguments, the author raises a magnificent edifice wherein we are introduced to many uncounterable evidences, inscriptional, horosopical, litrary, including a Jaina work, records of different Sankara Mutts, and crowning all these, an internal reference in the Sankara Bhashya to an Andhra King Purnavarma whose date is confirmed by other sources. All these prove that Sankara dates back to 569 B.C. as against the date given by the biased western scholars.

Findings of the author's predecessors, like late Kota Venkatachalam and others, are also recorded here. Then he gives a list of pontiffs of different Sankar Mutts in successive order with their dates, based on the records of those Mutts. Finally, he musters twenty-nine evidences to establish the historcity of Kamakoti Math of which Adisankara was the first Peethadhipa, who went into Samadhi in Kanchi itself. This outstanding and fully-documented research work pleads for a reconstruction of Indian History which is a dire need of the day. It is incumbent on every student by Indian History to read this for a clear and true picture of Indian history.

B. KUTUMBA RAO

TEMPLES OF SOUTH INDIA : By S. Padmanabhan. Kumaran Pathiappagam, 20 State Bank Colony, Nagercoil - 629 001. Price: Rs.5.

Visiting temples and offering prayers to the gods in the form of images therein is a source of mental solace. A knowledge of the origin and legends of the temple instills devotion and prompts a devotee to visit the temples even at distant place which in its turn is conducive to the idea of national integration. It is in this context that book has its unique value.

It gives "a short account of 22 famous and ancient temples of South India from Tirupati to Kanyakumari, based on legend tradition, history, literature, inscriptions, festivals, art and architecture etc. Brief information about other temples in and around the 22 temples also is given. Photos of temples and icons also adorn the work. Glossary of important Sanskrit words and South Indian Map showing the locations of temples are highly useful to the pilgrims and tourists. Any reader of this informative book cannot but appreciate the author for the efforts he has put in

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SANSKRIT

SRI SARADRATRI. Vol. : By Sri Bellamkonda Ramaraya Vidvatkavi. Published by Bodapati Ramanujasarma, editor, Swadharma Prakasini. New Nallakunta, Hyderabad - 500 014. Price : Rs. 32.

We must first express our gratefulness to the publisher and Sri Patibandla Sundara Rao, but for whose endeavours and efforts, this precious work, an invaluable commentary on the grammatical work "Sidhanta Kaumudi" would not have been brought into light. Sri Ramaraya Kavi, an indomitable champion of Sankaradvaita, a prodigy and a polymath, in his short span of life of about thirty years, authored many works in poetry and on Sastras.

The commentary under review extends upto the end of Karaka. Selected Sutras and Vartikas are chosen for commentary. Everywhere, he has something fresh to say. New doubts and problems are raised and answers and solutions are offered. We see an original thinker in this commentator, scholars are sure to appreciate this commentary. This must be treasured in all libraries and must be owned by Sankrit Grammarism. This ought to have been printed in Devanagari script to give it a wide circulation. An index of Sutras or Vartikas also is wanting. We eagerly await the release of the second volume.

B.K. SASTRY

SANSKRIT AND TELUGU

SRI VIVEKA CHOODAMANI : Vol : II by SRI SANKARA-BHAGAVATPAADA : With Sanskrit commentary by H.H. Jagadguru Chandrasekhara Bharati Swami, Sringeri Saradapeetham. Sri Sitarama Adisankara Trust, Malkajigiri, Hyderabad-500 047. Price Rs. 30.

This work under review is an analytical exposition of Advaita Philosophy in verse form, and is easily the crest jewel not only Of discrimination but of all Prakaranas also (or primers) written by Srisankara. H.H. Sri Chandrasekharendra Bharati, a great scholar and a modern saint of spiritual realisation, wrote an erudite commentary on it and this surpasses all others in the field. The commentary gives the Dandanvaya or prose order of the verse, word to word meaning and a clear elucidation of the text. Grammatical derivations of some words also are shown.

This commentary is translated into verbatim Telugu by H.H. Jagadguru Sri Vimalananda Bharati Swami 2 of Courtallam Peetha, who is also a scholar, Sri M. Subbarao who, a disciple of Sri Vimalananda Bharati I, endowed with critical acumen edited this work. All these contribute to the value and usefulness of this work. This second part named Atmavidya deals with Atman,

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Anatman, Pancha Koses (five sheaths) and "Tattvamasi" the most important Upanishadic statement, in verses 74-267. This is an indepensable book to all students of Advaita Philosophy. We await the publication of the other parts of this book.

"KASYAPA"

TELUGU

(1) BHARATA NIRUKTI-NANNAYA RUCHIRARDHA SUKTI (2) BHARATA NIRUKTI - TIKKANA SARASOKTI : By DR. T. RAMAKRISHNA MURTHY AND SURAM SRINIVASULU For Copies - T.V.S. GANGADHARA KUMAR, A-22, VIYAYAPURI SOUTH. 522 439. Price : Rs. 8 and Rs. 10.

These twin volumes purport to popularise the gems of thought contained in Andhra Mahabharata of Nannaya and Tikkana. The story content of the relevant portions of the epic is narrated in simple and readable prose. The verses highlighting the ethical, moral and spiritual precepts of Vyasa as translated by the great Masters are given and commented upon. The original Slokas are also given where necessary. Thus the authors have done a great service in compiling some fine precepts from Mahabharata for lay readers. One wishes that the authors would compile precepts from Yerrapraggada also and complete this useful project.

DR. DHARA RAMANADHA SASTRI.

TEERPULU-KAITALU : By P. MOHAN, SAINIK SCHOOL, KORUKONDA, 531 214.

It is said in Mahabhagavata that a Yogi has to learn lessons and get trained in spiritualism from many objects and creatures around us. This compilation of mini-poems has for its motto the axiom from Sri Sri 'Kaadedi Kavita Kanarham' (Nothing is unfit for poetry). From a chalk-piece to mighty tree a galaxy of objects, sometimes men and animals too inspire the poet to observe, eulogise and philosophise their existance. A good excersise in organised rumination and poeticisation.

DR. DHARA RAMANADHA SASTRY.

(1) TIRUNNAMAMULU (2) TIRUNAMAMULU SAMAGRA PARISEELANAMU : Edited and written respectively by Dr. K. Narasimhacharya. For copies, Author, Lecturer, Government College, Armoor - 503 224. Price : Rs. 40 and Rs. 20.

Tirunaamams are devotional lyrics in Telugu set to music and sung in praise of goddess Sri Sriramanujacharya, Vishnu and his devotees, Alwars and Acharyas, Saranaagati or self- surrender

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etc,. according to Ramanuja's Srivaishnavism. These are considered to be on a par with the songs of Alwars which are deemed as Dravidaveda. These are sung in Telengana even now in Vaishnavite congregations, and are intended to convey the tenets of Ramanuja's philosophy to those that cannot reach the classics on this subject either in Tamil or Sanskrit. They are mellifluous and heart-gripping and full of melody of music as well. Such valuable songs as these are lying dormant in the mouths of a few only. Only a few of them are brought into print.

The credit of having unearthed these songs and resurrected them from oblivion goes to Dr. K. Narasimhacharya, who for the first time gave us in print a fine collection of about 530 Tirunaamams arranged according to the nature of their contents. Lion's share of about 218 songs is taken by songs in praise of Ramanujacharya, admonition of mind in about 69 Naamams comes next. In the Naamam caste system is condemned. We come across poetic beautics also and figures of speech in sense and sound also are not wanting. 'Sogatalata, a song is metaphoric in its expression.

In short, this volume is a valuable repository of Ramanuja's Vaishnava faith, and principles in Telugu song form, brought to the door of each Vaishnavite family, literate or illiterate, for appreciation and practical use in their devotional efforts and daily prayers.

The second book, a doctoral thesis, is sequel to and continuation of the first book. It analyses the contents of the songs, and shows ably how Vaishnava doctrines are faithfully illustrated in these songs. Distinguishing characterisation of the Naamams, nature and history of Kirtanas, origin and development of Vaishnavism, Bhakti with its varieties, and literary and poetic beauties with an estimate and assessment of these songs are all dealt with here. Influence of Tyagaraja and Annamacharya on the writers of these Namaas also is pointed out with illustrations. These two books together make an appeal to the hearts of devotees in general and leave a fair impression on all readers and students of Telugu songs and folklore in particular.

B. KUTUMBA RAO

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Gandhi : The Immortal Symbol of Love

Dr. Sir S. RADHAKRISHNAN

Gandhi was a revolutionary thinker. He worked for a major change in human nature. His is the voice of the age to come, and not that which is fading and should fade away. We must give a new purpose and direction to the future and not acquiesce in things as they are. Revolutions are based on intensity of purpose and not inertia or indifference.

We are at the crossroads of history. Man's greatest enemy is not disease or famine or demographic explosion, but nuclear weapons which in war may completely destroy civilization and in peace inflict grievous and lasting damage on the human race.

Gandhi sought to prepare us for life in a disarmed world. We must pull out of the world of strife and hatred and get ready to work on the basis of cooperation and harmony. Satyagraha is his substitute for war and is based on an absolute adherence to truth, practice of love and self-suffering by the resister in cases of conflict.

The will to revolution is strongest when conditions are at their worst. Intelligent, informed people and men of goodwill are acutely aware of the greatest threat to human survival posed by a nuclear war. Though no sane person would vote for such a war, we are doing everything in our power to bring it about! Such is the paradox of human nature that while we do not consciously want a thing, yet unconsciously and irrationally we happen to work for it. The arms race with devastating weapons is growing apace and not slowing down. So long as we do not have complete nuclear disarmament, the temptation for the use of nuclear weapons is very real.

We are not able to develop a firm attitude of purposeful hostility to the danger of universal destruction. We are courting it by our attitudes and actions. We seem to be moving towards a world catastrophe with our eyes wide open and our ears deaf to the voice of truth.

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punyasya phalam icchanti punyam necchanti maanavaah
na paapaphalam icchanti paapam kurvanti yatnatah

There is a fatal imbalance between what man is and what he wishes to be. This discord is responsible for our unrest. We talk like wise men but act like lunatics. We cannot prepare for war and at the same time for a world community. Cavour exclaimed, "If we did for ourselves what we do for our country — what rascals we should be!" We are tormented by inner uneasiness and pangs of conscience. The warring sides of our nature require to be reconciled if we are to defeat fratricial tendencies in us. We must break our self-will, the pride of goism which is widespread in all sides of our life. In man there is always an urge to self-transcendence, but until it becomes absolute unselfishness, narrow loyalties and destructive rivalries will prevail. The unrest in the world is a reflection of our inner disharmony.

A people are saved not by their military leaders or industrial magnates, or by their priests and politicians but by their saints of implacable integrity. Religion is the discipline by which we are helped to overcome the discord in our nature and integrate our personality. Gandhi was essentially a religious person. By the practice of spiritual exercises, by fasts and prayers, he aimed at the production of a new type of humam being, fearless, greedless and hateless. Man is still evolving.

If we reflect on the history of religious development, we will be surprised at the amount of intellectual ingenuity, passion and zeal spent on the task of defining the Supreme to which silence or poetry would seem to be the most appropriate response. Self-righteousness breeds fanaticism. None but fools and fanatics are quite certain of their views of God. With crusaders there is no arguing.

Before God there is neither Greek nor barbarian, neither rich nor poor, neither master nor slave. They are all citizens of the one commonwealth, members of one family. For Gandhi religion is a personal encounter with the Divine. He struggled hard to get that insight into reality for over 40 years. In the spirit of Hindu religion he looked upon the Divine not only as a transcendental Absolute but as a personal God. He was truly a *bhakta* with an unflinching faith in God.

The light of truth manifests itself in holy living. A truly religious person cannot hold back but should lead. He cannot remain silent when he should speak up. He should not compromise when he should stand fast. Gandhi's faith in brotherhood is not a transcendental absolute but a call to make it immanen

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in the facts of life. His demand is not a counsel of defeat and despair. Ethical values have relevance to social facts. We must face up to the ugly facts of sin, pride and greed. Human nature is essentially good and it is opposed to tyranny, injustice and authoritarianism. Gandhi appeals to the hearts of men to root out fear, guilt and faith in force. He tried to make his religion a vital part of his life and applied it to the different problems he faced.

The tradition of tolerance, not merely in a negative, but in a positive, sense, that is anappreciation of other faiths, has been with us for centuries. Tolerance is not apathy, but is conviction without condescension. Distances in space and time are abridged through the devices of technology. Humanity is intimately united though deeply divided. Responsible leaders of different faiths insist on the converging concern of the people for the welfare of humanity. The convergence of common purpose is the hope of the future.

Satyagraha

Many of the tensions that exist in the world today gr out of important conflicts of interest. They result from a lack of understanding of the feelings, needs, purposes and objectives of people and governments.

Peace is not the absence of conflict but it is the ability to cope with it. Satyagraha is based on love, not on hate : on loving one's opponents and suffering to convert them. It is resistance to sin and not to the sinner. Aggressiveness is not an essential part of human nature. Combativeness can be replaced by meekness and gentleness. (Satyagraha demands discipline and may entail self-sacrifice, suffering, fasting, imprisonment, and death, yet it has the supreme virtue of providing means consonant with the highest ends.) The Cross indicates that the love which suffers is more powerful than the force which inflicts suffering.

Racial Conflict

The greatest problem we face today is that of racial conflict. Different races have come together as they never did before. Gandhi had to face racial antagonism early in his career in South Africa. He tried to rouse his neighbours to a higher sense of humanity—the reconciliation of the peoples of different races. He sought to overcome prejudices and asked for the surrender of privileges. Race prejudice and discrimination are social phenomena.

Race problems are man-made. Race prejudice is not an innate phenomenon. It is the result of social training. The

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division of races into superior and inferior is of recent history. The universal declaration of human rights pleads for equality among races. It stresses the dignity of man and the value of the individual.

On the 5th of April, Friday, the world was shocked to hear of the tragic assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. He tried to work for social justice and racial equality through methods of non-violence. He spoke in March, 1963. from the steps of the Lincoln Memorial of a dream he had :

> So even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed—that all men are created equal. I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice. I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the colour of their skin but by the content of their character. I have a dream today. And if America is to be a great nation, this must become true.

If we deny victory to violence and adopt the methods sanctified by the life and death of Martin Luther King Jr., America will recover her soul and become a great nation, and humanity will move up many steps towards real freedom.

In India Gandhi struggled hard to achieve communal harmony. In spite of his earnest efforts he did not succeed to the extent he desired. The partition of India was an admission of failure to achieve communal harmony. In December, 1947, when I last met Gandhi, I asked him about his feelings on the partition of the country which he condemned in very strong terms. "It is not a question of details but of principle. So no compromise is permissible on fundamental principles." His answer was, "I am too old to start a campaign now and my trusted lieutenants have agreed to it".[1]

Towards the end of his life he was a lonely and frustrated man. Deep disillusion entered his soul before the assassin's bullet entered his body.[2] Even now we have unfortunately communal disturbances. It only shows that we have a long way to go.

Inequalities between the rich and the poor nations are a source of disquiet. Poverty, disease, ignorance and illiteracy in the poorer nations are constant sources of discontent. The poor and new nations are increasingly aware of their position and are anxious

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to improve it. Nobody is willing to live in poverty and no body believes that it is something to which we are destined. If the poor are not to die of hunger, they will be obliged to take by force what others have. The violence will call for counter-violence. Society must so organize that disparities between the rich and the poor are diminished. Gandhi asked for freedom for the starving millions of India. His aim was complete identification with the poorest of mankind, longing to live no better than they. Economic development of all parts of mankind is essential if we are to remove a sense of humiliation and resentment.

Political conflicts are among the most formidable. Gandhi tried to plead with the British Government by his method of Satyagraha.

Nationalism is more a state of emotion than a rational thesis. While Gandhi believed in some good qualities of the Indian people he also said that he would let India disappear if thereby the world could be saved. Speaking to the Rotarians of Calcutta on August 18, 1925, Gandhi said :

> We want freedom for our country, but not at the expense or exploitation of others, not so as to degrade other countries. For my own part I do not want the freedom of India if it means extinction of England or the disappearance of Englishmen. I want the freedom of my country so that other countries may learn something from my free country, so that the resources of my country might be utilized for the benefit of mankind. Just as the cult of patriotism teaches us today that the individual has to die for the village, the village for the district, the district for the province, and the province for the country, even so a country has to be free in order that it may die, if necessary, for the benefit of the world. My love, therefore, of nationalism is that my country may become free, that if need be, the whole country may die, so that the human race may live.[3]

The British thought he was a trouble-maker. In St. Mary's at Oxford, in the panelling on the ceiling, the architect, in accordance with medieval traditions, put in a reference to contemporary events which would help to determine the date. There over the staircase on the farther side of the High Street, we have the British lion putting its tongue out, a wild Irishman, the Russian bear and Gandhi in his loin-cloth with his glasses on. These are some of the people who gave a great deal of trouble to the

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British in those days. The movements of non-violent non-co-operation hurt the pride of the British. The transfer of power to India and Pakistan took place in the middle of August, 1947.[4] This was followed by the achievement of independence by many other States. But still we have parts of Africa under colonial rule.

Political ideologies divide the world today. Man is inclined to regard his own principles as wholly right and the opposing ones as wholly wrong. From the time of the Greeks and the barbarians, the Roman and the Carthagenians down till today, these conflicts assume a religious character. The main problem is to overcome the distrust in others as well as in ourselves. It is not possible to believe what others say if we are convinced that what we hold is absolutely true. We must be able to discriminate between truth and propaganda.

Gandhi tried by raising the status of Harijans and the poor and treating men and women as equals to develop an integrated society in India. This integration is still at work and not complete. Innocent people distrust one another and are indulging in looting, arson, pillage and damage to property The difficulties are ignorance, mutual distrust, discrimination, and lack of employment. These must be attacked if the situation is to improve. It is not the time for angry reactions. By indulging in violence we hurt ourselves. There can be no freedom, no equal opportunity, no social justice in environment of mob rule and lawless behaviour.

Unfortunately the so-called youth movements, student behaviour, strikes and demonstrations do not lay sufficient stress on the need for self-discipline. In the name of grievances, which some people seem to enjoy, they encourage self-indulgence and defiance of established authority. They are symbolic of the spirit of dissent in an aroused nation. If nations are to preserve their spiritual health they must check the increasing tendency to dishonesty in public life, corruption in business, etc. Whatever religion we may profess, self-restraint is its primary demand. Enjoyment is through renunciation, says the *Upanishad*. We must work for a revolutionary social order in a spirit of dedication.

We should realize from history that great cultures are the results of intercourse with other cultures. Christian civilization arose from an intercourse of Jewish heritage with Greek thought and Roman organization. Today the great cultures have come together and we must look upon man in his diversity and as a whole. The authority of the spirit can bring about unity and salvation of mankind.

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Non-Violence

In this rapidly changing world where there are changes in communication, transport and space travel, the human being is getting el iminated. He becomes a thing, a mere object. His hopes and visions yield to the material ends of increased production and consumption. He finds it difficult, if not impossible, to exercise independent judgment. We have no personal dimension. We have lost our desire for private life. We become helpless pawns with no freedom or choice of action. We become parts of a huge machine and we sacrifice ourselves in an ecstasy of enthusiasm for the good of the machine.

When conflicts occur between races, nations and religions, they have to be overcome by a great loyalty to the human race which should supersede all other subordinate loyalties — racial, national or credal.

Gandhi's non-violence is based on the higher aspects of human nature, which rebel against tyranny, injustice and authoritarianism. The values derive from the hearts and wills of men. Gandhi believes in the tremendous urge in human nature for peace and freedom. The society which he aims at is already universally present in the hearts of men though it may lie submerged. We have to bring it to the surface by fighting the evil forces, political, social and psychological. For Gandhi, non-violence involves an inner war, which requires us to defeat fear, greed, anger and guilt. Whenever a great personality arises he challenges the spirit in us and reminds us that we are not just animals but human beings. Gandhi's purpose was to advance man's progress towards a rational world order. Education is the means by which we can build a democratic world community. It assumes that man has freedom to shape his own future. We must direct the evolutionary process towards the goal of a world without fear, without hate and without war. This ambition was too high to succeed. The God of the *Gita* suggests, "Bring me thy failure." Judged by the death on the Cross, Jesus mission was a failure but it has changed history.

We are familiar with the age-old question : What would happen if an irresistible force met an immovable body ? The result would be an inconceivable disturbance until the force of the spirit subdues the environment to its own pattern. The tumult would become a travail. Gandhi's "failure" brought nearer the goal of a world based an sanity and peace.

We must act as though the ideal is attainable. We must try for the impossible to realize whatever is possible. Peace is not a possession but a perpetual aspiration.

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Gandih had great faith, in spite of appearances to the contrary, that a period of peace and freedom is within the realm of the possible and within our reach. The Kingdom of God is near at hand. Men of faith and dedication, conviction and sanity are the followers of Gandhi's ideals and creators of the future. They are the hope, the promise : we have to work for the fulfilment of the new social order. Gandhi is the immortal symbol of love and understanding in a world wild with hatred and torn by misunderstanding. He belongs to the ages, to history.

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1. July 14, 1947 : Prayer Meeting. He said " I do not agree with what my closest friends have done or are doing. "
2. October 2, 1947. On his last birthday, in reply to felicitations, he said, " Where do congratulations come in ? It will be more appropriate to say condolences. There is nothing but anguish in my heart. "
3. Tendulkar, *Mahatma*, Vol. II. p. 263.
4. Lord Attlee took the final steps in the grant of independence to India. An American journalist said to Attlee. " I agree in principle with your policy in India and Burma but I cannot help thinking you have pushed on too fast. Would it not have been better to delay a few years and make such great changes more slowly ?" To This Lord Attlee replied, " No doubt we could have held India and Burma for two or three years longer. But we could have done so only at the cost of a great expenditure of men and money and in doing so we should have made certain that when they achieved independence they did so in bitterness and in a determination to break clear of Britain for ever. You cannot build or maintain a commonwealth on a foundation of bitterness and distrust. The only safe foundation is friendship and common interest. We have turned nations who might have been enemies into friends. That is worth taking risks for. "

From *Mahatma Gandhi : 100 Years*

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EVER WITH MAN

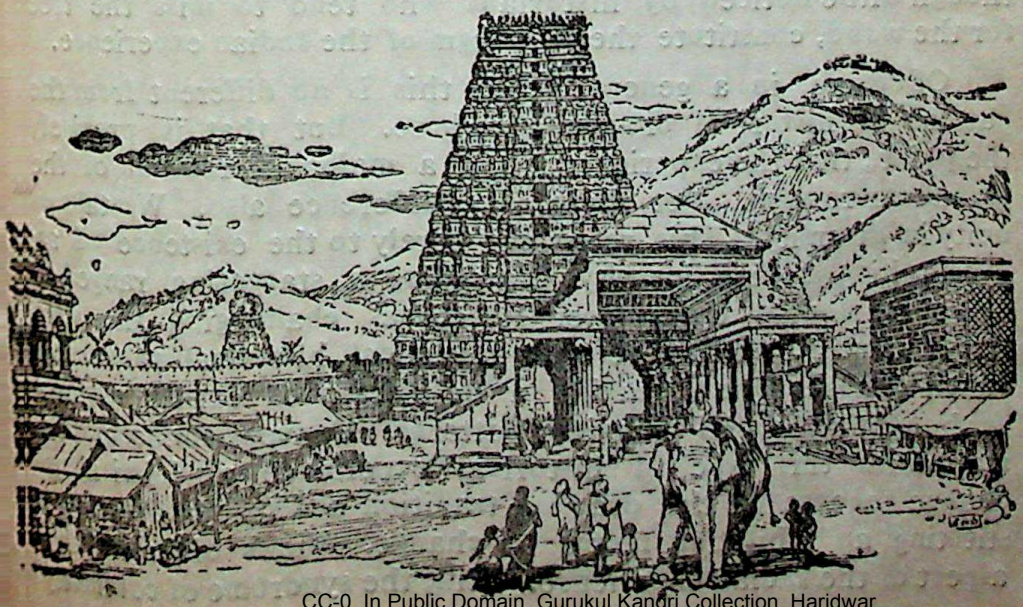
RABIN SUR

Lion dwells alone in the forest with wild authority
Sun dazzles mane, slender waist —
ribs magnanimous,
never runs amock, killing without provocation.

Poet is a Rishi in a civilized society.
Pen is his spear. In luminous meditation
he keeps men conscious, awakened,
with animated song of dream and happiness.

He never surrenders himself to a bullying camp
hoisting a flag of assembled success.
He is always .... ever with man
in open air, under the sky, drenched with rain.

— Translated from Bengali by Jaydeb Bhattacharya



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The Contemporary Indian Experience

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I call my theme the Indian Experience because the word "Experience" would urge us to remember the basic fact of the continuity of Indian civilization during the last four millennia unbroken and uninterrupted. It is true that the contemporary experience is new—rather a distinct phase of that 4000 years of experience. But the important point is that the outsider need to be cautioned not to miss the essential continnity. Not that this continuity has been the result of smooth transformations. On the contrary this continuity witnessed recurrence of social upheavals, travails of transition and breathtaking breaks. The encrustation of one religious mode over another, the super imposition of diverse social orders, the coming and going of a series of empires hyphenated by a plethora of parochial principalities — all these in the midst of myriad social movements subtly altering the texture of both ideology and praxis, though little noticed by historians who tend to miss the tree for the wood, constitute the paradigm of the Indian experience.

Of course, in a general sense this is no different from the pattern of historical change elsewhere. But that is precisely the point ; that the experience is but a major microcosm of the global macrocosm. Yet there is a difference also. We talk of unity in diversity. This refers not merely to the existence of an overarching Indian identity containing a staggering range of modes of Indian experience, sometimes challenging the very larger identity. It also refers to a vertical historical procession which changes often, leaving a desiderata of earlier systems of thought and social behaviour patterns. Conventional sociology may term this type of historical experience as inimical to change because of the drag of tradition and conservatism constituting an inhibiting factor to change. Views differ on this aspect of the Indian experience. Still, the syndrome of continuity

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through change has been the distinct hallmark of our evolution. That there has been no necessary antipathy to adaptation can be illustrated by our contemporary experience with modernization.

We adopted a liberal democratic constitutional system with an ideological leaning towards the welfare socialist credo. The vastness and diversity of the country made us opt for a federal structure of government. Our Executive Government is modelled on the British parliamentary type. Our basic commitment to liberal pluralist democracy can be illustrated by the following characteristics of our constitutional system :

1. A system of Universal Suffrage under which free and fair elections are held every five years. In the contest of a robust competitive plural political party participation, it is worthwhile to note that since the Indian Constitution came to force in 1950, we have not missed a single general election, in which nearly 400 million (nearly half of India's population) participate. Thus, the Indian electorate itself nearly equals twice the total population of USA. We have now reduced the age limit of our voter from 21 to 18 which further increases the massive strength of our electorate.

2. Our party system encompasses a veritable spectrum of political ideologies. These range from far left groups to very conservative political and economic ideologies. While it could be argued that such a wide-ranging political spectrum has its disadvantages, in that a solid middle range political consensus gets weakened, we also take the other viewpoint that a healthy democracy should thrive within the context of diverse political and economic ideologies.

3. Our anchorage in constitutional democracy is attested by the fact that the Constitution embodies a judicially enforceable Bill of Rights, we call it Fundamental Rights, Civil Liberties, Right to Personal life, Right to Equality, and the whole gamut of human rights find their place in this document. Our superior judiciary — both at the federal level and the state levels — has not been shy at all in enforcing these rights and standing forth as the protector of the liberties of the individual citizen.

Of course, as a country beset with the problem of economic under-development and traditional and outworn social values, India could not but be favourably disposed to the incorporation of the socialist ideal, where communitarian norms, as against the free play of individual rights alone find recognition. Some people may entertain a prejudice against the "socialist" notion. But, I hope, they would not deny the fact that claims of the

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average common man, particularly in a poverty-stricken country, as against the entrenched privileges of the propertied sections and that of "high caste" people, should be protected by the recognition and implementation of communitarian value-goals. With this in view, our Constitution provides for a chapter on Directive Principles of State Policy, in which socio-economic goals like the prevention of concentration of wealth in the hands of the few and the realization of social equality and equity are enshrined. With this in view we have embarked on the strategy of affirmative action under which the socially depressed classes are given weighted advantage in the matter of jobs and admissions to educational institutions in all parts of the country.

4. I have mentioned our federal set-up. India is a sub-continent but with continental dimensions. The diversities in our climate, language, religion, economic capabilities, etc., constitute a staggering diversity. Thus a federal system is the only pattern possible to accommodate these factors. However, to guard against the fissiparous and centrifugal forces, the founding fathers of our Constitution chose to provide for a strong federal power. But here again the vitality of the constitutional process is demonstrated by the fact that during the last decades the states of the Indian federation have been demanding more autonomy—political, administrative, as well as financial.

The above mentioned development is also tied up with the evolution of our political parties. Since Independence in 1947 for over a quarter of a century, the Congress Party in India (which was largely instrumental in conducting our freedom struggle for nearly 70 years) was elected to power almost throughout India. Since the late 60's, in some parts of the country other political parties could succeed in gaining power within the constitutional system and through the electoral process that the system provides. For instance, in the State of West Bengal in the eastern part of the country a coalition of leftist parties led by the Communist Party of India (Marxist) has been in power for nearly two decades. In the southern state of Tamil Nadu, (popularly called, Madras) a regional party came into power almost at the same time. Thus, the hegemony and dominance of the Congress Party was under challenge and these challenges emanated from two distinct quarters. One from parties with a more leftist oriented ideology and two, regionally based parties which stress more on regional claims which are allegedly ignored by the federal government under the Congress rule. In recent years the regionalistic trend has manifested itself in some other areas

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of the country also. For instance, in Andhra Pradesh, the Telugu Desam Party (TDP) came into power in 1982-83 basing itself on claims of the Telugu language and Telugu culture for a more prominent role. Regionalism in some other parts of the country also takes the shape of ethnic claims of people living in tribal and such other areas. This trend has implications both for the existing federal structure and for the concept of national unity.

The federal structure is under stress and strains. Some people regard that granting greater autonomy would weaken the federation. But some others hold that the federal criteria laid down in 1950 cannot any longer be regarded as sacrosanct. Further, the demands for greater autonomy, the later people argue, are evidence of the vitality of the Indian political system and a test for its capacity for adaptability. I myself tend to agree with this view.

As for the implications of the trend to national integration, regionalism could assume an ultra-radical posture threatening the fabric of the polity. For instance, the Khalistan Movement in Punjab, originally starting as a demand for a greater autonomy for the adherence of the Sikh religion living in the North-Western part of the country, has now, in the hands of a few misguided people, degenerated into a demand for secession and this demand is being pursued through merciless terrorist activity in the Punjab region of India. It is this type of a perversion that regionalism can sometimes develop into, that makes many people shun the very concept of regional claims.

While the nation is beset with the Punjab problem with its accompanying terrorism, the country is also attending to the regional claims with perspicacity and equanimity. In the dialogue of political process, no noubt, acute disagreements, sometimes expressed, in radical and rabid terms, do manifest. At the same time, the constitutional set-up has already demonstrated its vitality to accommodate the electoral mandates. The federal Government and the Congress Party in power there, with all its rhetoric about the dangers and threats emanating from regional claims, has been adhering to the constitutional norms respecting the popularly elected governments in states where the Congress Party itself is not in power. Of course, here also there are complaints of federal interference and even of federal attempts to destabilise the non-Congress state governments. To meet these complaints and accusations, various institutional devices are being thought of and a broadly acceptable consensus will emerge soon.

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The trends in the Indian social system should also be highlighted. Foreigners always point out to the complexities of the Indian social system. The religious diversity of the country, representing all the higher religions of the world and encompassing hundreds of major and minor cults, creates a milleu fraught with potentialities for conflicts. The Indian sub-continent went through a horrible nightmare of Hindu-Muslim conflict at the time of the partition of India in 1947 in which hundreds of thousands of people perished at the altar of religious fanaticism then.

Occasional bouts of religious intolerance still occur in independent India. In more recent times the Hindu-Sikh confrontation can also be cited as an instance of the recurring syndrome of inter-religious conflict in the country.

At another level, the caste system within the majority Hindu community in the country, also results in inter-societal conflicts, gnawing at the entrails of our social fabric. The caste system not merely divides the society, but perpetuates the system of social hierarchy which not only violates the concept of human equality but runs counter to the foundations of democracy based on individual equality. After all, our constitutional set-up is founded on the implied criterion of Homo-Egalitarianimus whereas our society still operates on the model of Homo-Hierarchicus. How can a democratic political system function when embedded in a larger social system, which is so inherently inegalitarian?

This indeed is a major problem we have to face. On the one hand, one can despair of the success of our modern constitutional experiment. But, on the other one can put faith in our society's ability to adapt to the demands of change. It is not as if the Indian social structure remained static. Four thousand years of evolution should put a discount on the talk of the static nature of Indian society. It is true that still the deleterious circumstances of caste and social hierarchy not only impede but often pervert democratic politics. The emergence of caste-based vote banks, electoral process corrupted by this phenomenon and the ruthless manipulation of the caste factor by politicians and by administrative henchmen, is corrupting the Indian political system.

First and foremost is the influence of the modernising elites of India. Right from the 19th century days the leaders of Indian nationalism have moulded public opinion into jettisoning the traditional social structures. While most of these leaders themselves belonged to the higher caste echelons, there were also people born into lowly social strata who by dint of their education and character became leaders of the people at large. Of

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course, the modernising elites did not all cherish one uniform goal of social transformation. The difference between the philosophy of Mahatma Gandhi on the one hand and Jawaharlal Nehru on the other is a case in point. Both of them, in one sense, were profoundly modern in their outlook. Yet, their social visions differed widely. Mahatma Gandhi envisioned a society free of caste distinctions, a society in which the social and economic hiatus between individuals would vanish. At the same time, he rated the religious dimension, in its broadest sense, as the foundation of Indian social existence. He also championed a decentralised socio-political system in which "voluntarism", rather than compulsion and centralised economic planning, should be the instrumental device for socio-economic transformation. His creed of non-violence is well known. But we should also emphasise that he was a revolutionary who would mobilise non-violent protest against established order for the sake of socio-political justice. Some regard this as political asceticism. But given the "psyche" of the Indian to venerate the ascetic and the "guru", the Gandhian tradition has provided modern India with an ideology of radical social transformation without rejecting some of the essential traditional norms.

Jawaharlal Nehru, on the other hand, is a modernist, essentially imbibing the western positivist criterion and along with it a profoundly humanistic outlook. He is as much an heir to the values of the American and French revolutionary tradition as to the 20th century socialist ideology. He was much more impatient of the traditional Indian social ethos than his political mentor, Mahatma Gandhi. Nehru, as the moderniser *par excellence*, opted for an economic planning with emphasis on industrialisation and radical social transformation.

The point I wish to make is that the contemporary sources of modernization of India are themselves diverse. But, the very fact that Mahatma Gandhi and Nehru symbolise the visions and values of contemporary India demonstrates the synthetic nature of the contemporary Indian criterion. That these two stalwarts could claim the devotion and following of the Indian masses also attests to the role of deliberate political education to which the masses are subject to and heed to. Thus deliberate social change, quite apart from the inherent adaptability of Indian society for change, is a major factor to be reckoned with.

Not that other ideological schools are absent in the Indian context. There is the Marxist ideology which has a hold over a considerable section of the people, particularly among the educated sections. The impact of this in affecting the changes in the value system of the people is significant. But here again

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the dominant influence of Gandhi and Nehru is so perceived that even a good part of the Marxist value system is subsumed under their ideology. So, barring groups and sects preaching a return to Hindu orthodoxy or other parochial orthodoxies, the dominant social paradigm of present day India is still one of a profound commitment to change—and change to a just social order based on the dignity of the human being.

To what extent has this been translated into practice? Candour would demand a very very skeptical answer. For, as already mentioned, caste feeling is still strong and human dignity is still at a discount as millions live under below subsistence levels of existence. Yet, one should view it with a sense of proportion. At the economic level the overall performance of economy, both in the vast agricultural sector and the urban industrial sector, is considerable. India's growth rate in recent times has gone to nearly five per cent level. While large sections of the masses are still to be touched by the developmental process, some of these sections have atleast been able to assert their claims and project their power. The programmes of Integrated Rural Development, though subject to criticism from various quarters, have brought about some development at the grass roots level.

In this context, I should mention the rise of peasant and rural movements challenging the Government's policies as only benefitting the upper and middle classes. Many of these movements are inspired by radical Marxist or Maoist ideas. Not going into the question whether Marxism-Maoism is a better alternative to pluralist democracy and open society, I would like to state that even for the success of our pluralist democratic experiment these peasant movements have a contribution to make. Because, in creating a challenge to State power, they put the State on notice that unless it can deliver the goods through its pluralist institutions, its credibility would be gone. No doubt, such movements may also invite State violence to suppress them. There are Indian critics who say that this is already manifest. To me, however, such movements could be regarded as catalysts in socio-economic transformation and correctives to the constitutive process.

Coming to the problem of social inequality, I am glad that my optimism is even better grounded. I would take the problem relating to the condition of the so-called untouchables in Indian society. As some of you know, these belong to the lowest of the low in traditional Hindu social hierarchy. They constitute nearly twenty per cent of the Indian people. It has been our standing shame that the Indian civilisation, with all its wonders

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in literary, cultural and spiritual fields, has treated these sections as the float sam of its 4000 years of civilisation. Yet, it was Mahatma Gandhi, who in contemporary times protested against this announcing that the Hindus atone for this monumental inhumanity they perpetuated on a big section of their own community. He, along with many others, could transform the terms of discourse relating to this problem. A moral and social legitimacy has emerged in India during the last century that this inhuman institution should be discarded. Both the Congress party and all other political parties are committed to this new socio-moral paradigm.

More importantly, the Indian Constitution has categorically declared the institution of untouchability as punishable as a crime under law. In order to uplift these classes, the Constitution, as I have already pointed out, provides for a wide range of affirmative action strategies like compulsory reservations in Government and public sector jobs and for seats in educational institutions. To buttress these policies, many constitutiona amendments were also brought about. This is not to say that overnight these sections of people have attained equal status in society. Social prejudices, as we know, die hard. Not only this, the other upper castes, sometimes even protest against the privileges extended to the former "untouchable" castes. The point, however, is that even the protesters dare not question the moral and social basis of affirmative action.

We have already referred to the dimension of religious conflict manifesting itself in an acute manner in contemporary Indian society. This dimension is indeed to be despaired about. But we should also look to the ideological and institutional patterns that inform our society which contain the base of religious conflict. We have embraced the concept of secularism precisely in order to proclaim where we stand on the religious issue. While recognising the social reality of religious diversity, at the political systemic level, religion is sought to be kept out. Even now there is a healthy debate going on whether secularism should deliberately involve the State discouraging, or even denying, the role of religion in social affairs. Some of our intellectuals regard this as necessary for quick and beneficial social transformation. But others, in fact the majority of Indians, protest against this conception of secularism. They visualise a society in which people are given every opportunity to practise their religions and creeds but at the same time not permitting the State patronage to any one of these. Even

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Jawaharlal Nehru, who at the intellectual plane was a "positivist", could not bring himself to project a materialistic conception of secularism. We are proud of the fact that on the whole, Indian society for ages is known to have internalised the spirit of tolerance towards competing religious creeds. This type of synoptic view of religion provides us with a strong foundation to build our secular polity.

While communal and religious discard seem to belie the prospects for secularism, it should not be forgotten that in the midst of these negative tendencies, Indian socio-political system, both ancient and modern, saw prominent roles being played by persons belonging to all religious communities in politico-social matters. Many a Hindu faithfully served Muslim kings and *vice versa*. In contemporary Indian democracy, the prominent places occupied by Muslims, Christians and Sikhs is a record to be proud of. Of the eight Indian Presidents, we so far had, two were Muslims and one was a Sikh. The Indian Supreme Court has a long list of eminent jurists belonging to various religious groups. So is the case with our Armed Services and other offices of importance. Obviously this is not merely a cosmetic feature of our secularism.

Free India's achievements in terms of foreign policy are well known. We, under Nehru's initiative, evolved the idea of non-alignment in the context of the raging cold war in the post second World War world. That the newly-emerging nations should keep out of the quarrels of the giants is now being properly understood in the West also. Very favourable winds of change blowing across China and the Soviet Union confirm my point. The Western commitment to unalloyed capitalism and non-interventionist political system has been under modification since long. Thus, not merely co-existence but even convergence of rival systems seem to be a realistic idea.

The non-aligned movement now encompasses over two-thirds of the international political system. With the relative decline of the cold war, the non-aligned concern has shifted to North-South global economic issues rather than earlier political concerns relating to the East-West divide. Our demand for a New International Economic Order (NIEO) in which we claim a just share in international trade, and in order to do so are anxious to build our domestic economic infrastructure both industrial and agricultural is yet to gain an adequate response from affluent societies. Western societies should be well disposed to allow even a modicum of transfer of resources from themselves to the Third World.

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Our relations with our neighbours have witnessed many ups and downs. With Pakistan we have a running quarrel since both of us attained independence in 1947 after the partition of India. As a matter of fact, the quarrel is very much a function of the partition of India, which itself was a bitter fruit of our colonial legacy. We regard that Pakistan was unable to reconcile to the given fact of India's largeness and regional prominence and sought to align itself permanently against us. It is true that we are not completely blameless ourselves in not reassuring Pakistan about our friendly intentions. Unfortunately the bitterness of the partition of India and the surfacing of the religious factor conditioned our mutual relations for over 40 years. We fought altogether three major wars. In the process our region became an arena for super power rivalry in which often both of us willingly allowed ourselves to be used as pawns. Even now, thanks to the persistent rivalry, the Indian sub-continent is in the danger of becoming a victim to a nuclear arms race, in addition to a sizable concentration of conventional arms on both the sides.

As the largest and the most powerful power in South Asia, we are also subject to accusations of trying to dominate the region. The pride in being recognised as the predominant power in the region, gets neutralised by the criticism of tending to be the domineering power of the region. In this it is difficult to always dismiss the perceptions of our neighbours. But, our recent record has not been that bad either. In the case of Sri Lanka, it is at the invitation of that country that a contingent of our Armed Forces operated there, as a Peace Keeping Force, to help in the implementation of the political settlement between the Sri Lankan Government and the Tamil separatists there. India played the role of an honest broker in facilitating that political settlement in Sri Lanka. Within our own country there is considerable criticism about the wisdom of our sending troops to Sri Lanka. This very criticism shows the dilemma inherent in projecting power beyond one's frontiers.

The movement for South Asian Regional Cooperation is on since 1983. Realising the conflict-ridden nature of the South Asian Region at the political level, the leaders of the seven nations of South Asia rightly thought that initiating a regional cooperation movement as no effort towards functional integration of the region, would indirectly facilitate the lowering of the impact of the political discord among the nations of the area. India's role in this regional cooperative movement

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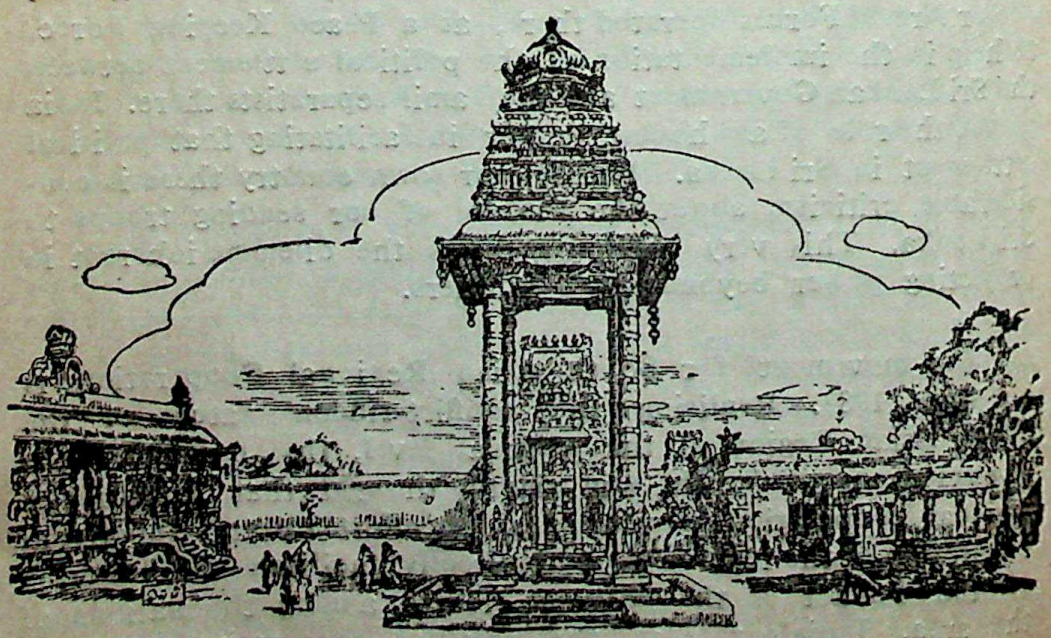
is appreciated all round and this to an extent is our way of assuring our neighbours that our bigness does not necessarily mean big power chauvinism.

Our contribution to the promotion of the objectives of the United Nations has been quite considerable. During the cold war days. India's mediation was sought quite frequently. If we have been strident in our championing of anti-colonialism and anti-racialism this is because these in themselves have been the goals of the United Nations. Even in the non-aligned movement and in the Third World Councils ours has always been a posture af moderation. Similarly, our record in using other international platforms like the Commonwealth of Nations has been a positive one. We used the opportunity provided by the inter linkages that diverse international organisations, regional and global, provided effectively to bring about a consensus on various aspects of world affairs. As a great civilization, our emergence is characterised by restraint and moderation. We did not project an over-adventurist ideological posture, nor crudely assert some sort of an Asian identity to promote our selfish ends. This indeed is a proud record. Scholars described Mahatma Gandhi as a gentleman colossus. This can well be said of the emergence of India into the comity of nations. We know that we have many things to be modest. But we also feel that our modesty and restraint are inborn and inherent, a legacy of our age-old history.



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LAST MOMENT

Prof. S. RENGACHARI

Dear mother, when you were lying
with a broken bone
they asked me
how you were.
I said better;
Thiruppavai and Thyagiah's Kritis
flowed from your melodious lips;
Doctors assured
nothing wrong.
I was happy
Mrityu was kept away.

Soon a spectral laughter arose
as if from nowhere
like skeleton dancers
bobbing up and down
around a burning pyre
in the midnight graveyard
sending amidst its peals
a noose to strangle
the strings of the lyre,
to put out the orbs
that gave serene light.
A chill wrapt me
with a death-like grip.

Thiruppavai : 30 devotional songs sung by Sri Andal, one of the Vaishnavite Alwars, addressed to Lord Krishna in the month of Mrigaseesha.

Thyagiah : A great music composer born in the 19th century in Tanjore District, who devoted himself to the service of Lord Rama.

Mrityu : Lord of Death.

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NEHRU THE NATION-BUILDER

Prof. M. VENKATARANGAIYA

[*Padmabhushan* Prof. M. Venkatarangaiya served in the Andhra University for a long time and retired as Professor of Politics in the Bombay University. He was a renowned historian, a great educationalist, an authority on Political Science and staunch nationalist. He was loved and respected by his students and all those who came into contact with him. He was a regular contributor to *Triveni* for several years. The following is one of his valuable contributions which appeared in *Triveni* for July 1964. It is a coincidence that Prof. Venkatarangaiya and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru were born in the same year (1889). Prof. Venkatarangaiya passed away at a ripe old age of 92 on 13-1-1981. — *Editor*]

Mahatma Gandhi and Pandit Nehru are the two greatest men in the history of twentieth century India. It was the Mahatma that secured political freedom for the country through his non-violent struggle against the British. It was Nehru that gave a definite shape to the ideals, on the basis of which the politically free India should be reconstructed, and from this point of view he has to be regarded as the builder of the modern Indian nation. It may take a long time for Nehru's ideals to be completely realised, but there can be no doubt whatever that Indian freedom will have its justification only to the extent to which his successors give reality to these ideals. There may be a departure from the methods he adopted to realise them but to forsake the ideals themselves will result in internal decline and disruption and danger from outside.

The ideals for which Pandit Nehru stood are, broadly— Nationalism, Secularism, Socialism, Parliamentary Democracy and World Peace. It was on the basis of these ideals that he tried to build the future of the Indian nation.

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Nationalism

Nationalism, in the sense of the inherent right of every nation to be free from foreign rule and to enjoy complete independence, was the ideal which inspired him in the days of the struggle for Swaraj. The significance of the stand he took in favour of the complete independence of the country can be understood only in the light of the views held by most other leaders at the time of the struggle. Swaraj was accepted as the creed of the Congress at the Nagpur session in 1920, the session which immediately preceded the launching of the non-co-operation movement. But there was ambiguity about the meaning of the term Swaraj and even Gandhiji left it vague. Many understood it as Dominion Status — the kind of self-government which the white colonies of the British Empire enjoyed in those days. Nehru was not satisfied with this, and he fought for defining it as complete independence. He ultimately succeeded in making his view prevail, and it was this that made the Lahore session of the Congress, over which he presided, quite historic.

It was his faith in nationalism in this sense that made him an advocate of the freedom of all colonial peoples in Asia and Africa who, like India, were subject to European rule. It was this that made him participate in the Congress of Oppressed Nationalities, held in Brussels in 1927, which led to the formation of the League Against Imperialism. His writings and his example became a source of inspiration to the freedom fighters throughout the world. It was this that made him convene the first Asian Conference in New Delhi in 1947 at which he declared : "Far too long have we of Asia been petitioners in Western Courts and Chancellories. That story must now belong to the past. We do not intend to be playthings of others." It was his nationalism that made him take up the cause of Indonesian independence in 1949 and play a leading part in calling the Bandung Conference in 1955, a conference of twenty-nine Asian and African states which became free after a long period of colonial rule. In the U. N. Assembly and in the Trusteeship Council, India under Nehru took up the cause of territories which continued to be ruled by imperial powers. All this is a testimony to Nehru's faith in nationalism.

One aspect of this faith is his advocacy of complete racial equality. In all countries subject to European rule the white rulers adopted an attitude of arrogance towards the ruled and treated them as inferiors, however cultured the subject peoples happened to be. Nehru tells us in his Autobiography that during his childhood : "I listened to the grown-up talk of my cousins

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without always understanding all of it. Often this talk related to the overbearing character and insulting manners of the English people, as well as of Eurasians, towards Indians, and how it was the duty of every Indian to stand up to this and not to tolerate it. I was filled with resentment against the alien rulers of my country who misbehaved in this manner and whenever an Indian hit back I was glad." It is no wonder that as he grew older he stood for the principle of complete racial equality. Nehru's condemnation of the *Apartheid* policy in South Africa, the support he gave to the coloured people in the Central African Federation before it was dissolved, and the demands of the African majority in Southern Rhodesia, his advocacy of the freedom of Angola and Mozambique from Portugese rule, are all the outcome of his anti-racialism. One reason why he objected to regional pacts like the SEATO was that they led indirectly to the growth of Western domination in areas recently freed from it.

The nationalism for which Nehru stood was not the nationalism of an aggressive and expansionist character, as was the case with fascism. Fascism became anathema to him, because it was based on racial arrogance, and was imperialist in character. This was the reason why if the choice lay between fascism and communism, he would prefer, he said, the latter to the former. Though both were dictatorial and totalitarian, communism according to him had the merit of recognising racial equality. He often stated in public that Indian nationalism would never be aggressive, that it did not aim at the conquest of the smaller countries in its neighbourhood, and that it did not aspire even to leadership over them. All this is in contrast to Chinese nationalism of today which, in spite of its communism, is determined on reviving the old and antiquated imperialist tradition.

Nehru also made it clear that Indian nationalism did not mean India's isolation from the rest of the world. He was a great internationalist, and perhaps the only Congressman who believed that at the present day no country could stand alone and un-influenced by what happened in the rest of the world. This idea was specially strengthened in him in the course of his tour in Europe in 1926-27. To the Moderates and the British imperialists, who said that independence was a narrow creed in the modern world which was becoming increasingly inter-dependent, he gave a lengthy answer: "I do not know what India will be like or what she will do when she is politically free. But I do know that those of her people who stand for

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national independence today stand also for the widest internationalism. For a socialist, nationalism can have no meaning, but even many of the non-socialists in the advanced ranks of the Congress are confirmed internationalists. If we claim independence today it is with no desire for isolation." As Prime Minister for seventeen years, he took an active part in the discussion and settlement of all international issues and came to be recognised as a world statesman. It was his internationalism that was responsible for India remaining a member of the Commonwealth of Nations, even after she became a Sovereign Republic.

Secularism

The second great ideal which inspired Nehru was secularism. He realised, more than anybody else, that the political freedom which was achieved after such a hard struggle could not be maintained unless there was complete unity among the various religious communities in the country — the Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs, Christians, etc. — and such a unity was possible only if India became, not only in theory but also in practice, a Secular State. Negatively secularism means the absence of any State religion or favour to any one particular religion. Positively it means equal treatment by the State of the members of all religious communities. Nehru saw to it that this principle of equality and non-discrimination was embodied in the Constitution and guaranteed as one of the citizen's fundamental rights. He knew full well that any the least suspicion entertained by the minorities — and especially the Muslim minority — towards the majority, would lead to the disruption of the country. It was such a suspicion that led to the Muslim League's intransigence in the days of the struggle for Swaraj and the partition of the country into India and Pakistan. Secularism should remove such suspicion.

The importance of Nehru's secularism can be best understood if it is contrasted with what may be called the religious outlook of Gandhiji and the communalism of most of his Congress followers. It is true that Gandhiji can never be accused of having been a Hindu communalist. He stood for the equality of all Indians and this made him start his non-cooperation movement, not so much for sceuring Swaraj, as for redressing the wrong done by the British to the Khilafat, in which the Muslims were interested. All the same he was a Hindu traditionalist and supported the Varnashrama Dharma. He spoke the language of the ancient Hindu religion. It was his aim to establish what he called Rama Rajya. All this gave

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cause for Muslims to misunderstand him. Nehru himself criticised, in his Autobiography, this attitude of Gandhiji and called it reactionary revivalism. Even his doctrine of Ahimsa was looked at with suspicion by the Muslims. Nehru had also the feeling that, " many a Congressman was a communalist under his national cloak. "

It was conditions like these and the fierce communal riots to which they led after 1923 that made Nehru conclude that secularism — pure and simple — was the only basis on which the Indian nation could be built. Secularism also came naturally to him. By birth, upbringing and education, he became a rationalist and an agnostic. He had no belief in religion, which he regarded as doing more harm than good. He says : " India is supposed to be a religious country, above everything else, and Hindu and Muslim and Sikh and others take pride in their faiths and testify to their truth by breaking heads. The spectacle of what is called religion, or at any rate organised religion, in India and elsewhere has filled me with horror, and I have frequently condemned it and wished to make a clean sweep of it. Almost always it seems to stand for blind belief and reaction, dogma and bigotry, superstition and exploitation, and the preservation of vested interests. "

It was Nehru's secularism that saved the country from the continued horrors of communal frenzy in the days following the partition and the achievement of independence. Even his bitterest critics admit that, in the aftermath of partition, it was Nehru alone who held the nation together. Another biographer says : " Without his decisive leadership at the time, the fate of millions of Indian Muslims would have been infinitely worse. " In a world which witnessed the extermination of six million Jews at the hands of Hitler and the evacuation of millions of Germans from Eastern Europe, it would not have been surprising if communal frenzy in Delhi and elsewhere had resulted in the massacre of millions of Muslims. It was Nehru's courageous statesmanship that saved them from such a fate. It was again his secularism that created confidence among the Muslims in 1950, and led to the conclusion of the Nehru — Liaquat Ali Pact. There were, at that time, in his Cabinet, some who said that for every one Hindu expelled from East Pakistan ten Muslims should be sent out of India, that Muslims could never be relied upon to be loyal to India, that they were all pro-Pakistanis at heart, and that exchange of populations was the only effective remedy for communalism. Nehru stood against them, and during all the subsequent years, he held fast to the concept of the

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Secular State, even though several accused him of appeasing the Muslims. Even today communalism is not dead. There are communal parties in the country whose thinking is similar to that of the cabinet ministers of 1950. But all right-minded men should hold firmly to the view that Nehru's secularism is not only right as a matter of policy but it is the only just basis for maintaining the unity and integrity of the country. It is also the only course consistent with the Indian tradition of tolerance.

The secular outlook of Nehru also made him fight against untouchability and casteism. He might not have succeeded completely in eradicating untouchability and the evils of the caste system. Untouchability continues to persist, especially in the rural areas. Caste has also been a source of strife inside the Congress party in most of the states. The remedy however for all this, and for the persecution of some of the old higher castes by the other castes, lies in giving greater reality to the secular policies of Nehru. In the view of several observers, secularism is the most important contribution made by Nehru to the national unity of India. Irrespective of what happens in regard to the treatment of minorities in Pakistan, it ought to be the duty of the majority community in India to respect the rights guaranteed to the minority communities by the Constitution. The doctrine of vicarious punishment has no place in our polity. Self-determination for Kashmir may be objected to on many grounds, but it should in no way affect the civic rights of our Muslim minorities. They are as much a part and parcel of the Indian Republic as Hindus, Sikhs and Christians. This is the true spirit of Nehru's secularism.

Socialism

The third ideal on which he tried to build the Indian nation is socialism. In this respect also he differed from Gandhiji and many other Congress leaders. He held the view that nationalism by itself is a narrow ideal, and that national freedom has significance, only when it leads to economic and social freedom — a concept which was alien to the thought of the Congress till the Karachi session of 1931. Even then Nehru's thesis was not accepted wholeheartedly. In 1927, on his return from the European tour he said: "My outlook was wider (than that of other Congressmen) and nationalism by itself seemed so be definitely a narrow and insufficient creed. Political freedom and independence were no doubt essential, but they were only steps in the right direction; without social freedom and a socialist structure of

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society and the State, neither the country nor the individual could develop much."

The theoretical basis of his socialism was the Marxian interpretation of histoty, and its practical basis, the Soviet experiment. He said. "If there is one thing that history shows, it is this: that economic interests shape the political views of groups and classes. Neither reason nor moral considerations override these interests. Individuals may be converted, they may surrender their special privileges, although this is rare enough, but classes and groups do not. The attempt to convert a governing and privileged class into forsaking power and giving up its unjust privileges has therefore always failed, and there seems to be no reason whatever to hold that it will succeed is the future." To him the nationalist movement in India was a bourgeoise movement, the leaders of which cared little to change the status quo in economic matters. Even when it became a mass movement, as it did in 1930-'32, it was dominated by the lower middle class. All this was in strict accordance with Marx's economic interpretation of history, with its implication that what is needed is revolution and not reformism.

It would however be a mistake to draw the conclusion that he accepted the whole philosophy of Marxism. He was primarily an individualist; his general outlook was liberal — and he had intense faith in democracy. Naturally he was averse to become the slave of any dogmatic creed. To him communism was such a creed. On one occasion he observed: "I am not a communist, chiefly because I resist the communist tendency to treat communism as holy doctrine. I do not like being told what to think and do." On another occasion he said, "Huge monolithic States under communist guidance may answer the economic question in certain countries, but at a tremendous cost. I do think that individual liberty, that is normally considered political liberty, does not exist in monolithic authoritarian countries." A little later he went to the extent of saying that Marx is out of date. "To talk about Marxism today if I may say so, is reaction. I think communists with all their fire and fury are in some ways utterly reactionary in outlook." His hatred of communism became all the greater when he found Indian communists taking their orders from outside and even supporting the Chinese aggression on India.

Nehru's socialism does not mean the equal or equitable distribution of poverty, but of ever-increasing wealth. Though it stands unequivocally for lessening the disparty between

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the rich and the poor and establishing a more equalitarian society, its basis is increased production. This conception of Socialism is entirely different from that of Gandhiji. Nehru had no faith in the revival of village industries or establishment of village self-sufficiency as a panacea for economic ills. His aim was the modernisation of the country through the application of science and technology to all economic concerns and processes. It meant large-scale production, heavy industries, and mechanisation of agriculture and transport. It also meant centralised, planned economy—an idea which he borrowed from Soviet Russia and which influenced him even before he became Prime Minister. From the point of view of both justice and increased production, he advocated the abolition of antiquated systems of land-tenure like the Zamindari tenure, and numerous land reforms of other kinds. He created a large public sector controlled by the State. Heavier burden of taxes was imposed on the rich and the middle classes with a view to promote schemes of social welfare. By socialistic policies and measures like these Nehru placed the country on the path of modernisation and there is now no prospect of going back to the kind of rural economy advocated by Gandhiji. Years ago Nehru said that he stood for the establishment of a socialist order, first within national boundaries, and eventually in the world as a whole, with controlled production and distribution of wealth for the public good." This is a far cry from Gandhiji's stand that that government is best which governs least.

Nehru laid the foundations for a socialist pattern of society. It now remains for his successors to raise the superstructure. National unity in the modern age can be built only on the basis of greater equality among all sections of the people. Socialism is the instrument for achieving such equality. The masses today are too impatient to bear their poverty any longer. Nehru declared some years ago with a great deal of truth: "I believe that self-government is good for any country. But I am not prepared to accept even self-government, at the cost of real, good government. Self-government if it is to justify itself must stand ultimately for better government for the masses." This is his case for Socialism. This is the one effective way of satisfying the masses.

Parliamentary Democracy

Another great ideal for which Nehru stood was parliamentary democracy. Through what he did as Prime Minister over the long period of seventeen years, he gave reality and stability to this

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form of government. He took a leading part in framing the Constitution of India on a democratic basis, and in granting to citizens the fundamental rights of freedom of speech and of association, without which democracy becomes a meaningless farce. He saw to it that general elections were held at regular intervals, as laid down in the Constitution, and that they were fair and free. He recognised the supreme role of parliament, made it a point to attend its meetings answer questions and take part in debates and discussions. He made it clear that he and his cabinet were responsible to that body. He allowed complete freedom to the opposition parties to carry on their activities inside and outside parliament. It is not his fault if these parties continue to be weak and disunited. He paid respect to the Rule of Law, and to the principle of judicial independence, though at times be swerved a little away from it. It is these features of his tenure of office as Prime Minister that contributed to the stability of the parliamentary form of government, and have made many observers conclude that it has come to stay. It is true that he dominated his cabinet and the parliament, but this domination was like that of powerful ministers like Gladstone or Churchill over the British Parliament. It is the outcome of his powerful personality, but there was nothing dictatorial about it.

All this stands in contrast to what has happened in most other countries of Asia and Africa—countries like Pakistan, Burma, Indonesia, Egypt, etc—which, along with India, achieved freedom after a long period of colonial rule. Democracy has practically disappeared from them and its place has been taken by some form of dictatorship, military or other. The tendency everywhere is in the direction of one-party totalitarian regimes. India alone has so far escaped from this tendency, and this is essentially due to the leadership of Nehru, a sincere believer in democracy. The army in India continues to be loyal to the civilian authorities. There is nothing to show that it is dissatisfied with the conditions as they are, or that it will ever attempt a *coup*. Such an attempt may not in any case succeed, when we take into consideration that the army is not quite homogenous, drawn as it is from several sub-nationalities—the Sikhs, the Rajaputs, the Marathas. etc.—inhabiting the country.

It is true that the ruling Congress party is riven with factions and groups making a stable government difficult. Speaking of the Congress during the period of the freedom struggle, Nehru said that Gandhiji was the Congress. We will not be far from the truth if we say that, since his fight with Tandon in 1951-52,

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Nehru was the Congress, and his grip over it prevented the factions from undermining the political stability of the country. Now that it has been deprived of his unique leadership, there is cause for misgiving. In addition to this there is widespread corruption from the highest to the lowest in all departments of administration and there is the consequent danger of the machinery of government breaking down. There is also the growing danger of war as a result of the aggressive attitude adopted by Pakistan and China in combination. Here and there we also see the existence of communal parties with fascist tendencies. But these are defects which can be remedied and steps are being taken to remedy them. There is therefore no cause for alarm at present and there is a fair prospect of parliamentary democracy functioning smoothly.

World Peace

We now come to the last ideal of Nehru – the ideal of World Peace. He lived at a time when the cold war was going on between the Soviet and the American blocs, threatening to become a hot war with the use of nuclear weapons, which are sure to destroy the larger part of humanity. He stood on the side of peace between them, and his policy of non-alignment, though misunderstood at one time by them, went a long way in preventing the outbreak of a world war between them. He fought against regional military pacts which extended the area of the cold war. He mediated between the warring camps in Korea and Indonesia. World peace he felt was necessary not only in the interests of humanity as a whole, but also of India in particular, if the Indian nation is to be built on the basis of economic prosperity and socialism. War or even preparation for it by the richer nations of the world would result in diminishing the amount of economic aid given by them to developing countries. For these and other reasons his became the voice of peace throughout the world.

Nehru is dead and laid to eternal rest. But the ideals which he cherished, and to which he strove his best to give reality throughout his public life, should continue to inspire and guide us.

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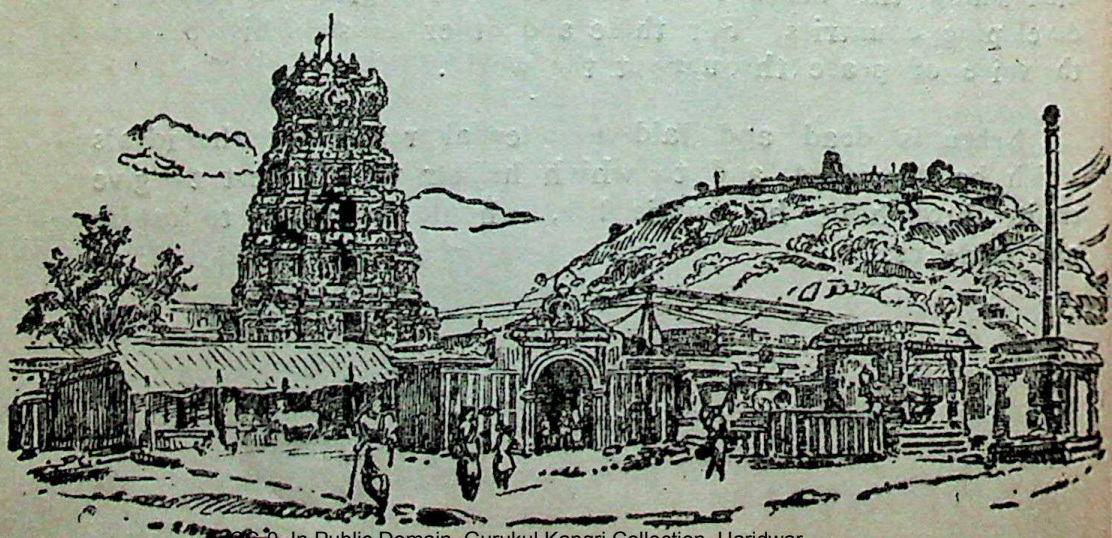
The Man Behind the Mask

P. K. JOY

For so many years I have been dealing with you with the mask on
and you have become so much used to this masked man
that you will start disbelieving me
if I now discard the deceptive mask
and the man behind the mask begins to deal with you directly.
Besides, in the masked world of the present time
everywhere I will be singled out.

So, much against my will
my true self continues to hide behind the mask
and suffocates with heavy heart.



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FATHER, GUIDE AND MENTOR

M. PATTABHIRAM

Asst. Editor, The Hindu

"That is the spirit of the young Andhra, idealistic, emotional, impulsive, lost in devotion whether it be to art or country, lost to worldliness but a gain to heaven". That was how C. R. Reddi described Venkatarangaiya 60 years ago, writing a foreword to his study entitled "Beginnings of Local Taxation in the Madras Presidency" which quite appropriately was the first publication of the Andhra University. The university is just now celebrating its diamond jubilee but there does not seem to be any mention of Venkatarangaiya although he served the university during its formative period with great distinction. That is not very surprising, considering that in an article written in one of the Telugu papers in connection with the jubilee, C. R. Reddi and Radhakrishnan too find a peripteral place. That apart Venkatarangaiya served the Andhra University as the first Professor of Politics — a department which he founded and chaired for several years. Politics as a discipline worthy of specialisation was conceived by him and the next 50 years were devoted by him to enrich politics as a subject of study going deep into certain aspects which were never touched by scholars before.

Whether it was federalism or local government, he formulated theories that were taken up by others for detailed investigation and if today they constitute the core of political science, it is not a little due to the untiring efforts of Venkatarangaiya. Precisely why Dr. G. N. Sharma said that Venkatarangaiya may be looked upon as representing the growth of political science in our country during a period of about half a century. And he added: Among the senior-most teachers of the subject he can be regarded as summarising the history of political science in India.

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Venkatarangaiya was a nationalist to the core. Although he did not go to jail during the first and the second civil disobedience movements, he *did* lend great support to the participants of the struggle. The asylum he gave to some of them clearly showed where his mind was. With a large family to support, he thought it would be unwise to desert the members. Bulusu Sambamoorthy, it appears, camped in Vizianagaram for a whole week to persuade him to come out of the college and join the non-cooperation movement. He had really a hard decision to take. He was barely 31 years of age with six children by then. Finally he persuaded himself to stay back although it caused tremendous disappointment to Sambamoorthy. His deep attachment to the freedom movement manifested itself in many other ways. And during the second world war, when C. R. Reddy insisted that the university teaching staff should do war propaganda, he was the first to resist it. But then a few years later he paid the price for it, when he was summarily retired. He had no regrets and in retrospect it was obvious that it was the university that suffered.

Of course he had no illusions about his own position in the university. He was, from all accounts, the most popular man with a big following and for this reason the powers that be viewed him with some jealousy. Therefore when the time came for me and my brother (Venkateswarlu) to take up the honours course in his department, he thought the best thing would be to ask us to seek admission elsewhere for fear our careers might be ruined. We migrated to Madras and have never been the worse for it. Venkatarangaiya had a special regard for the Madras University. It was here he took a triple first class in his B. A. degree examination — a distinction that was as unique as it was rare. He was a fighter, a sort of a rebel in the Andhra University, since he always championed the cause of the students much to the discomfiture of the authorities. If the B. Com. degree which was an integral part of the curriculum was finally accorded recognition by the then Government, it was not a little due to his initiative. It must be remembered that the Andhra University was the first to start the course in South India and it attracted students from all over the area. It was this course that gave a cosmopolitan touch to the university and yet the authorities took their own time to get its recognition. Viewed in this context Venkatarangaiya's contribution can hardly be exaggerated.

Venkatarangaiya was one of the earliest serious thinkers to warn that democracy in the country was fast giving place to

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what he called mobocracy. He wrote with some concern as early as in 1969 that politics has become the profession of thousands of people. In his view the class of professional politicians did not exist in the country before Independence. "It emerged after we got freedom. Most politicians earn their livelihood by keeping up some kind of agitation or the other. Politicians have become demagogues. Which politician cares for constructive work today? It is not so exciting as rabble rousing and it is not paying at all from the personal standpoint." These words were uttered more in desperation than in anger but that was what he found to his dismay.

We the members of his family had a deep admiration for his simple and austere habits. He never interfered with our decisions, although he was keeping a strict vigil over our activities. When we completed the honours course there was some discussion on the question of our taking the IAS examination but we were not much enthusiastic about it, since we did not like to take up Government service. He respected our views on the matter and never tried to say which career we must take up. We have no regrets either for what we did.

We of course did not hit the ceiling but I am pretty sure that each one of us did something to enrich national life in our own way. If Narasimham became a recognised teacher at the college and university level and Seetharam an innovator, Anandam entered public life with reasonable success besides taking a leading part in his profession. Venkateswarlu distinguished himself as an archaeologist — he was the curator of the Nagarjunakonda and Hampi museums and his thesis on Velanadu chiefs continues to be the only authoritative work on the subject. Krishnamurthy is well known in Defence science circles and has held almost the top post in the Government of India. Simhachalam has been working behind the scenes to give practical shape to constructive projects in Telangana. What did the women members do? Videhi retired as Professor of History in the Osmania University and the monumental work done by the eldest — Alladi Annapurnamma — for Harijan and social welfare in Nellore district is part of a legend. The only exception is number two in the family — Godavari — who was busy with her large family.

This is a personal digression and is written to show that every one of us was literally influenced by the guiding spirit. What surprises me is, he never even querried how we fared in the class. He never insisted we should top the list. Nor did he

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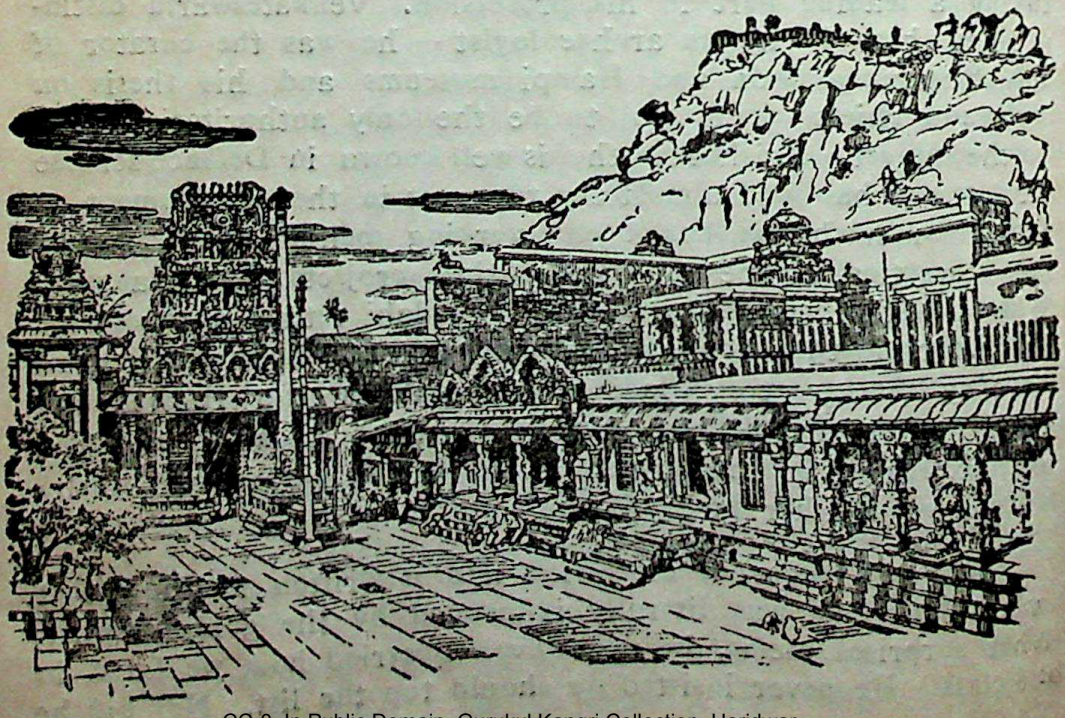
chide us when we did not fare well. And, to be frank, the mother was more exacting than the father. In the end it was a totally satisfying experience. Venkatarangaiya had a very alert mind and at 90 he was as active as ever. He wrote a paper for the annual conference of the Indian Political Association at Mysore and it fell to my lot to read it out, since he was not in a position to make a journey. But his mind was in Mysore and he had instructed me to send him a telegram after I read out his speech. This I did and a few days later he suddenly took ill and passed away on 13-1-1981, barely 15 days after the Mysore conference.

The theme of his address was Local Government. Only a few years earlier in a letter he lamented that he was not getting the kind of material he needed. He wrote : " No one here is anxious to do work of this sort. There is no research or study in the university. Teachers and students are wasting time on strikes and academic discussions on university autonomy. The future is dark. " Prophetic words indeed ! What impressed me most was his total dedication to work in the pursuit of which he sought the help of every one. The proverbial generation gap did not bother him, and this was precisely why he could carry on in a house which had 35 to 40 members under one roof. The regular stream of visitors kept him busy and none was too small to converse with. A giant indeed.



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THE DANCE

M. P. VINOD

They bear
beats wails
The dance begins
to end another
The juice stings
right on top
I dance
a mad dance
to the mad beat
of country drums
Cracks bursts glows
Strewn flowers
mark the way
A light moves
into darkness
I dance
A mad dance
till the flint
leaps up in flames
and feeds its bowels
and mine too.

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MY MASTER GARU

Dr. A. S. RAMAN

July, 1938. Friends advise me to join the Loyola or the Presidency at Madras to do B. A. (Honours) in Economics or Literature. But my father insists that I go to Waltair, partly because of his admiration for Dr. C. R. Reddy, and partly because of the growing reputation of the Andhra University as a good centre for social sciences. I dutifully obey the old man and arrive at Vizag one not very fine morning and (at about 6) check in at a choultry. I'm totally uncomfortable in this new town where I don't know a single soul. An idea occurs to me. Why not see the Head of the Department of History, Economics and Politics and find out from the horse's mouth whether I'm eligible at all for admission to the Honours course, though I'm fully confident I'm, on the strength of my high First Class in the Inter Exam. In fact I'm so vain as to think that I'm too good for the Andhra University. Anyway, I decide to see him. But who is he ? Where is he ? How does one contact him ? Of course, I can go to the university and see him in his office. But 11 a. m. is too far away. My enquiries at the choultry at last give me the information I require. His name is M. Venkatarangaiya and he lives at Maharanipet and what is of particular interest to a nervous stranger in his teens desperately looking for at least one friendly face in a totally cold, impersonal town, is that he is a very kind-hearted man. But I'm also warned that since Dr. C. R. Reddy and he don't have a rapport, I had better be discreet in my approach to the professor.

Now where the hell is Maharanipet ? I keep going into and coming out of street after street till at last I land right at his very doorstep. I knock on the door. A tall, lean, hungry-looking man opens the door and says, "Yes, please". I introduce myself. and say that I have come to meet Prof. M. Venkatarangaiya. He replies graciously : "Oh, please sit down. I'll be back

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in a minute." And he is back in less than a minute with a cup of steaming coffee for me. What warmer welcome could I have expected in my present dark mood? I feel thoroughly comfortable and tell him about my mission. He sees my mark sheet and says approvingly: "No problem. See me at the university at about 11 a. m. If you have any difficulty in finding your way about, I can pick you up: you give me your address." To avoid causing further embarrassment to him, I decline his very gracious offer and return to the choultry.

Somehow I reach the university campus well in advance and wait for the professor's arrival. About half hour later he takes me to his office, and gives me the forms only for my signature; he has already filled up the columns on the basis of the information furnished by me. His humility and generosity are simply divine. After going through all the formalities on my behalf with the help of the office staff, he says: "Now you are enrolled. You may attend classes from tomorrow." Before taking leave of him I enquire whether I can expect any financial assistance from the university. He says noncommittally: "I'll have to find out. Would you like to join the hostel?" I say Yes and he secures my admission to the hostel also. A week later, after the class, he takes me with him to his office and announces: "You have been given the Anantapur District Board Scholarship: Rs. 350 per annum". Overwhelmed with joy, I bend to touch his feet. But stopping me he says: "No, don't do that. You deserve the scholarship. Study well. My best wishes."

Thus began my three year long student-teacher relation with him. He enriched my experience in its totality. I learnt so much from him not only in the class-room but outside. He had mastered the art of concealing his profound scholarship and uncompromising intellectual integrity beneath his affection and compassion. He would analyse any intricate problem into its barest essentials and explain its implications in a language within the reach of even a child. He was unique in his style of exposition in the sense that he unmasked profundities of scholarship and made them seem utterly lucid and commonplace. As we students were busy consulting reference books in the library, he would watch us from behind and suddenly disappear behind the shelves to return with more books of relevance to our study. He would invite our attention to particular passages in those books and advise us to meet him later for a discussion. He took such a keen interest in his students that they felt thoroughly comfortable and cared for in

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his presence. He was strict without being stern, firm without being rigid, sympathetic without being sentimental, profound without being pedantic, and self-respecting without being supercilious. He was deeply emotional, highly intellectual and transparently lucid in expression. Whenever I had any personal or academic problem, he was the one and only one to solve it gracefully and realistically.

After leaving the university I remained in close touch with him. When I started a cultural monthly in New Delhi in the 40s, called *Our India*, he was my mainstay. Whenever I wanted an article on educational or international topics, he would send it to me within a week at the most. He never failed me. When he was at the University of Bombay as Professor of Political Science, once he had some work in Delhi. He wrote to me asking me if I could arrange for his accommodation. I sent him a telegram inviting him. When I made him share a room with that famous painter, Sailoz Mookherjea, he gracefully accepted the arrangement. The two became so fond of each other that when after four or five days Professor Venkatarangaiya had to leave Delhi, Mookherjea shed tears. Consoling him the professor said: "You shouldn't cry. You will be with me spiritually all my life. You have taught me so much modern art and I have taught you so little political science that you are from now on part of my intellectual makeup."

As Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly of India" also I used to seek his advice and guidance whenever I had to organise features of academic interest. Earlier, my editor, C. R. Mandy, had become so fond of his writing that he would ask me to approach the professor for articles on political and international affairs. The beauty of Professor Venkatarangaiya's writing lay in its brevity, clarity, elegance of expression, precision and incisiveness. His style was almost bland, but it had inner refinement and depth. He was never rhetorical or assertive. He was cool, objective, analytical and gently persuasive.

Whenever I visited Madras, as editor of the *Weekly*, I would visit him at his residence in Kasturbanagar and go back with new vigour, confidence and optimism. He had such an unfailing genius for making people discover their own inner resources and reserves. He was, in my opinion, a teacher in the best of Gurukula traditions.

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INSCRUTABLE JUSTICE

(SHORT STORY)

B. K. TRIPATHY

This happened about seven years ago. I remember it as if it occurred yesterday. It was the quest of an old lady pining for justice. I was then posted to Cuttack City in the law enforcing department.

It was a summer evening .... perhaps late May. The sky was overcast due to a sudden gust of wind along with heavy dust. Coin-sized rain drops lashed with the wind from the north. Cattle grazing near the river-bank ran helter-skelter with their tails up. Blaring of car horns pierced the air on the lonely road leading from Barabati Hill Fort to Cantonment, by the side of the mote. I was returning from office to residence at Tulsipur Colony in my jeep, when I saw an old, frail lady in a tattered white sari struggling to cover her body from the onslaught of the north wind and rain, standing under the old Debadaru tree, twice her age. Patri, my driver, who understands my sentiments, stopped the jeep before being asked to, and I extended a helping hand to the old lady. Reluctant, she was, as others are, when they see a Policeman rendering help; for, in the eyes of many, the Police are yet regarded as the instrument of oppression.

She was in two minds but she had no option. I took her to my residence. The storm was continuing. My wife, who was anxiously waiting for me at the door-step showing half her face between the two flanks of the door, was surprised to see the old lady who she presumed was my relative she had never seen before. She, perhaps, took it for granted that in Cuttack such visits by relatives and relatives' relatives are common. Without asking for her identity, my wife helped her get down from the jeep and escorted her to the drawing room.

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After a few minutes break, I came to the drawing room after changing my attire. The old lady was sitting cross-legged on my sofa; she was speechless, with crystals of tears rolling down her cheeks through her wizened face. For the first time, I asked her about her address, her worries and how I could help her. Silence was the answer but I could feel the searing agony inside her. My wife came with two cups of tea, and more or less compelled her to have some sips. I marked her "Argus" eyes focussing on my wife, her sunken sockets, quivering lips and withered body. There was a change in her face and her attention was totally diverted from me to my wife, flowing from a feeling of kindness, a womanly feeling, a motherly feeling. Instead of taking the cup of tea from my wife, the old lady caught hold of her hand and gesticulated that she should sit beside her. Before the batting of an eyelid, she suddenly burst into tears. It took some time for me and my wife to console her and cajole her to take tea.

* * *

Kuni Bewn, aged about 66 years, was the widow of Bisu Pradhan of village Patali under Gobindapur P. S. of Cuttack District. She lost her husband at the age of 40 and since then she was living with her son Gopal, daughter-in-law and grandson. The landed property, her husband had left, was sufficient for bread and butter. Being irrigated land all-through the years, her son used to raise seasonal cash crops and was honoured on many occasions as the best farmer of the Block. She and her daughter-in-law had shared many sweet occasions, when Gopal won different trophies for being the best farmer, and he told them stories of how the Collector or Minister shook hands with him, praised him in public as the true son of the soil and shouted "Jai-Kisan; Jai-Jawan". Pratima used to tease her husband for spending most of his time in the field, neglecting his young wife. Everybody in village was happy with Gopal for his simplicity, truthfulness and honesty.

About seven years ago, on a moonlit night, when the entire village was engrossed with the Spring Festival in the month of Fagun, a gang of armed robbers entered her house. Her son and daughter-in-law with the grandchild were sleeping in their bed-room while she lay on a mat in the inner courtyard, perhaps remembering the bygone days of her youth. The stillness of the night was broken by a knock on the door. She opened, thinking that village children might have come to invite her son to take part in village opera which they were organising

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for their village Melana (gathering of deities in Biman) to be observed on Purnima day. But to her surprise, she found four persons with masked faces, armed with guns and knives. One of them gave her a lathi blow on her head. Two of them entered the room where her son and daughter-in-law were sleeping and assualted Gopal mercilessly in front of his wife and child. Pratima beseeched the criminals with folded hands to save her husband and offered all her ornaments and cash, which she had saved from her household expenditure.

The miscreants did not seem placated. They took Gopal out of the house and gunned him and raped Pratima in front of her bewildered child. Plunder followed the rape. Hearing the cry of the old lady, village youth who had gathered for rehearsing the opera, chased the criminals and caught one of them with some properties. The matter was reported to the police who investigated the case and arrested all the accused. Some stolen items were recovered, which the old lady identified in a T. I. parade as her daughter-in-law's who, alas, turned out to be a psychotic patient from the night of the incident. The case was sent to court for trial.

An ominous storm had blown over the family of a simple farmer. To Gopal's mother, it was a traumatic experience, much more than her husband's death. She outlived this calamity because she thought it her mission to bring the culprits to book. The trial of this case came up four years after the incident. The old lady waited with a broken heart. At long last she was summoned as one of the witnesses in the court at Cuttack. Irrelevant questions were shot at her by the defence counsel. But she put up a brave front with the unflinching faith that truth will triumph.

Her daughter-in-law was examined but she broke down. After the bizarre court scenes the Judge acquitted the criminals giving them the benefit of doubt.

When the news reached the old lady in her village, she was completely baffled. Her mind was blank for some days and she forgot to take even her food. Her thoughts went back to the days when as a newly-married wife with a handwoven sari, she was told by her husband that the country was not free and Mahatma Gandhi (whose name she had only heard) was fighting against injustice meted out to the countrymen by the Gora Sahebs who were the rulers then. Her husband partook in some meetings organised by the local freedom-fighters on the banks

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of river Kandala (a branch of river Kathajodi). On his return he used to tell her about the message of Gandhiji, the heroism of Subash Bose and others who crusaded against the foreign rulers.

As a rustic village maiden, she used to hear from her husband, the heroic stories of freedom-fighters. Sometimes she had a feeling of empathy for their self-sacrifice. In the light of her wisdom, she thought that after independence, her country would be a land of milk and honey; there would be equity and fairplay and all would have a voice in the administration.

But this verdict rankled in her mind. The incident, in its sequence, passed through her mind. She had witnessed it with her own eyes. How then could the judge acquit them? What had befallen the system of justice?

She was reminded of an incident in her childhood days. Dama Sahu, a neighbour, had committed the theft of a coconut from somebody's garden. He was apprehended by the village Chowkidar, who used to patrol in the night shouting "Hosiar-Hosiar". Her mother had told her not to cry in the night or else the village Chowkidar would take her away. This was enough for her to curl on to her mother's lap. Dama Sahu, who was apprehended, was sent to village Pancha the next day. It sat inside the village temple premises. The village headman, after hearing the incident from the Chowkidar, asked Dama Sahu, who pleaded guilty, to pay a fine of Rs. 2. He was also ostracized from society for a month. She pondered as to which system was better, prompt and inexpensive.

Thought after thought flashed through her mind. It was maddening. She remembered some people talking about Chief Justice, the highest among the Judges who presides over the judicial system in the State. Why not place the facts before him?

With great hopes of getting justice from the highest judicial authority, she left her village by a private bus from Aduspur to Cuttack. She asked many persons about the address of the Chief Justice. Many thought her to be a mad woman but at last some school boys showed her the way to the residence of the Chief Justice. When she approached the gate, armed police-men stopped her. Though her entreaty had no effect on the hard-hearted guards, she did not lose heart. She sat under the banyan tree close to the main gate of Chief Justice's residence. At about 5-30 p.m. the Chief Justice came out holding the chain of a big dog.

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The guard saluted him and she was sure that he must be the Chief Justice, the supreme law-administrator. She rushed towards him and prostrated herself before-him. The white-haired Chief Justice asked her to get up. By then, police guards rushed to drag the lady away, thinking her to be a security hazard. But the Chief Justice asked the guards to retreat. He then asked her about her grievance.

Kuni Bewa narrated the incident in detail and the outcome of the prolonged trial. The Chief Justice was visibly moved and assured her that he would look into the case after going through the records and asked her to come after 20 days. From the tone of the Chief Justice she was convinced that her efforts might fructify. After 20 days, she went to the Chief Justice and waited for an audience. While returning from court, the Chief Justice saw the lady and stopped his car. She approached him with folded hands, anxiously and hopefully. The Chief Justice told her that he had called for the records and had gone through it. The case had ended in acquittal because material witnesses like her daughter-in-law could not stick to their statements during cross-examination, other witnesses were declared hostile and there was no evidence for conviction.

A wry smile appeared on her face. With folded hands and tearful eyes, she took leave of the Chief Justice. He sympathised with her plight and put Rs. 20 in her folded hands. She ran from the gate aimlessly and came to her senses when my jeep stopped before her during the storm.

The storm was not in her deep-set eyes as she said: "Daughter-in-law, I will go. I am happy to see my daughter-in-law in you, but I have pity for the Chief Justice — the supreme law-administrator of this country."

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The Poetry of Laxmi Narayan Mahapatra

P. ASIT KUMAR

I maintain the thesis that no serious poet can ignore any of the problems of his relation to others and the world which appear as configurations in his consciousness. This logically entails that all serious poetry in some way tackles these problems of relationship, though none so far can claim to have resolved them once for all. Any in-depth probe into the tangled skein of experience has an aura of metaphysics of existential pattern, not of any particular brand, but rather of a very generic nature in its explorations of the selfhood. The search for selfhood begins when the poet starts to negate his apparent identity as a social man. An artist is more isolated in his domain of creativity with his own experience as stuff and his own self as the companion than a common man who rarely feels any desire to get beyond his social identity. Therefore, I believe that negation of social self or in Freudian signification, the rejection of super ego and the search for selfhood are interconnected in any empirical guest for the real beyond the veil of the appearance.

Mr. Mahapatra is mainly a philosopher-poet though often his poetry seems to be the rapturous flow of emotion churning in the depth of his being as a result of some rupture sustained by him in his relationship with the world. He is hurt into poetry, to quote Auden's remarks on Yeats' Ireland hurt him into poetry. But in his case neither problems of state nor ruptures in family, nor unrequited love seems to be the catalytic agent for his poetic effusions. Much of his early verse appears to be a multichromatic representation of his acute questionings about the nature of existence. Often we find a sense of ontological insecurity haunting his melodious lines as a plaintive note of one who has already met with all-annihilating death in some form or other.

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To be aware of death is to get conscious about the fragility of man as body, a stark physicality amounting to a status as a thing among things. Death is not given as a datum in the total nexus of one's experience : it can only be sensed in some features of dead things, either a corpse on a dead bird, death as negation of life in others, but not as an integral part of one's self-awareness. But the nature of human awareness is such, that even self-awareness needs to depend on man's being conscious of what is other than self ; and the conversion comes easy for the poet who can transpose himself into others or implant the others in his soil of experience. The result of such an imaginative construction is felt to be the negation of life. His poetry abounds with such negations.

Of all negations that existentialists have often been concerned with "death" is the ultimate one, perhaps the only fact that negates all facts that compose the phenomena of being as a series of consciousness, each unit being created out of negation of the previous state. Let us examine a few death experiences he strives to depict in their existential implications. For an existentialist "death" is not simply a fact among facts, but a chasm that separates being from being positing nothingness between two states of the same consciousness.

buffeted by the treacherous wind
hangs my stupefied body
and my entity gets lost
in the cryptic moonlights'
kaleidoscopic dream-garment

(*Rta*. P. 9)

The loss of entity is the integral part of the series of negations culminating in death, and the anguish in such a situation is directed at oneself such as a body separated from consciousness. The body hangs stupefied buffeted by a treacherous wind and the moonlight weaves a dream-garment around this bodily awareness. The wind and the moonlight belong where the body belongs and identity on selfhood cannot be sought among the furniture of the world which engulfs human consciousness, simply negating it ultimately.

Now I have no existence
No form and no name
I am the indescribable being
form and name (*Rta* P. 13)

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The concept of death is transmitted from physical extinction into a state of the negation of identity. Perhaps death leaves a body here and now, a body that has its earthy identity which is not definable, because it is something to be characterised by the dimensions of space and time or can still further be explained by the mode of causality. In all other metaphysical systems except materialism, death is simply a departure of essence from existence, not an absolute negation at all. A materialist presents or interprets death as a physical or organic dysfunction or complete cessation of a process that caused the epiphenomenon of mind to appear. Idealists identify essence with soul, while materialists do appropriate it to matter. In neither case death seems to be a complete annihilation, but existentialist picture of death is out and out nihilistic since it entails the loss of identity.

So in his poetry which I consider to be positively existential, death assumes a number of forms each of which is a negation of whatever stuff constitutes a web of apparent identity or selfhood. The physicality of human body is simply a relation to the world, considered as something other than what one is. In consciousness this body is contemplated as something other than the mental state because the vacuum in the being is filled to the brim of awareness by positing one's body as something alien to this feature of thought.

> Look at me,
> how I am burning in the flame of Nirvana
> in the circle of this cold fire
>
> (*Rta*. P. 18)

So abruptly he has brought in the concept of Nirvana, that we feel a little confounded about the exact nature of his connotation of this concept. We are thrown into doubt because he does not try to define it any further than a few experiences of the nature of the loss of identity. As Buddhists mean, this implies an extinction of selfhood, a total negation of its relations to the world, a complete retrieval of essence from its trappings of the evanescent and the ephemeral. But the foremost of this identity is a forlorn physicality and its negation results a further investigation into the nature of other relations.

> I fling open my windows
> and behold myself,
> along the high way
> the flight of my feet.
>
> (*Rta*. P. 18)

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These lines clearly suggest that "selfhood" is pictured as something estranged from consciousness of the body, an otherness that often falsely makes up the nothingness of man as a bodily possession. The phenomenon of consciousness cannot be captured in its pure state, in its complete estrangement from the world. To destroy the body as a mark of identity of selfhood is to remove the base on which materialism seeks to build into superstructure. Mr. Mahapatra amply illustrates this negation in all his poems in his collection in *Rta*, perhaps to set his contents apart from the tradition to which he belongs.

"The Outsider" is a poem that provides a complete text for a featural analysis of his orduous search for identity. There is some nuance of Camus' influence in an aura of suggestions though it seems splendidly a traditional quest for man's home in a foreign landscape. The background is somewhat bleak and the tone quite dismal, not unlike what we encounter in Camus' world.

> In all quarter reigns a quietness,
> in the distant horizon
> nothingness flies its discarded garments
> the sky is embarrassed, stars stare at
> the vacant blue
> with a wearied look.
>
> (*Rta*, P. 20)

Here he depicts a cosmic background to project man's nothingness of existence against a vast inanity. If the world is taken for something there representing a correctness and certitude of existence, man cannot hope for inhabiting such a world because the climate is quite inhospitable. The objects may have been there and remain still, even in their fullness of being, but man cannot make an entry into this strange world except through his consciousness that captures this world as a fantasmal uncertainty.

> Footfalls, listen, whose footfalls are lost.
>
> (*Rta*, P. 20)

Man's footfall is a feeble dissonance in this quietudes of a sullen universe. The looks of stars are weary, the silence of the spheres intonate a monologue not audible to man, however he may attempt at putting a meaning into what seem so remote to his existence, his concern. The salient feature of this selfhood is its residential qualification, his finding a home in the world where he feels transported by projecting his thoughts into everything he sees and thus peopling all the inanimate objects with

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emissions from his awareness. Only at moments of such self-expansion the world seems a favourable place. The moment one withdraws from a contact with the world, one is bound to feel a shrinkage in his self-awareness; all the supports fall away, leaving him afloat in a miasma of inanity almost as endless as the receding space and the backwaters of time. So no hope to inhabit this world or to find a comforting home is likely to be fulfilled. The man remains an outsider.

Another important feature of self-identity is man's relations with his fellow creatures, strangers in the same place where he wanders homeless. One may be possibly constrained to find this kind of contact and interaction quite warm, soul-inspiring and practically beneficial. A man acquires his normal social identity by a set of interaction, by assuming a number of responsible roles he has to play just for the sake of being where he is. But can he believe these relations to be fructifying in his long quest for identity? Do these features compose the fullness of his being? The poet intent on dissecting this synthetic pattern of his social selfhood into several segments of his relationship with other men and women irrespective of their kinship, ties of intimacy, and social urgency of deeper contact.

In his long epic poem "Bhuma" he has explored all aspects of this socially meaningful selfhood.

O' my daughter, father, son,
Grandma, tell me, what's the spell,
O' the dweller in the cell,
O' you denizens of this Earth
that burns in flame of Hell.

(*Bhuma*, P. 19)

All relations of man have settled down on the barren world, trying to create a spell over what is so, fatuous and inane as human existence. All kinships, and intimacies appear to be as phantasm as delusions in the state of trance. When being is not itself, and consciousness is filled up with the dress of reflections cast by the viscosity of other bodies, the world takes on a dreamlike enchantment. Man comes to create a paradise of human bondage just to fight off his loneliness and nothingness. But this state of trance is as illusory as a man's dalligence with dreams under the intoxicating spell of narcotics.

The blank grows full
and the nothingness results in things with traits,
myriad forms of touch and taste and hue

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and this form full
that contains beauty, truth and good
and the forms do rise.

(*Bhuma*, P. 23.)

In "Bhuma" this existential quest of identity has taken on a different pattern altogether as the theme implies. In "Rta" he has gone through the tortuous tunnel of self-abnegation, pulling off the sheathe of identity layer by layer, arriving at nothingness that guarantees man's freedom to make his own choice among a profusion of alternatives. The entire theme of "Rta" is a phenomenological analysis of the nature of human substance which is none other than his flickerings of consciousness. This has two distinct poles, one extreme being a total nothingness when it is evacuated of all the reflections, and the other seems to be in a fullness which is an engulfing fullness of physicality. If Nirvan is one end of this consciousness, at the other end we may witness the complete richness of a sensuous texture that defines man's knowledge of the physical objects. In "Bhuma" the sensuous and the evacuation of all sensibilia are the two modal extremes so often pictured in many encounters and withdrawals.

The world is ecstatic
drunk with gloried worth.
The pearl in sea begot in shiny mirth
Out of dark wet womb
the spirit springs to birth

(Bhuma, P. 64)

Here he seems to have reached into the heart of the prime existential issue from his outset, so bleakly characterised by frustration, anguish and despair. Being pure and whole is the nothingness which only benefits man by helping him create himself at his own choice. But once man takes a leap into the world, he finds a fullness of being in setting up his identity through intimations of a varied existence emanating from the contingent phenomena. In such a state there is the grace of enjoying a world, a beauty that fills solitude with moments of pleasure, however fleeting and ungratifying in the long run. In ultimate analysis these moments may lose much of their worth, and the world may finally appear to be drained of all bliss: but these moments have an intensity of feeling that sustains man against the stark despair of nothingness. The poet has travelled from West to East, from his search for identity to a quest for the ground of becoming which seems contrapuntal to his initial stance.

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He does not resolve the problems by accepting a particular identity of man as the crux of his essence. This would certainly reduce the tensions which generate the materials of his poetry in modes of persistent contradictions. In his "Bhuma", which has strong transcendentalism played off against existential pursuit, the tensions continue to remain as strong as ever. And we cannot expect life with its enriched experience, so densely textured out of the warp of thought or woof of emotion to resolve into uniform compositions of some simple material. Any such expectation can only be fulfilled by resolving human existence to a monolithic conceptual scheme which any of the old philosophical schools may easily expect contrary to the existentialist approach to life.

In each poem as we have cited here as a singular instance the search seems to continue through persistent questionings to which he neither returns a definitive reply or expects his readers to adopt a particular stance. To be existential is to be always on edge of a precipice threatening with a fractioned selfhood. Questions are abysmal mysteries that stir man's consciousness leading it away from its cock-sure present into a very uncertain future. In *Lone Boatman,* a collection of his poems, the poet seems to be moving close to the metaphysics of transcendence without overstepping the problems of life. In his first poem, he pictures the situation in a polysemic way by comparing the passage of man through the world to be a lone boatman who slides downstream against his will, as if governed by some other presence which fatally determines the course of his voyage.

He will never know
where sails his boat
where does he drift ?
He only knows how to keep afloat.
(*Lone Boatman,* P. 11)

In "Dead River", his latest verse, we find a different trend emerging, a chronological concern equally disturbing; but the picture of cosmos that obtains here is partly Vedic and partly existential. The engulfing threat of otherness as something dead, static and cold remains, but there is brought in a causality to seek order in the weird atmosphere of a seemingly chaotic world. Does dead river symbolise life at one end when man feels his essence as complete nothingness from his freedom of action springs into the world, disturbing its equilibrium by a new presence ?

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Around me
there was the verdure of woods
and the dry trees scorched in the sun
or the sea with surf danced
or only the undulation of sand.

(*Dead River*, P. 17)

A. Russell describes this as the feelings of the ego towards the world crystallizing into thoughts of romance of creative selfhood, trying to make use of nature into moments of ecstacy. I think he is not quite correct in interpreting such lines as ecstacy of romance, or dalliance with the beauty of nature. To me, these lines appear to be equally poignant with a laceration implied by the dry trees scorched in the sun contraposed to the verdure woods. Again he has used contradictions to define his real ambivalence towards the world.

In conclusion I wish to point out some features of his philosophical poetry which is something quite original, disturbing and modern in its very relevance, despite his frequent use of Indian myths, philosophical concepts borrowed from diverse schools of Indian philosophy. I call his poetry an existential strain because of the compresence of a thematic and tonal contradiction in the very texture of his verse. The problem for the poet is to explore the area of human consciousness and the explorations as we witness in him is strongly phenomenological. This type of poetry is the resultant of two mainstreams of thoughts interacting within his scheme of ideas, the existential negative clashing with Indian transcendentalism.

A close study of his poetry reveals a positive attitude to life in spite of anguish, pain, torture, and human predicaments in all encounters between self and contingency. The picture is pantheistic, where existence is essence ; there is no need to conclude that the search for self-identity is vain as long as man remains free to expand himself either into the world or contract his consciousness into the still point of nothingness. God, nature, the beloved, or beauty of objects in the world are as true as dream, as real as life is, as evanescent as thoughts. Man at the other end of this polarised world is a fiction of consciousness. What remains as the ground of all these concepts is a consciousness with a creative function of its own mated to a very destructive potential. Whether we accept his philosophy as true or dismiss it as sheer irrational bubblings of a deracinated poet, his poetry does not lose the disturbing quality that haunts any sensitive reader who has put away his book long before.

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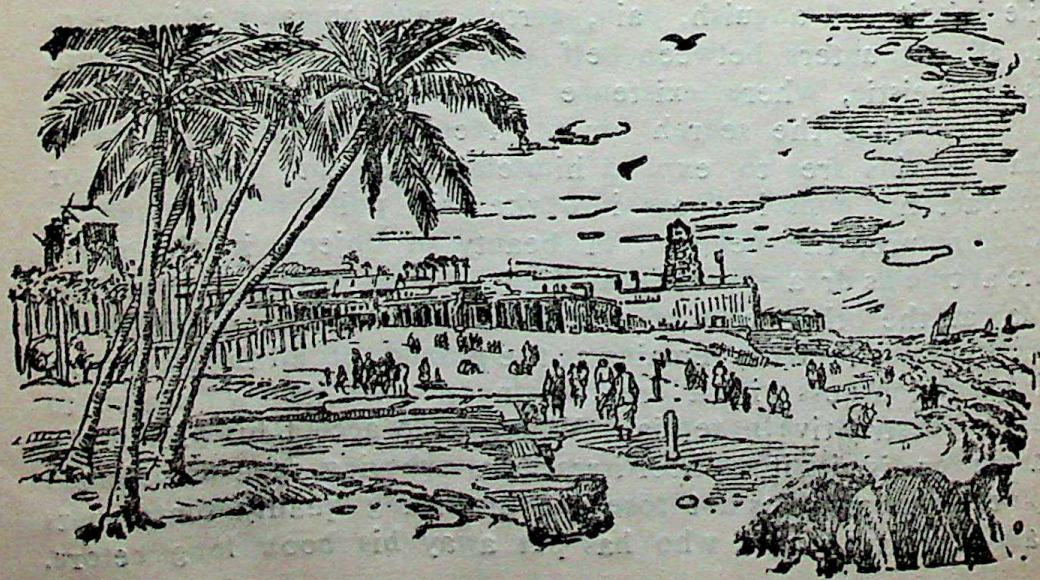
Intuition and Intelligence

Dr. SANKARA SREERAMA RAO

Intuition is a better guide than intelligence.
It is the product of a mature soul.
While intelligence is only a physiological process
Intelligence goes round and round
Without any finality.
While intuition goes straight like an arrow
Long and sustained practice
of right thinking and right living
Ripens into a faultless intuition
Taking the steering wheel
Of a man's life in a masterly grip.



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AANDAAL'S TIRUPPAAVAI - III

("The Resplendent Resolution")

The Traditional Story of Godaa's Life

Translated by

Prof. WILLIAM JACKSON

Indiana University, Indianapolis, Indiana, U. S. A.

(Continued from the previous number)

[*Readers, please note.*

"Aandaal's Tiruppavai" by Prof. William Jackson is being published in *Triveni* in three parts beginning with Jan—March 1989 number. Part I contains the Introduction. Part II (April—June 1989) contains songs 1 to 14. Unfortunately the song numbers were not given by oversight. We, therefore, request our readers to note as follows in Part II — On page 18, song 1 begins with the first line. Song 2 from line 8, song 3 from 15; song 4 from 25; song 5 on page 19 from line 6; song 6 from 15; song 7 from 24; song 8 from 33; song 9 from 40; on page 20 song 10 begins from line 3; song 11 from 11; song 12 from 19; song 13 from 27; and song 14 from line 36.

We crave the indulgence of our readers for the inconvenience caused. — EDITOR]

15

—You little parrot! I can't believe you're still dozing!
—Don't be so rough; be nice to me, girl, I'm coming.
—Sure, we know all about your clever talk of waking us up first. How can you say such things? Is that your only line?
—If you say so. And if you think so, well, leave me be.
—No, come on out, why hang back all by your lonesome?
—Well is everyone else there?
—That's right, come on, count us yourself. We sing the glories of the conqueror of elephants, Kuvalaya, the brave

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Lord who finishes off the foe. God is Mystery ! Join the song, come along !

16

Dear gatekeeper of Nandagopalam, chief of leaders, Dear keeper of the gate where banners and leaf-wreathes wave ! Unlock the jewel-inlaid door fixed with bells : Let us poor little milkmaidens receive the fine sounding drum from the Mysterious one. The Lord with the emerald body gave his word—just yesterday—that we could be with him. Heart-purely we have come and we sing these soothing songs to him—Dear Sir, don't say no before we've even finished ! Kindly unlock this gate—come on, sing along with this loving song !

17

Good day, Sri Nandagopala, generous giver of clothes, water and grain to the needy ! Good day, mother Yasoda, lady tender as the leaf of fresh new vines, glowing light of the Yadava clan ! Good day ! O Vishnu, you grew so high you split the skies to measure the world ! Rise, king of the angels ! Arise, sleep no more, Baladeva, lord of abundance ! Along with your brother, come on, get up, and join us in our song !

18

O daughter-in-law of Nandagopal who has the power to subdue unruly arrogant elephants, Lady named Napinnai, with flowing fragrant tresses, come, unlock the door for us. The roosters out here are cock-a-doodle-dooing everywhere, the cuckoos on the madhavi vines which climb the trees are koohooing ... You hold our world's fate in the palm of your hand like a toy ball—Come, sing your darling's name and open up this door with your lotus hands with the bangles jingling away — join us in blissfulness, sing this hymn, come along and join our love song.

19

Lord, you're rising from your slumber on the quintuple cushions of the ivory-legged couch, under the radiant lamp, rising from your rest on the breast of Napinnai, whose hair is blossom-fragrant. Broad-chested Lord, speak to us. Dark-eyed, wide-eyed lady, won't you let your lover leave, embracing life to life with him even though it is so late....You're no credit to your gender acting this way ; is it fair ? Come along, sing this song of the love celebration.

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20

Lord of play and good cheer, you go forth to calm the fear and trembling of the thirty-three kinds of godly beings; arise! O compassionate and valiant one, who plants fear of God in ignorant souls! Noble-minded one! rise from your bed! Napinnai, O Krishna's wife, you are Lakshmi, all-knowing! With your soft golden swelling breasts and your red lips and your little belly, rise from sleep, give us the fan and the mirror — right now, here, come and join us and sing our song of love, come along.

21

Son of Nanda, with a treasure of cattle which gush forth milk incessantly, filling jugs to overflowing, Friendly Lord, Light which has dawned in this world, Arise from slumber. We've come to praise and worship you Creator, Protector. Unity behind the many, the Vedas fail to express you. As your foes on losing their powers in your presence fall before you, so we face you now, and fall at your feet. Here at your door we sing out this hymn of love in celebration.

22

We are like deposed rulers from vast lovely lands, having lost their place, approaching you and laying their once-proud heads at your feet. If you just open your eyelids a little—like the slit in the bells adorning ankles, like the newly opened lotuses—then as with the rising of the sun and moon, all our dark errors will disappear dewlike as we sing this song of love together....

23

And as the majestic Lion of power, having slept in the cavern while it rained, arises and wide-eyed glances around sharply, his royal mane ruffled up, then shakes his body and stretches and then goes out—may you too come on out, with a resonant roar. You flower, with the color of a flower, come from your temple and sit on your glorious throne, and ask us why we've come to you, ah singing this song of love in celebration, and grant us our wish.

24

O so holy, this foot of yours which meted out the cosmos. O so holy, your arm which overpowered all Sri Lanka. O so holy, your fame in terminating the wheel demon with a mere

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kick ! O so holy, the poise of the stance with which you slew two ogres by throwing one at the other ! O so holy, your greatness which lifted the hill on your pinkie to stop the rains. O so holy the spear that downed the foes....So we praise your valiant acts again and again, we've come to serve you, we've come for your grace, singing songs of love.

25

You were born to one woman, but that very same night you were brought to another, who took care of you. Unknown in that home you destroyed those who came to destroy you. O fire in the heart of ill-willed Kamsa, your uncle. O compassionate Lord ! We have approached you to plead with you — if it pleases you give us what we need ; we want to join Lakshmi, we want to serve her. So we sing your praises to ease this pain of coming to you to be joyous with you — sing along this celebration song.

26

Sapphire-hued compassionate Lord, listen to our needs, which are traditional requirements : O Margali month bather, in your goodness give to us your *Pancajanyam* conch shell, milky colored and fine sounding, which sends shivers of thrill over the world, and scares foes and give other conches too, bestow nice clothes to wear and a good broad drums to thump ; bless us with fancy lights, give us flapping banners and a canopy, O subtlest sleeper on the primeval banian leaf, kindly join us and sing this love hymn now.

27

Charming Govinda, winsome winner over foes, we go on singing to you, asking for gifts, gifts all the world would prize. Give us bangles, armlets, earrings and jingling ankle rings, lots of these jewels to wear as we praise you, and satinny silk to wear as well.

Then altogether we'll delight in consecrated rice pudding with milk and abundant ghee, so much it will flow down our elbows as we eat, and we'll all be in overflowing euphoria - come and sing my song of holy love !

28

Following to the forest the moseying cattle who graze as they go, we shall spend the day picnicking there. What stupendous grace — we've been born as simple cow-tenders,

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the people among whom you have come and lived ! O Lord, free from desires, our bonds of love can never be snipped, either by you or by us ! We are unlearned country girls. We've called to you with the little name Govinda, full of love for you—don't be put off by us. Master ! Give us all the things we need for a life of love in you—a fine tambourine of song ! and join in singing this sweet song.

29

Now that you know the reason we've come here in the early dawn to serve you and be at your feet now that you know of our hymns to you who have come among us as a cowherd lad of the clans that pasture grazing cattle, you have to accept our service which come straight from our hearts and minds. O Govinda ! We are here with you not just for what we need (*parai*) but to taste your love forever and always, in all seven life forms (gods, men, beasts, birds, reptiles, waterlife, vegetables) you may in no way refuse our service (Kainkaryam) at your feet—it's our only way to you, so join in our song of love come along !

30

Those Gopikas, adorned so prettily joined the party of devotees and sang out their hearts to Krishna and received what they needed for their rites, received from Madhava Keshava, who churned the ocean, whose face is like the moon in radiance Jasmine-bosomed Andal, the daughter of Bhattar who fashioned the cool lotus garlands to ornament the Lord, has sung these thirty hymns with other devotees as a garland. Those who join and chant them all receive the grace of the mountain-tall, great-shouldered Lord of the worlds with his consort Lakshmi, and they shall abide blissfully in his presence.

FINISH

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Images in Alphabet

R. S. SUDARSHANAM

It is the w in woman
that fascinates me
to enter the secret place
I came from.

It is the s in sex
that draws me
to squeeze sensuality
wherefrom I sucked sustenance.

It is the u in you
that turns me back
to conquer the heart
that alienated me.

It is the r in rain
that sprouts into
blades of grass.

It is the l in light
that brightens life
to joyous vibration.

It is the o in doom
that yawns invitation
to death.

It is the b in big
that gives birth to a baby.

It is the i in time
that eludes man's grip.

It is the man in woman
who becomes creator.

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"Once There Was a War" and Steinbeck's Use of Fictional Modes

Dr. MASHKOOR ALI SYED

Hurriedly written war reports from the European zone which were sent or telephoned by Steinbeck, as a war correspondent, across the sea to appear as immediacies in the New York *Herald Tribune* in 1943 [1] failed to receive that much attention which it actually deserved and were treated less seriously in critical studies. Even when they were finally published in book form in 1958 as *Once There Was a War*, it was considered trivial and unliterary simply for its originally being nothing more than a datewise connected narrative of journalistic war dispatches based on the writer's wartime experiences on England, Africa and Italy war fronts.

True, it does not concern war as much as Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage*, or Hemingway's *Farewell to Arms*, or Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* or Joseph Heller's *Catch 22* does, although one often comes across many graphic and highly fascinating descriptions of war incidents. Here, for example, is a vivid account of German bombing attack on the theatre full of children :

> While Veronica Lake, long blond hair over one eye, sat in pajamas on a man's bed and he worried for his good and respectable name and the children crowed with delight — ten German fighter-bombers whirled in over the coast. The spotters picked them up. The Spitfires took the air. The anti-aircraft guns fired and two of the raiders were shot down. A third crashed against a little hill. Then a crazy, ragged chase started in the grey cloud. Spitfires ranging and searching in the cloud. The raiders separated and lunged on toward London, and on the ground the sirens howled and the tremendous system of alarms and defenses went into action.

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> Only one of the raiders got through, twisting and dodging through the defenses. He came racing down out of the cloud and right under him was the theater. He was very low when he released his bombs. The top of the theater leaped into the air and then settled back into a rubble. The screen went blank. The raider banked his plane, whipped around, came back, and poured his guns into the wreck. Then he jerked his ship into the grey clouds and ran for the coast. And he left behind him the screaming of children in pain and fear. (OTWW, p. 79)

One can, however, learn many things about war from such passages. But there is no war theme as such one often finds in Herman Wouk's *The Caine Mutiny* or Irwin Shaw's *The Young Lions* or James Gould Cozzens' *Guard of Honor*. There is no wartime bitterness, no portrayal of war horrors of the slaughter of Japanese prisoners of *The Naked and the Dead*, no army stockade of Dos Passos's *Three Soldiers* or of James Jones's *From Here to Eternity* of usual war novels. Like most of the war novelists, Steinbeck was neither an ex-soldier nor was he commissioned to write a propaganda war book he had done earlier in *Bombs Away* (1942). Nor had he, like Norman Mailer, any strong political convictions to offer a persuasive plea for, and nothing of his own earlier "celebration of democracy" of *The Moon is Down* (1942). Instead, he is here more concerned with "the human aspects", with the soldiers' fear of the repercussions of the war, with their anxieties and the rage concerning the more serious economic questions of inflation and of another post-war depression, the security of their family and jobs, "The real homesickness, the real terror, and the real ferocity of the war" (OTWW, p. 19) rather than the enmity, killings, deaths, cruelty, horrors, victory and defeat on the battlefield.

Nevertheless, in its presentation of characters and situations and even in stylistic devices and use of language, it has a conspicuous touch of fiction; it more or less resembles a story told in the typical Steinbeck manner; it reminds one of Steinbeck's fictional stories and hence transcends the realm of sheer war reportage for newspaper publication as critics have usually taken it for. It rather shows Steinbeck more acutely alive to the use of his earlier fictional modes of his *The Pastures of Heaven, Tortilla Flat, The Grapes of Wrath, In Dubious Battle, Cannery Row* and *Sweet Thursday* works.

Never does one come across such a wide range of heterogeneous characters in a single book as *Once There was a War*

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Alcoholic Goat, Private Big Train Mulligan, Bob Hope, Eddie, Sligo, Luigi and other belongs to the long catalogue of Steinbeck's whimsical and grotesque beings: Tularecito and Johnny Bear of his early stories, giant Lennie of *Of Mice and Men.* Noah Joad of *The Grapes of Wrath* and Danny of *The Winter of Our Discontent.* Tottering about on his long and knobby legs, the shambling Alcoholic Goat is not physically very impressive:

> He has a shabby, pinkish fur and a cold, fishlike eye; his legs are not straight, in fact he is slightly knock-kneed. He carries head high and his horns, painted in brilliant red and blue, more than offset any physical oddness. (OTWW. p, 58)

And in his love for nice food and beer and gluttonous eating he recalls paisanos of *Tortilla Flat.* He eats nearly everything: he can eat two hundred sandwiches, three cakes and can drink half a bowl of punch at a time. Beer he loves so much and consumes it so much that even non-alcoholic English beer makes him tipsy.

Private Big Train Mulligan, the Army Ford driver, is also equally interesting and delightful. Fond of women, leisure, good food travel and companionship, he has almost everything. Although not handsome, he is pleasant-looking, soft-spoken, genuinely interested in and affectionately courteous to women. He is never without a girl and knows everything about her. His talents, like paisanos in *Tortilla Flat,* lie in devising a free dinner, meat, newly-laid eggs and fresh vegetables for himself. He can rapidly eat while talking on all subjects without letting others know about it.

In point of stylistic devices Steinbeck seems rather more adept here in the use of similes, which, besides lending his language the intended effect, makes it more picturesque and entertaining. "The ground crew scurry about like rabbits" (p. 36); "Eddie concealed his poke as modestly as a young woman adjusts the straps of an evening gown that has no straps" (p. 114); "The four hundred lay on the blanket like a large salad" (p. 115); "The pile of money was ten inches high now, and spilling down like a loose haycock" (p. 115); the plane "flamed like a flower-pot at an old-fashioned Fourth of July fireworks exhibit. Her traces spread like a fountain" (p. 225); "The little woman danced more one foot to the other like a child." (p. 178).

Steinbeck's early habit of describing his characters in terms of animal imagery seems to be again at work when he writes

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about the leader who "looked like a weary and petulant mouse" (p. 174); the "naval men saw..... a tiny woman.....scrambling from under the grapewines and climbed up the steps like a puppy" (p. 178). Comparisons with mouse, puppy and dog are more recurrent in *Once There Was a War* as well as in early Steinbeck. Mary Teller "sat as still as mouse";[2] Jelka "whined softly like a cold puppy" (LV, p. 125); Mr. Pritchard's face was "sharp like a puppy's face and his eyes were bright and questioning, like puppy's eyes".[3] Samuel Hamilton loves his profession "the way a bitch loves her runty pup".[4] Norma "had become as intent as a setter pup watching a bug" (WB,p.40); Pimples "seemed to shake himself like a dog" (WB, p. 11); and Elisa "crouched low like a fawning dog." (LV, p. 8)

Nowhere such a rich variety of spoken language is to be found than here. As the American army was made up of men of different parts of the country, such a conglomeration of people was naturally to have different sorts of dialects among themselves. Steinbeck was a conscious writer whose attitude towards language is better expressed in his *In Dubious Battle* in the words of Mac :

> "Speech has a kind of feel about it. I get the feel, and it comes out, perfectly naturally. I don't try to do it. I don't think I could help doing it. You know, Doc. men are pretty suspicious of a man who doesn't talk their way. You can insult a man pretty badly by using a word he doesn't understand. May be he won't say anything, but he'll hate you for it".[5]

Steinbeck knows his characters well and as he had done earlier in *The Grapes of Wrath, In Dubious Battle, Of Mice and Men,* puts all the right words in their mouths. One can here hear the soldiers speaking pidgin English, talking in broad Georgian accents a "sour French thrown here and there" and also conversing them with each other through hands by acting out their conversation in detail. (p. 123) Private Big Train Mulligan though speaks picturesque English when he refers to "a toothy smiling girl as looking like a jackass eating bumblebees," (p. 87) it has a touch of Georgia-Oxford dialect in his addressing people as "mate" or "mait". He doesn't differentiate between a petrol station and a gas station but refers to lift and braces. Sligo's is Brooklyn English: "I'm not supposed to be here. Hey don't put me on dis ship. Hey, I'm Americano, Americano... soldier. You canna poot me here". (p. 132) Luigi's is bannana pushcart and the pizzerias spaghetti patois.

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Other soldiers narrate the war anecdotes, interludes, stories and their experiences in manual pidgin and colloquial idiom :

> One elderly man lost his whole house by fire. He saved an old rocking chair. He took it everywhere with him : wouldn't leave it for a moment. His whole family was killed, but he hung on to that rocking chair. He wouldn't sit in it. He sat on the ground beside it, but you couldn't get it away from him. (OTWW, p. 61).

Told in simple and toothsome vernacular, it clearly has story-teller's exuberant elaboration which recalls to mind Steinbecks' early Junius Maltby's goat-purchasing anecdote in *The Pastures of Heaven* and one-legged whore interlude of *The Grapes of Wrath* and Cornelia's gift pig story of *Tortilla Flat*. *Once There Was a War* also abounds in such delightful stories and anecdotes which unmistakably reveal Steinbeck's strength, skill and individuality as a good story-teller. The entire chapter "Stories of the Blitz" consists of such charming tales. In addition to these, the unlucky end of the lucky gambler, Eddie's game ; the rescue of a pregnant womBn by soldiers ; Bugs' mirror anecdote ; Sligo's disguised escape as an Italian prisoner to America ; American soldiers grape-throwing Italian reception drenching them in grape juice and raising swarms of flies, with throwing four pound weighing pink amaryllis seasonal flower almost wounding and hurting them, are some of the most amusing independent tales which can be read separately for their own sake, like the ten stories of *The Pastures of Heaven*, even without sacrificing the meaning and vision of the book.

Far from providing coherence and compactness to the book all these tales and anecdotes make *Once There Was a War* loose and episodic in structure — typical of early Steinbeck ; *The Pastures of Heaven* and *Tortilla Flat* being the early notable examples. According to his own admission concerning *The Pastures of Heaven*, he wrote to his agent in 1931 :

> The manuscript is made up of stories each one complete in itself, having its rise, climax and ending. Each story deals with a family or individual. They are tied together only by the common locality and by the contact with the M...[6]

The letter obviously testifies that he always thought of his novels in terms of episodes which were later developed into full-length books. He mentioned the germ anecdotes of two of his *Tortilla Flat* stories of Corporal and his son and of the thwarted love of the Veijo Ravanno.[7] His *The Pearl* is based on an incident he heard on his Sea of Cortez expedition and recorded therein.[8]

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It cannot be gainsaid that all components of *Once There Was a War* do not hold together as tightly as that of many twentieth century war novels; there is no Munroe family of *The Pastures of Heaven*; or Huck Finn of Mark Twain's *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, or Herman Melville's trickster of *The Confidence-Man*, to provide the physical link to the *Once There Was a War* episodes as such. But I see no reason at all why the author's presentation of "the human aspects," Steinbeck confines himself to, cannot be a unifying element to the tenuous plot of *Once There Was a War*. Since Steinbeck did not intend to write it as a novel, [9] it may not have the refined characters and dialogues, well thought-out and properly conceived plot and proper organisation of material in spite of his revision, correction and chapter headings in the *Tortilla Flat* and *Sweet Thursday* manner of a good novel, but its literary qualities cannot, however, be negated and denied. Whether it is superior to his other works, *Tortilla Flat*, *Of Mice and Men* and *The Grapes of Wrath* or not, is rather difficult to say; but it is certainly much better than many of his latter writings. It may not be a distinguished piece of writing, it is not a bad one also, quite unfit for critical studies as critics have often noticed. It shows, indeed, Steinbeck's keen interest in the novel both as a tradition and a form.

Notes

1. John Steinbeck, *Once There Was a War* (1943, rpt. New York, Viking, 1958), p. xi. Hereafter cited as *OTWW* and all page references in the text are to this edition.
2. John Steinbeck. *The Long Valley* (1933, rpt. New York: Bantam Books, (1967) p. 22. Hereafter cited as *LV*.
3. John Steinbeck, *The Wayward Bus* (1947; rpt. London: Corgi Books, 1969), p. 40. Hereafter cited as *WB*.
4. John Steinbeck, *East of Eden* (1952; rpt. New York: Bantam Books, 1967) p. 263. Hereafter cited as *EE*.
5. John Steinbeck, *In Dubious Battle* (1936, rpt. Cleveland and New York; The World Publishing Company, 1947), p. 142. For more details about Steinbeck's use of realistic language see Peter Lisca, *The Wide World of John Steinbeck* (Brunswick N. J., 1958), pp. 110-112.
6. Peter Lisca, *The Wide World*, p. 57.
7. Ibid., pp. 72-73.
8. John Steinbeck, *The Log from the Sea of Cortez*, (1941; rpt. London: Pan Books, 1971), pp. 162-163.
9. Peter Lisca, *The Wide World*, p. 197.

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SLEEP

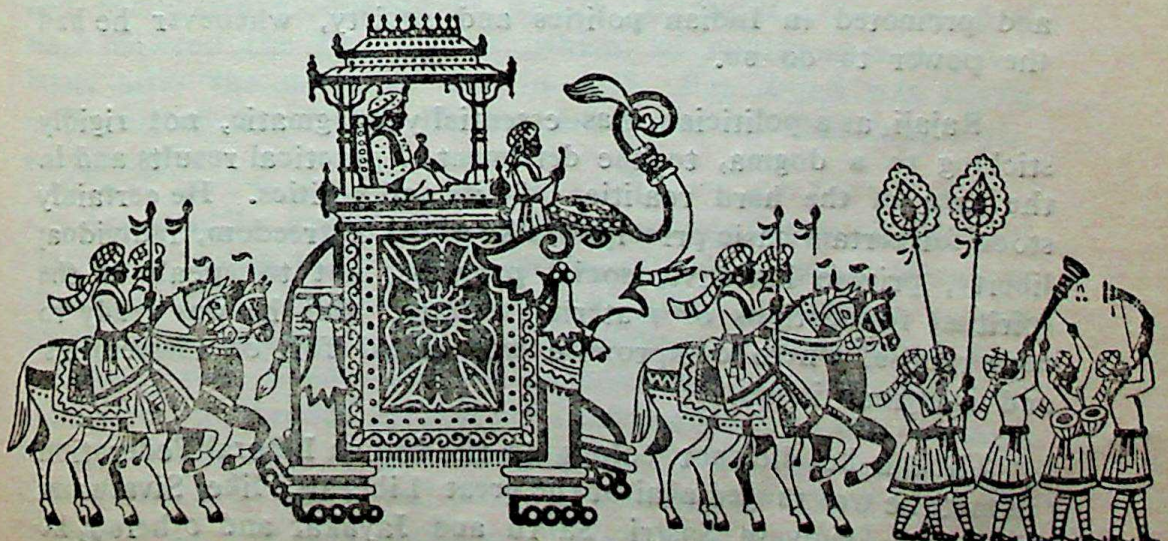
INDIRA SANT

Translated from Marathi by Shrikant Tambe

Neatly to arrange mosquito net, quilt
Make things serviceable
And in the subdued light by the pillow
To reach a different world
While turning leaf after leaf over....

To return some time after by habit
And sip unburried draught after draught
Of strong black coffee. Of a tumbler full of sleep
As bitter as sweet.

Each draught with a different taste :
Of deep content. Of unbearable agony, pain.
Of a tribute of dreams.
Of the difficult *tarana* of the future
And at times, of the misty moon
Swiftly running through cloudy sky.



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RAJAJI AS A POLITICAL THINKER

Dr. D. ANJANEYULU

Like many other great men the world over, C. Rajagopalachari (or Rajaji, as he was popularly known and fondly addressed), was a mixture of opposites, if not exactly a bundle of contradictions. He was reputed to be a conservative of conservatives, but, he initiated many reforms, social and political, which could have been hailed as radical and feared as revolutionary, had they come from other hands. A confirmed *no-changer* in Congress politics, he played the premier role of a pro-changer on more occasions than one. One of the earliest *satyagrahis* in the struggle for freedom, believed to be the conscience-keeper of the Mahatma, he often took positions at the opposite pole, braving, widespread opposition, unpopularity, even political ostracisation, in the process.

In the forefront of the fight against British imperialism, since 1919 or even earlier, spending many years in British jails, he took care to see that many of the values that he had imbibed from the British political system and the Western Intellectual tradition, including the European enlightenment, were preserved, and promoted in Indian politics and society, whenever he had the power to do so.

Rajaji, as a politician, was essentially pragmatic, not rigidly sticking to a dogma, to the detriment of practical results and in the face of the hard realities of life and politics. He certainly stood for certain basic principles, like political freedom, individual liberty, private initiative, social progress, not to speak of the spiritual foundations of material welfare. But he was ready to compromise, where compromise was called for, on inessentials and marginal issues.

Though he did not belong to the Indian Liberal Federation (in fact, he was ranged against the great Liberals, like Sivaswami Aiyer and Srinivasa Sastri, Sapru and Jayakar and others), he

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seemed to have imbibed the quintessence of classical liberalism, represented by Mill '*On Liberty*' and Morely '*On Compromise*'. He knew the art of where to compromise and where not, separating the chaff from the grain, standing for principle and letting the subsidiaries go, sticking to the substance, leaving the shadows to take care of themselves.

To take the points in their chronological order, it was at the Gaya Congress in 1922, under the presidentship of Deshabandhu C. R. Das, that the problem of Council entry took an urgent and serious turn *vis-a-vis* non-cooperation and the constructive programme. It was the stand taken by Das and his followers, that Congressmen, at least some of them, could be allowed to stand for elections and enter the Councils, to prove their mettle and the parliamentary democratic credentials, of the Indian National Congress, and ultimately to wreck the Constitution, if not to work it. There was a strong body of opinion in favour of this, supported by Motilal Nehru, N. C. Kelkar, Vithalbhai Patel, and others in the North and Srinivasa Iyengar, Satyamurti, Prakasam and others in the South. These were known as the '*Pro-changers*'. The other side, sticking to the principle of total non-cooperation with the Government and the constructive programme, without any change of policy under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi, were known as the '*No-Changers*'. They included seasoned Gandhites like Sardar Patel, Babu Rajendra Prasad, Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya and C. Rajagopalachari.

The main resolution, on behalf of the no-changers, was either moved, or seconded by Rajaji, but it was carried, though with a narrow majority, thanks to the intellectual resourcefulness and persuasive eloquence of Rajaji. It marked the parting of ways between the two groups, which, of course, came together later, after the death of Das in 1925. But Rajaji was known as the high-priest, if not the prophet (who was Gandhiji) of the no-changers.

Surprisingly enough, in 1937, after the elections under provincial autonomy, when the Congress, after long deliberation and some dithering, decided in favour of office acceptance, it was Rajaji, the high-priest of the no-changers, preoccupied with propagation of Khadi, prohibition and rural reconstruction programme at the Gandhi Ashram at Tiruchengode, who was favoured for the leadership of the Congress party and the formation of the Ministry. This is not the place to discuss the merits and demerits of the aspirants to the position or the justice and

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injustice of the ultimate choice made. In the event, it turned out extremely well, earning a lot of prestige for the Congress Ministry of Madras.

It was proved that Indians, when entrusted with the high responsibility of administration, could prove as good as, or even better than, their British counterparts. Rajaji's flair for administration, with emphasis on order, discipline and good government, was seen to advantage during the years 1937-39.

Critics were not wanting, who found fault with Rajaji for the apparent contradictions in his attitude, suggesting a possible falling off from the original principle and an obvious compromise with contrary forces, in the interest of expediency. For instance, the eminent journalist, Khasa Subba Rau (who came to be an ardent admirer of Rajaji later) pulled no punches in attacking him in 1939 or 1940.

He wrote in *Men in the Limelight*:

> "...but C. R. functions in diverse capacities in significant styles that seem somehow to cast subtle challenges at the essential spirit of the roles in which he appears. Thus he is a nationalist by profession, with an administrative record filled largely with bolsterings of communalism. He is a Congressman with a rather diluted regard for other brothers of the faith, and all his considerateness seems to be reserved for Justicites, Liberals, Europeans and the Services. One feels that a word of an I. C. S. Civilian weighs far more with C. R. than the combined judgement of colleagues of his own party. He has taken asceticism as the staff of life, but other ascetics get very little of his attention, which is rarely denied by him to millionaires. He is a Satyagrahi with truth and non-violence for mottoes, but he is a veritable Chanakya in politics with a genius for intrigue, unequalled in our times."

We should realise that by the year 1937, the old polarisation between the no-changers and the pro-changers, arising in a different context, no longer hold good. It lost its relevance, because of the changed political situation; Rajaji did not see any lasting wisdom in adopting inflexible attitudes, like non-co-operation and co-operation, Swadeshi, Videshi, nationalism, cosmopolitanism, etc. Same is the case with issues like the teaching of Hindi. Rajaji like other Congress leaders, was a staunch advocate of the propagation of Hindi as a "national language" in 1937. But by the early 'Sixties, 1960-62, he became one of the spearheads

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of informed and intelligent opposition to the rising tide of Hindi domination as an official language. Before Independence, he was opposed to the domination of English, under the British administration, to the neglect of the Indian languages. When he realised the new dangers, after coming face to face with the realities of the new situation, he did not hesitate to take a stand that would throw him out of favour with the ruling party and the establishment at the Centre.

An ardent Congressman for about 35 to 40 years, Rajaji felt that when the Congress leadership tended to become dictatorial, because of the continuous, unchallenged, monopoly of power in free India it was high time that a strong opposition was organised. As a deep student of British politics, he learnt to believe in the value of a party-system for an effective, viable parliamentary democracy.

Writing on *Our Democracy* he said in *Swarajya :*

> "A strong opposition is essential for the health of democratic Government. In a democracy, based on universal suffrage, Government of the majority without an effective opposition is like driving a donkey on whose back you put the whole load in one bundle. The two-party system steadies movement by putting a fairly equal load into each pannier. In the human body also, the two eyes and two ears, aid a person to place the objects seen and heard. A single-party democracy soon loses its sense of proportion. It sees, but cannot place things in perspective or apprehend all sides of a question. This is the position in India today. "

It is the same position today, 30 years or so, after these words were written. Though the forms of democracy seem to have survived, the true spirit that should inform it, had obviously vanished, if it ever had been absorbed here.

On the parting of ways and growing conflict of views between Rajaji and Nehru, Monica Felton (the author of *I Meet Rajaji* wrote (Page 185):

> " One day I said to him, ' I have been thinking that if I were the mother of you and the P. M., I would bang your two heads together and tell you to stop arguing and to settle down and run things together. Each of you has qualities that the other has not, and which this country badly needs. You would make a superb combination'. "

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To which, he smiled faintly and answered :

> "But it is too late. Our P. M. has arrived at a point at which it is impossible for him to change his views. He has got into a settled habit of thinking that everything must be done in a hurry. And I have reached a detachment, which makes it out of the question that I should ever again return to public affairs."

And yet, he did return to public affairs, when he founded the Swatantra Party in 1959, which he described as the Conservative Party of India at the inaugural meeting at the auditorium of the Vivekananda College, with intellectuals like Minoo Masani and others present there.

Rajaji is often described as a "Conservative", by public reputation, as also on his own admission, which has to be understood in the proper perspective. He was indeed a conservative, in the sense that he wanted to conserve what is worth conserving in native tradition, while borrowing the systems from abroad and adapting them to our requirements. In his attitude to political ideas, he was neither affected by xenolatry (worship of all things foreign), which was the fashion in certain quarters, nor by xenophobia, which seems to be the bane of certain indigenous regional parties, self-complacent in their own native glory of wallowing in revivalist attitudes, and revelling in socio-cultural, literary-historical, myths in pursuit of their populist policies, as a psychological substitute for concrete, progressive programmes.

Rajaji was a liberal (with an 'l' in the lower case), without ever belonging to a Liberal Party so called. This fact becomes all the more relevant, when we remember that the distinction between "enlightened conservatism" and "pragmatic liberalism" has almost disappeared now, even in Britain and other parliamentary democracies, of the advanced countries of the West.

Rajaji's approach to issues could be described as pragmatic, not partisan ; dynamic, not dogmatic. On the issue of a ban on Nuclear proliferation, he found himself in the company of the Indian Communists, whom he had earlier called his "Enemy Number One", in a different context.

On the Cripps offer (in 1942), he was for giving it a "try" ; in this he was in the very select and distinguished company of Sri Aurobindo, who sent his personal emissary, S. Duraiswami Aiyer, to Simla to plead with the Congress leaders to accept it.

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On the separatist demand of the Muslim League under the leadership of Jinnah, Rajaji was for conceding autonomy, if possible, and partition, if inevitable, as the only way out of the political impasse — the only key to the deadlock. With his robust commonsense, he said it was better for two brothers to partition their patrimony than to stay on together in tension, always flying at each other's throats.

Rajaji would have quite approved of the utilitarian ideal of the greatest good of the largest number, whatever the label of a political party might be. He was aware, earlier than others, that the real conflict was between "democracy" in whatever form on the one side and "totalitarianism" and other forms of "authoritarianism" on the other.

We shall do well to recognise that Rajaji was "conservative" without being "reactionary", "orthodox" without being "obscurantist", "radical" without being "revolutionary", "progressive" (or forward-looking) without being "Marxist" or "communist", and "democratic" without being "populist".

DESIRES

BETTY PAUL

They say being without desires
Is the only way to happiness
This seemed a very negative path
A myth not to be taken seriously.

So like everyone, I too had
My desires, though never very strong,
I too wanted many things
Some I got and some I didn't.

But both I found equally
Empty, fulfilled and unfulfilled
Desires had the same dead taste
Now, desiring nothing any longer
I find I am happy with everything.

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ASAF ALI

A Centenary Tribute

Prof. P. S. SUNDARAM

Each year as it rolls along marks the birth centenary of one or other of our Freedom Fighters. As most of these fighters were congressmen and our Government at the Centre is a Congress Government, an excellent opportunity is thus provided to project the image of the Congress. The Nasik Printing Press can be ordered to print stamps. For the V. V. I. P's, especially if they belong to a minority community, lakhs of rupees can be spent in putting up statues and even buildings. Old road names can of course be replaced by new names; and the longer the latter the more likely, it is assumed, for the man commemorated to be remembered and not confused with somebody else whose name was similar to his but not identical. In actual practice even Mahatma Gandhi Road is abbreviated to M.G.Road, and we have already reached a stage when nobody knows or even wants to know what M. and G. stand for.

Is it not worth while, when we indulge in all this propaganda and flattering unctions to our souls, that a few aspects of the men we commemorate are put down on record by those who actually came into contact with them, and had occasions to know them from the inside?

After Orissa was constituted a separate province in 1936 as recommended by the Simon Commission, Asaf Ali became its fifth Governor. Sir John Hubback and Sir Hawthorne Lewis were two British, and Sir Chandu Lal Trivedi the first Indian, Governors of the province in British times. Kailas Nath Katju was the first Governor after India attained Independence in 1947, and Asaf Ali succeeded him soon after to be the first Governor of the State of Orissa in the Republic of India.

The impression he made on some of us when he came was that he was "smart" and somewhat finicky. His Achkan and

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Churidar Pyjamas were Khaddar of course but we learnt that he was anxious to get his underwear from the United States where he had been Ambassador between 1947 and 1950. This was of course in the tradition of the pre-Gandhian Motilal Nehru whose clothes were said to be laundered regularly in Paris.

Evelyn Peyton Gordon writing in the *Washington Daily News* on Wednesday, July 25, 1951, recalled —

> Many of you remember the very dapper envoy who arrived here several years ago to enchant the town with his wit, his brilliant mind, his great culture and his excellent Saville Row clothes.

I came to the Governor's notice when in August 1951 as Chancellor of Utkal University he convened a meeting at Government House to consider certain urgent educational problems. The meeting was attended among others by members of the Orissa Cabinet, the Vice-Chancellor of the university, the Director of Public Instruction, Principals of colleges and Inspectors of schools. The problems were falling standards in the universities and growing indiscipline among students.

A committee was appointed to issue a questionnaire, consider the replies received and submit a report as to how things could be improved. The committee met for the first time on 12-9-51 and the report was passed on 31-12-51. We made certain simple suggestions based on facts and figures gathered through the questionnaire. As is the fate of all such reports and recommendations I do not think that action on the part of Government kept pace with the report.

Asaf Ali took his responsibilities seriously. There was an instance of the Syndicate of Utkal University interfering with the results as passed by the Board of Examiners in English in the year 1950, and this resulted in a candidate who in the considered and unanimous opinion of the Board of Examiners deserved to get Honours in English being deprived of his due because of the erratic marking by an examiner. The University Regulations were quite clear that in this matter it was for the Board of Examiners to decide and not for the Syndicate. But the Syndicate being the effective and "final" authority, as they thought they were, acted *ultra vires*, and I had to fight this matter and referred it to the Chancellor for decision.

The Chancellor sent for me as well as for someone to represent the Syndicate to argue our respective cases before him; listened to us patiently; saw for himself the script of the examinee concerned along with other scripts valued by the same

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examiner in the same paper—and gave his considered opinion that the recommendation of the Board of Examiners should be accepted, as there was no need whatever to suspect their bona-fides and they were acting strictly within the powers conferred on them. He did not *order* the Syndicate but merely put before them all aspects of the matter for their consideration and if they so desired appoint another board of experts to go into the question. They had published the results *when* passed by the Board but not *as* passed by the Board, and this they were not competent to do. The Syndicate's representative was later elevated to the bench and became a High Court Judge. The candidate who deserved Honours but did not get it got it, as the result of the Chancellor taking his responsibility seriously, and a special notification was issued in the Gazette redressing the wrong done to him.

Asaf Ali was not only a man of taste and an excellent speaker but also a poet in English, and had published a volume entitled "Gossamer and Twilight". This he sent to me to look over and make any improvements that might be necessary for a second edition. I saw much to commend in the volume, but also some faults. He took my suggestions not only without rancour but genuine gratitude. I quote from his letter to me in this connection, dated the 22nd of December, 1951 :

> Once again I am ever so thankful to you for making your suggestions. No, not even a king, a real autocratic king, should be spared the expert's lash. In matters intellectual kings are to be found only in the Republic of Letters, and not outside.

In contrast with this I should narrate what happened when a man who was with me at Oxford doing the Honours School of English Language and Literature, taught English for some years, wrote a book on correct English, and later got into the I. A. S. He had been asked to proof-read a book by Jawaharlal Nehru and told me how in a few instances he found the English defective. "Did you make the necessary corrections?" I asked him. "Oh, don't be silly. One doesn't correct a Prime Minister". I am perfectly certain that if he had made the corrections, even though Nehru might have flown into a temper, if my friend had argued his case with him, the P. M. would have accepted his service with thanks, or in case the corrections were merely pedantic and not according to the modern accepted idiom, my friend would have learnt something from Nehru. Dictators are not born but made.

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As Principal of Balasore College I had invited the Governor to preside over the annual College Day. He accepted my invitation. In the beginning I had waved away the loud speaker as a nuisance and not needed by me. When it was put before the Governor for his address, he too waved it away. Unfortunately his voice did not carry so that there was some noise in the audience and I could see that he was not happy. In spite of this however he appreciated everything that had been done, gave a generous donation from his discretionary grant to an amateur magician — a lecturer of the college — for his performance and was generally satisfied.

That however was not the end. As he was leaving for the Circuit House and after he had bid adieu to me, some of the students of the college presented him with a petition complaining against my tyranny as Superintendent of the university examinations, in not allowing the candidates to leave the examination hall as and when they pleased to attend to calls of nature. The University Regulations had laid it down that in urgent circumstances the supervisor could allow a candidate to leave the examination hall provided he was properly attended. In practice a supervisor would ask one of his assistants, also a college lecturer, to accompany the candidate up to the urinal. But no lecturer of course could be expected to go with the candidate into the urinal.

Reports had reached me that under pretence of answering calls of nature some of the candidates helped themselves to papers they carried in their pockets, had a quick look, and came back to the hall, now better equipped. My dictatorship consisted in asserting that the urgency was to be determined not by the candidate but by the supervisor. Five minutes before the papers were given out, the candidates were informed that if their urge to commune with Nature was as irresistible as Wordsworth's, they should attend to her call forthwith and that, once the question paper had been given to them, they could leave the hall as per the rules after half an hour. But once out, they could not return, any more than a soul which had left its body could return to it. The kind of urgency contemplated by the rules, I maintained, was a sudden stroke, a cramp, a nasal bleeding, a physical pain requiring immediate attention all of which could be attended to under the eyes of someone deputed by the supervisor and without infringing on his dignity. College students were not nursery children with " Please, Sir or Please, Madam — number 1, number 2 " !

The Governor told about the University Rules, the general practice and my Draconian orders, sent a letter to me forthwith

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suggesting that I should give the examinees all those freedoms which the university rules permitted. The students were jubilant that they had won a great victory against the tyrannical Principal. I had no alternative except to proceed forthwith to the Circuit House to acquaint the Governor with the implications of the students' victory. I was told that the Governor was having dinner. I said I would wait. After dinner I was called in. I explained the whole situation. He delighted my heart by saying, " Sundaram, I didn't realise all this. I am glad you came and explained the position. You just ignore my letter and do as you have been doing. " The next morning I put up a notice saying that the Chancellor was satisfied after hearing me that I was acting strictly as per the rules and that there was no need to make any change.

When Mr. Jaganath Das's term as Chief Justice of Orissa was coming to an end and it was imperative that he should be appointed to the Supreme Court without a break in service, and the Central Government as usual took its own time, I know for a fact how Asaf Ali was constantly at the telephone trying to ensure that the necessary orders came without delay, taking it all as a personal matter. He could talk to Nehru on a footing of equality having been in the same ward of the prison with him, and even otherwise as a result of his own eminence and integrity.

Wavell who was a good man and meant well by our country had a curiously blind spot in him, which failed to recognise the greatness of Gandhi, and makes him in his diary less than just to two Muslim Congressmen, viz., Asaf Ali and Sir Mirza Ismail. I am inclined to think that this is only because these two, instead of being good Muslims, sided with the Hindu Gandhi, thereby adding to the Viceroy's troubles. Wavell liked to say, to the annoyance once even of the ever patient Mahatma, that he was no politician, only a simple soldier. Alas, for the simplicity ! To be a great administrator something more is required. Sir Mirza was a great administrator, so was Mountbatten. But not Wavell.

Asaf Ali towards the end of his governorship was grossly misunderstood by the Chief Minister, Mr Hare Krushna Mahtab. Misguided by the latter, Mr Chintamoni Acharya withdrew his name from the panel of three proposed for the Vice-Chancellorship when his first term as V. C. came to an end. The result was not that Asaf Ali had to eat humble pie but that Mr Acharya was left in the lurch, and somebody else came in as Vice-Chancellor to his own great surprise.

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An English Governor, Hawthorne Lewis, confronted by a jesolution of the University Senate which was clearly *ultra vires* rust bowed to it, saying that if he did not, there might be a long-drawn-out litigation and the university work might come to a standstill. Kailas Nath Katju in a similar circumstance gave his decision against the Senate, to the joy of those who do by the law and not by expediency. Asaf Ali too by his action in the matter of that candidate was instrumental in going justice, the most valuable of all values. We have had many Governors since but few of his calibre.

The Beggar of Love

K. VENUGOPALA RAO

Flower cries in joyous pride
"I am born
For the king of heavens
All my graces
An offering at His feet."
To the buzzing honey-bee
Frantically wooing
To reach her cheeks.
Ah! My darling,
I carry within me
An ocean of love for you
Can't I deserve to be your lord?
Can't you fling open
The doors of your heart
And let me taste
The nectarous treasures
Hidden in you?
Murmurs the bee.

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Lumley in John Wain's "Hurry on Down"

SIBABRATA DAS

At first, Lumley seems to be a dissatisfied, unromantic character, bearing a grudge against everyone and everything. We simply dismiss him as a weak character, unable to fit in an industrialised society, surrendering himself, very often, to a " complex ".

True, he detested his past and preferred to forget it. True, the " institution " had done him little good. True, he could not stay in a particular profession for long without hating it. He was rather in a flux — not able to understand where he belonged.

But, later on, as we acquaint ourselves more with him, we find it wrong to hang him so loose. The problem with him was not merely a search for a place where he could belong. The truth lay beyond it — he actually, could not belong anywhere. He is, in a way, stuck inside the " impasse " with which he is so familiar. Even in his haphazard approach to life, he is conscious that his problems admit of no solution. Frankly, there is no problem, as such, which cannot solve itself. But he, peculiarly, loved being " stationary ".

What, then, is obvious is that life wouldn't be pleasant with Lumley. Neither is it his intention to make life pleasant ; he knows it cannot. All that he aims at is to make life tolerable.

The character of Lumley is, in fact, reflected in John Wain's tragic view of life — that " there are ways of making life tolerable, but none of ridding it of its basic tragic quality. " To continue with Wain, " I think that human life is tragic. No shallow optimism, no easy faith that humanity will be happy when this or that piece of social engineering has been completed, or when we have finished our conquest of Nature... I care nothing for technology, nothing for science. With all their improvements they can never touch anything but the surface of human life. The same problems face every man, and they always begin again."

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The problem which John Wain sets for Lumley is to find his place in the world, in human society ; to find contentment and fulfilment within himself ; and to find someone with whom he can, as perfectly as possible, share his life. But the answers for Lumley to such problems, and to John Wain, are incomplete.

Life, Lumley's life, could have begun when he stopped being " an offshoot to the lives of several other people " and earned his own living as a window-cleaner. He, in fact, wanted to " continue in his new life, for he passionately prized it ". But there was something fatal about him. He knew that he could not win against the difficulties.

He found a companion in Mr. Fraulish. He liked Betty, and Ern became a partner in his profession. For a change, regularity had stuck his life, and everything seemed well with him. But he badly needed to change it. He lost Ern and Betty and Froulish, and returned to the Y. M. C. A. hostel.

We have no means of knowing whether the problem with Lumley is " Alienation ". It, atleast, appears to be so, though Wain has not made much mention of it in the " novel ". Lumley, actually, intended to have nothing to do with the life of comfort and approval, for moral and other reasons innate to his nature. But it wasn't as easy as he had thought it to be ; he couldn't denounce it, totally. Thus, he dresses " once more in the uniform of the class he had renounced, determined to live at the rate of a thousand a year for the next few hours. "

John Wain writes in the novel that Lumley had accomplished one thing ; he had cleared the artificial barriers of environment and upbringing. He had achieved " neutrality ". Had he, really ?

At the first sight, it appears that he had achieved it, after all. He is rejected by both the class of his origin and the life of the worker. The " bourgeois " desires come to him, particularly when he sees Mr. Roderich and Veronica in the "Grand". He manages to earn a lot of money as an " Export delivery driver " and wins Veronica. Then a futile turn takes away all the pleasures from him with which he is so unfamiliar. He joins the hospital, to which he had been admitted, as an orderly. Thereafter, he finds Rosa and leaves her in a peculiar fashion. But, towards the end, he is prosperous and a little puzzled with his " new " position.

Lumley's talk, in this regard, with Mr. Blearney is particularly significant. From it we can know that Lumley had

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wanted a steady, ordinary, humdrum life, but couldn't get admitted into it because it hadn't got what he wanted. And he had wanted " neutrality. "

Later on, Wain writes that he had found " neutrality " at last. " The running fight between himself and society had ended in a draw ; he was no nearer, fundamentally, to any rapprochement or understanding with it."

But, conclusively speaking, Lumley's problems could not end ; they had merely stopped. He had found neutrality but we are sure, even after finishing the novel, that he would be out of it, again drifting...His fate, and Veronica's along with his, could not end happily and perfectly without it turning out to be an illusion. And Lumley, tragically, is obsessed with illusions.

Lumley's character, in truth, is largely influenced by this obsession with illusions. In the social sphere, he is disturbed with the usual social classifications. In the sphere of human relations, he is disturbed with the shortcomings of every type of relationship. In the realm of his own life, he is disturbed with the imperfectibility of it. He, to a certain extent, becomes a parasite on the world he detests.

It would be wrong, however, not to notice any improvement in Lumley's position as we find him at the start of the novel and as we leave him at the end of it. He had achieved a strange state of reconciliation, which would give him peace—peace which, he knew, would not last for long to make him happy, but peace which would let him bear life to a success. This state of apparent " neutrality ", even then, was inexplicable to him ; he would not understand it and, hence, could not be content with life. We can sum him up best as a " twister " who loved what he abhorred.

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THE DILEMMA

MARVEL A. BARI

So, it's me who is to question,
And also find an answer to the question.
And it's I who is to give an account
For all your follies and discount.
And yet your creation does want
That, I should be left in perpetual want
Dangling between life and death,
Wearing a mask of breath.
That I should lend the eyes
And also supply dreams to the eyes.
That the thorns of life leave me in a pool of blood,
Yet, I must emit the scent of rose from inside this mud.

The twinkling, dwindling lights of the past,
Are under my care to last.
And yet I must raise new suns.
For the squalid homes and slums.
This black-mailing city of vultures and vermins
Pressurises me to create hearts, supplying them with thumpings!
To grow ever fluttering buds.
On the swamps of mud and soap-suds.

Gandhi, Buddha and Vivekananda!
All grown on bed of roses full of 'Ananda',
Often suffered at the hands of honest but crazy men.
But you hardly ever see here even 'Hollow-men'!
They are all vultures, foxes, sharks or hissing cobras.
Changing colours like a chameleon, often and again,
In saffron robes, sandal-pasted forehead, suffering migrain.
That, you are bound to doubt your eye-sight!
Even in broad daylight!

Call for a Noah without the Ark
If there is a living God, He'd send a gigantic shark.

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C. L. R. SASTRI

Journalist as a Man of Letters

Dr. D. ANJANEYULU

What has journalism to do with literature? Or, to put it a little differently, how does the one compare with the other? It was Oscar Wilde who answered the question in his own, characteristically witty manner, when he said : " Journalism is unreadable, while literature remains unread. " Sounds a trifle too cynical — doesn't it ?

Time was when journalism was described as literature in a hurry, or literature in the making. In the 18th and 19th centuries, in England quite a few able and reputed authors started as journalists and made a mark in the profession. Joseph Addison and Richard Steele, Samuel Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith in the 18th century ; William Hazlitt, Charles Dickens, Leigh Hunt, Dequincy and Thackery (*Cornhill Magazine*) in the 19th century, distinguished themselves as reporters, editors or columnists first and then only as full-fledged authors. Among the other celebrities who came on the scene later were : Rudyard Kipling (*Civil and Military Gazette* and *Pioneer*), I. M. Barrie, C. E. Montague (*Manchester Guardian*), Middleton Murry (*Athaeneum*), Eric Linklater (*The Times of India*) in England and India, and Edmund Wilson (*New Republic* and *Vanity Fair*) in America. The position was not very different in France.

In our own country, several generations of educated young men were deeply influenced by the classics of English literature ; some of them were also inspired by the achievements of English journalism. This writer is able immediately to think of at least four or five scholar-journalists, who had imbibed these influences to good effect and gave creative expression to their talent. They are — S. Rangaswami and N. Raghunathan (*Both of the Hindu*), K. Iswara Dutt (*Twentieth Century*), M. Chalapathi Rau (*National Herald*) and C. L. R. Sastri, who died in Bombay earlier this year.

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Unlike the other four, Sastri was a freelance, almost throughout in his career, as also a kind of loner almost all his life. But like Iswara Dutt, he was always full of Fleet Street—the street of ink and opportunity, of adventure and romance; of aspiration and achievement, not unmixed with obstacles and heartbreaks. Like Iswara Dutt again, he was a brilliant stylist, a conscious craftsman, a conscientious artist in the field of journalism.

There are two significant facts in the life of Sastri which can be interpreted by others to have had a bearing on the choice of his career and the formation of his character. The first is that he was the eldest son of (Sir) C. Y. Chintamani, the great Liberal and Editor of *Leader*, Allahabad. He was born towards the fag-end of the last century (the last day of the last month, if this writer's information is correct) and the dawn of this.

One can only speculate on the effect of genes on one's mental make-up. One may be permitted here to say that "journalism" ran in Sastri's blood. Even if the statement is known to be "unscientific" in a biological sense, it would pass muster as a handy and useful metaphor. The father who must have experienced the insecurity and other hardships inseparable from a journalistic career, wanted his son to be a lawyer, not a journalist. With his independence of judgement and obstinacy of temperament, the son wouldn't listen to him and followed his own line of thinking and action. He had no second thoughts, though he was soon to find that there were more kicks than half-pence then in an occupation, which had not yet become a respectable profession.

After Matriculation from Visakhapatnam, his home-town, Sastri took his B.Sc., degree from the Allahabad University. Both at school and college, he topped his class in English. He soaked himself in English literature, not unlike the father, whose acquaintance with the classics of English literature, history and biography was admirable, though he could not get through the F. A. Examination, because of his allergy to Mathematics and Physics. Sastri made full use of his father's vast collection of books, along with the newspapers and periodicals available in the library of *The Leader*, equipping himself for a writing career.

Birth in the last century and growth in the early years of this, had the contributory effect of imparting to Sastri's intellectual matrix something of the opulence and leisureliness of the former, along with a lot of Edwardian elegance and

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attachment to form. His models were the best of English eassayists and belle-lettreists from Charles Lamb and William Hazlitt (for whom his admiration was this side idolatry), to R. L. Stevenson and G. K. Chesterton, Augustine Birrell and E. V. Jucas, A. G. Gardiner and Robert Lynd, J. B. Priestley and Aldous Huxley.

On the importance Sastri attached to form in writing, one can do no better than invoke the memory of two noted stylists he admired on either side of the English channel, whose observations on the subject he took as his motto. One of them is Anatole France, who said :

" Form is the golden vase, wherein Thought, that fleeting essence, is preserved to Posterity.....Woe betide him who despises form, for a work endures by that alone ".

The other is James Agata, who quipped :

" .....I have always been willing to embezzle £10,000 provided my victim was wealthy. On the other hand, my artistic conscience will never let me leave a sentence less good than I know I can make it by taking trouble ".

Nor did it ever, in the case of Sastri himself. He took a lot of trouble over his words and sentences, playing the sedulous ape to the great masters.

Making his debut in journalism in the late 'Twenties, Sastri attracted immediate attention by his vigorous punch and allusive style, by his urbanity and scholarship, as well as by his courage and candour. Unable to adjust himself to institutional requirements and exigencies of circumstances favouring expediency against principle, he preferred to remain unattached and functioned as a freelance. His articles on the political situation (the Round Table Conference and allied topics) were much appreciated by editors like Sir Stanley Reid and Sir Francis Low. Sir A. Ramaswami Mudaliar, who had a high regard for his father, hailed him as " a chip of the old block, if not the old block itself. "

Sastri's models in the journalistic profession, apart from his father himself (with whom he had an ambivalent relationship) were drawn from a brilliant galaxy of British editors and leader-writers of different political hues. Prominent among them were : C. P. Scott, C. E. Montague (***Manchester Guardian***) ; Geoffery Dawson (***The Times***) ; H. W. Massingham (***Nation***), J. A Spender (***The Westminster Gazette***) ; H. M. Temlinson ; A. G. Gardiner (***Daily News***) ; J. L. Garvin (***Observer***) ; W. T. Stead (***Pall Mall Gazette*** and ***Review of Reviews***) ; Clifford Sharp (***New Statesman***) ; and Gerald Barry (***News Chronicle***). Among the

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Indian editors, he had a particularly high opinion of Dr. Sachchidananda Sinha (*Hindustan Review*); Ramananda Chatterji (*Modern Review*) and K. Ramakotiswara Rau (*Triveni*).

Not only did he contribute regularly to some of these Indian journals (and later to *Crossroads*, *Blitz*, *Mainstream*) but wrote brilliant pen-portraits of their great editors in *Triveni* and other periodicals. He also wrote a series of extremely informative articles on Indian journalism (perceptively personalised) in the Bombay magazine, *The Journalist* (started by Ayaz S. Peerbhoy) in the middle 'Forties and early 'Fifties, which this writer found very useful in his prentice years as a journalist.

Apart from numerous articles on the subject, Sastri published a book *Journalism* (280 pages), brought out by Thacker & Co., Bombay, in 1944. Scholarly and stylish, it is eminently readable and remains so even today, provided you are interested in the subject, which can, strictly speaking, be called "Glimpses of Fleet Street, then and now."

Introducing the book, the author says, by way of a confessional and an apology in one:

"My only excuse for jumping at the idea of writing this book is that journalism has always had a strange fascination for me, and that "the stream of tendency", not ourselves, that chooses our careers for us made me forsake many other callings in order, as I fondly hoped, to shed a lustre on this one. In the process, more often than not, I have had no career whatever to speak of, and have had to content myself with being a mere flotsam and jestsam on the ocean of life".

There are here well-formed chapters devoted to journalism and literature, new journalism and old, and important figures of journalism in England and in India, a review of reviews as also on "Middles" and leading articles, which the big guns of the commercialized fourth estate of today feel are no longer read by any men and women who matter.

But, the still small voice cannot be quite stifled by the booming guns, whose noise is more menacing than that of the establishment — political and administrative. That voice is represented by professional writers, sensitive and conscientious like Ivor Brown, who said:

"I suggest that we want a little journalism movement as well as a little theatre movement, the little journalism to be the voice of the few speaking to those who are not magnetized and mesmerised by a glamour about the net sales of two million... The big journalism is a legitimate industry in the commercial

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scramble ; the little journalism is a social necessity in a civilized community. It is our duty and our advantage to remember its past, to consider its present, and to foster its future. "

The " little journalism " so convincingly commended here, the practice of which was aspired to by Sastri, has been represented after a fashion by *Triveni* during the last 60 years and more. Not surprising, therefore, that Sastri was drawn to it, as a contributor, very soon after its inception, and has been a regular contributor since, till almost his end (his " Salutation " to the Founder-Editor " appearing in the *Diamond Jubilee Number*). He had probably written for it about 30 articles over the years on subjects relating to journalism and literature.

Some of them were pen-portaits of great editors — British and Indian. One was that of C. Y. Chintamani (his father), who was not pleased with the performance, though the editor stood firmly by the contributor who said, among other things :

" Curiously enough, he was not a ' Moderate ' in any sense of the term : in the name of ' Moderation ' — that creed on which he throve like a cedar of Libanon he wrote the fiercest articles possible. No Congressman ever broke a lance in the cause of his cherished political principles as he did in the cause of his. Just as he was the ***Leader*** he was the Liberal Party as well ; his name was co-terminous with both..... "

Of British editors he wrote on H. W. Massingham, H. M. Tomilinson, J. A. Spender, A. G. Gardiner, G. L. Garvin, Kingsley Martin and Gerald Barry, along with a few of their Indian counterparts. These could be collected in book form ; and the book ***Journalism*** could be re-printed. Together, they could form a valuable contribution to the history and tradition of serious journalism, useful to the university students of journalism.

Sastri's articles on his favourite English writers, ranging from Shakespeare and Hazlitt through Meredith and Bronte to Shaw and Chesterton, Kipling, Maugham and Wodehouse may or may not be erudite essays in literary criticism. They are certainly delightful appreciations for the intelligent general reader, earnest exercises in literary journalism. The author may not have grown through the years in subtlety or sophistication. Like Peter Pan in another context, he remains lovable for his style is refreshing and his gusto is infectious.

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BOOK REVIEWS

Way of Life : King, Householder, Renouncer : (Essays in honour of Louis Dumont) : Edited by T. N. Madan. Motilal Banarsidass Publishers Pvt. Ltd., Delhi-7. Price : Rs. 190.

A mere look at the updated bibliography of Professor Louis Dumont provided in the book is bound to raise eyebrows even if one has not even heard of the outstanding anthropologists of our time. Professor Dumont's contribution to social sciences is greatly applauded in all parts of the globe and it is in the fitness of things that this *festschriftt* is brought out on the occasion of his seventieth birthday.

The first part of the book gives an intellectual profile of Professor Dumont. Jean Claude Galley's short write-up on the interests of the Professor and his conversation with him speak of the mind of Louis Dumont. It is an invaluable piece of work for anyone interested in the man who " sought to establish a dialogue between Indian and Western civilizations in the firm belief that such comparative studies must, ultimately, constitute the best guarantee we have of arriving at a genuine sociological understanding of mankind as a whole. "

The second and the third parts contain 17 essays by 16 scholars from five countries and they are intended as much as a contribution to the sociology of India, in the making of which Professor Dumont has played a very distinguished role, as they are offered in his honour. The essays deal specifically with the Brahmanical ideologies of kingship, householdership and renunciation.

The very fact that this book has gone into a third printing within a short span of five years serves is proof for the amount of scholarship that has gone into the making of this book. The book helps us in many ways to know the different views of scholars on the goals and stages of Hindu life. Hierarchies of kings in medieval India, kings and their wives, Brahmacharya, householder, wanderer and renouncer form the subject matter of the essays gathered here. Surely a worthy addition to anthropological studies.

M. P. PANDIT

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Fulfilment Through Leprosy ; By Prof. T. N. Jagadisan. Published by Kasturba Kushta Nivaran Nilayam, Malavanthangal P. O., Kandachipuram S. O., South Arcot District, Tamil Nadu. Price Rs. 250.

"Fulfilment Through Leprosy" is an unusual title for any autobiographical account, though it is arresting. Some people think of "fulfilment" ***in spite of*** leprosy, in a like situation. But then, Professor T. N. Jagadisan is an unusual man, who had led an unusual life. There is something extraordinary about his career, which reads like a story of adventure.

Teacher, writer, speaker, editor, intellectual, social worker, institution-builder, Jagadisan now nearing 80, had in his eventful life, successfully tackled more problems than any ordinary man in his position could have thought of so living, faced more challenges than a fair share that might have daunted less men and women. Every challenge was turned into an opportunity by a man, who has come out of the whole ordeal, with a smile on his lips and a prayer in his heart.

It was not for nothing, it seems to us, that Professor Jagadisan was born on 2 October 1909, which happens to be Gandhi Jayanti Day, exactly four decades after the Mahatma. As it happened, Mahatma Gandhi was one of the two or three great men, who played a crucial role in shaping the career of Jagadisan. The other was the Right Honourable V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, whose association came to him even earlier. Sastri was in fact, his mentor and master. He was to Sastri what Boswell was to Johnson. He not only wrote his biography with the utmost care and competence, edited his letters, speeches and essays, but also sought to emulate his lofty and difficult example to the best of his ability.

Born in a poor but orthodox and upright family, Mr. Jagadisan had his education at Chidambaram, taking his Honours Degree in English language and literature. After serving at many places, far and near, like Karachi, Alwaye and Madurai, he returned to Annamalai University at Chidambaram to become "an admirer and disciple" of the Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, the Vice-Chancellor, at that time (in the late 'Thirties).

By about 1941, it was found that Professor Jagadisan was afflicted by leprosy, and he had to leave the teaching job, though it soon became known that it was of the non-infectious variety, and was curable. Cured indeed he was, in due course, thanks to the untiring efforts of the specialist, Doctor Cochrane and others.

Since then, Professor Jagadisan dedicated his entire life to the service of leprosy patients on one side and that of literature

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and liberal values on the other. First, it was the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association, later the Hind Kushta Nivaran Sangh, of which he was the Secretary. He soon came under the spell of Mahatma Gandhi, whose blessings and support were instrumental in the establishment of the Kasturba Kushta Nivaran Nilayam at Malavanthangal. From humble and unpromising beginnings amidst bramble and brushwood, it has over the years, grown into a huge complex, of hospital and hostel and other facilities for leprosy patients.

After an unbroken service of four decades and more to the cause of leprosy, projecting the message of faith and hope at home and abroad, Professor Jagadisan has cause to look back with satisfaction. But he prefers to look forward with enthusiasm. In the apt words of President R. Venkataraman (incidentally a college contemporary of the author), who contributes a foreword, "The biggest and brightest medallion he wears is the medallion of service — service without expectation of reward."

Group-Captain Cheshire says the bare truth when he describes Professor Jagadisan's autobiography as a "very moving book." It is, in fact, a very human document, vivid and gripping without any over-statement, tender without being sentimental.

Dr. Paul W. Brand neatly sums up the life and work of Professor Jagadisan, when he observes: "The story is told by a master of language and expression, and by one who had learned to master himself in order to place himself at the service of those in greater need."

Inspired by the example of Father Damien, the centenary of whose death is observed this year, Jagadisan has been lucky in his contacts, ranging from Dr. Cochrane and Group-Captain Cheshire to Jawaharlal Nehru and Indira Gandhi.

This autobiography is a record of the history of leprosy — from ostracism to care, from care to cure, from cure to rehabilitation. It is a lot more than that. It is essentially a human document, rich in feeling, wide-ranging in interests, meticulous in detail. The portions dealing with the care of his disabled daughter, Mina, are among the most moving. She indirectly made him move forward with greater determination. It is quite a comprehensive story, told with powerful emotion, controlled by intellectual discipline, that should satisfy a variety of readers, general as well as literary, popular as well as professional.

The personality of the author stands out of the exciting and absorbing account as a man of commonsense, courage and compassion. A rare example of the man of words as a man of action. A poignant story of patient suffering, tireless work and steady fulfilment.

Dr. D. Anjaneyulu

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Rabindranath Tagore's Aesthetics : By Prof. K. K. Sharma. Abhinav Publications, New Delhi - 16. Price : Rs. 70.

"Tagore" wrote Keyserling, "is the most universal, the most complete human being I have known". And viewed in historial perspective, it is clear that Tagore constituted not only a link in the long chain of cultural evolution, was also the prophet of the Indian renaissance heralded by Raja Ram Mohan Roy. It is appropriate therefore that Prof. K. K. Sharma has focussed his attention on Rabindranath Tagore's aesthetics. Indeed Prof. Sharma correctly argues that an aesthetic philosophy emerges from the variegated writings of Tagore "which is absolutely invaluable to apprehend and appreciate his creative mind as well as Indian and Western arts and literatures."

The most sophisticated application of the universal law of harmony can be perceived in Tagore's aesthetics. Here it is necessary to stress three aspects of Tagore's aesthetics. First, in an essay entitled ***The Limbs of Painting,*** Tagore emphasized that outer proportion must be reinforced by inner harmony. For drawing a face accurately is draughtsmanship, whereas drawing it with feeling is art. Secondly, as pointed out by Prof. Sharma, the artist in the Tagorean perspective "grasps the truth of living only when he realizes its fusion with the infinite, resulting in its full growth and richness." Here it is well to realize the profound truth that poetry has been written about Grecian urns, but never about Grecian hammers. And the principle of creative reconciliation or a summing-up of the deeps of the creative process viewed as the law of unity-in-diversity, constitutes the third aspect of Tagore's aesthetics.

The key to Tagore's aesthetics is derived from his well-known poem ***Dui Nari*** — Urvashi and Lakshmi. Urvashi, the queen of passions, symbolizes a flaming revelry which distracts all mortals. Lakshmi restores the serenity of autumn — its combination of repose and maturity — to man. Perhaps it could be argued that the symbolism of Urvashi and Lakshmi is similar to Nietzsche's distinction between the Apollonian and Dionysian elements in art. However, Tagore's poem is based on the philosophy of reconciliation — Lakshmi's successful attempt to reestablish the original harmony interrupted by Urvashi.

Prof. K. K. Sharma's work on ***Rabindranath Tagore's Aesthetics*** is not only well-argued and inpeccably documented, but is also an impressive contribution to a neglected aspect of Tagore's thought. And the publishers ought to be congratulated on the excellent get-up.

A. RANGANATHAN

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Collected Plays and Short Stories : By Sri Aurobindo. 2 vols. Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. Price : Rs. 200 per set.

This two-volume set was originally published as a part of the thirty-volume Sri Aurobindo Birth Centenary Library in 1971. The present edition is its third impression. Volume I contains ***Perseus the Deliverer, Vasavadutta, Rodogune,*** and ***Eric,*** while Volume II contains ***The Viziers of Bassora, Prince of Edur,*** five other incomplete dramatic compositions, two pieces of Juvnilia. and the short stories. Of these, "The Phantom Hour" is the only complete story. Of the others, "The Door at Abelard" is almost finished, while "The Devil's Mastiff" breaks off at a crucial juncture in the tale, and the last, "The Golden Bird," is an incomplete parable.

It would be superfluous to "review" these works because they have been with us for quite a long time and have already been written about. However, I feel that Sri Aurobindo's plays need much more attention than they have received so far. And, of course, the short stories, though they are so few in number are utterly gripping and fascinating. I, personally, am a great fan of these stories. They seem to represent a totally different dimension to Sri Aurobindo's literary genius ; if they are any evidence to go by, he would surely have made a first class writer of thrillers and detective fiction had he so chosen.

So let me end this short book-notice by merely saying that at Rs. 200 per set, these books are certainly a bargain. Libraries and collectors should order them if they haven't done so already.

MAKARAND R. PARANJAPE

The Human Voice : An Anthology of Czech Poetry (1920–1988). Translated by Jarmila and Ian Milner. Samkaleen Prakashan, 2762, Rajguru Marg, New Delhi-110 055. Price : Rs. 30.

Some Songs and Poems from Rabindranath Tagore : Translated by Pratima Bowes. Allied Publishers Private Limited, New Delhi. Price : Rs. 60.

Songs of Grace : Selections from St. Ramalingam's poetry. Translated into English prose by M. L. Thangappa. All India Books, Sri Aurobindo's Action, Pondicherry-2. Price : Rs. 8.

Translation is an art that can never satisfy the giver and the receiver. And yet civilisation cannot survive without translation. Man must needs communicate with his fellow-human beings to grow upward in material prosperity and spiritual consciousness. Translation may be a flawed tool but is the only tool that can help global understanding. Jarmila and Ian Milner

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have taken up a welcome task in translating select poems from the Czech language into English. Even a first glance assures us of the riches within ***The Human Voice***. Nature's varied moods and colours apart, the poems reflect the sadness within the Czech heart that has seen much sorrow in its history. One cannot but shudder when Ladislav Stehlik says unemotionally, " the dead have lost their names " in " Jewish Cemetery at Rabi ". Contemporary poets, however, appear to be somewhat free of the Great Shadow. They are now more concerned about the future than the past. Jaroslov Cejka's " Trees " is a wonderful poem that could be the marching song of environmentalists the world over.

... ...

The aim of Pratima Bowes is to convey the aesthetic qualities of Tagore's poems to the reader. To bring into English the " subtle suggestibility of metaphors and turns of phrases " in the original is no easy task. Mrs. Bowes has chosen from half-a-century of creativity : ***Manasi*** was published in 1890 and ***Seshlekha*** in 1941. Her pointed introduction traces a definite progression in Tagore's thought. The ***Gitanjali*** period was " a man to man emotional exchange " with God ; the First World War ushered in a change and " the image is no longer of a loving and dear friend waiting to offer security and fulfilment after heartbreak. He is now also ' the terrible ' who demands utmost sacrifice from man " ; a reconciliation of sorts is achieved later on and terms never lost Faith. Truly a lover of man, nature and poetry.

" I have, at various moments,
tasted immortality through
my joys and sorrows,
seen the infinitude
on the screen of the finite,
understood that the final significance
of my life has always been there,
where reigns the beauty of the Supreme,
where plays music that is ineffable ".

... ...

Swami Ramalingam's (1823-1874) life was one of compassion for the poor. He established the Samarasa Sanmarga Sangham proclaiming the path of right living and practical goodness. He was also a great Tamil poet and one of the earliest among the moderns to write in a language free of punditry. M. L. Thangappa has done well to present a selection of the Swami's stirring devotional poetry. The translation is unpretentious and true to the original.

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" The words that come from my lips are not actually my own They come from him. Why should I — by myself — talk ? Who am I to talk ? How should I have the divine consciousness in me unless the lord of love moves in my being ? "

Dr. PREMA NANDAKUMAR

The Hour of God: By Sri Aurobindo. Sri Aurobindo Book Distributing Agency, Pondicherry-605 002. Price : Rs. 8.

In this fourth edition of Sri Aurobindo's *The Hour of God* the editors have introduced a number of changes in the titles and form of the essays, eliminating writings of fragmentary nature and re-arranging the remaining ones to give a sort of continuity and unity to the extent possible, checking them against the origina for accuracy and clarity. Copious editorial notes have been added at the end for the benefit of curious scholars. A few passages of prose which have been discovered only recently are included for the first time in the book. The title essay " The Hour of God " is now printed in its entirety. In it Sri Aurobindo exhorts us to set aside our ego and be ready for the expected blissful moment by surrendering to which one can scale to the dizzy heights of success. Biblical inspiration informs the entire piece and makes it a work of prose art. One should get it by heart for its compelling beauty and splendour. Devotees and research scholars alike will be benefitted by this little book.

Dr. G. SRIRAMA MURTY

A Premchand Dozen : By Nandini Nopany and E. P. Pal. Writers' Workshop, Calcutta-45. Price Rs. 30

Premchand, the famous Hindi writer, is justly appreciated for his fictional output. His novels have earned much wider recognition by the translations into various Indian and foreign languages. Here are some of his stories collected in translation by two authors who have done real service by making a good selection of the stories.

An introduction on " The Art of the Story " starts the volume, does enough help for the reader to have a guidance in his critical estimate of the present book. The technique of short story is evidently not always adhered to by Premchand in some of the stories, which no doubt do not suffer for want of it as they are interesting in themselves as stories well told. The first two stories are of the type, without any of the short story characteristics. " Salvation ", " Price of Milk ", "The Lesson " are certainly bearing the elements of the modern short story. In the language of the translations the authors could have avoided obscure or

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unfamiliar words sometimes, while normally a more simple expression could have borne better evidence to the simple style of Premchand.

The drama at the end and the preface in the beginning make up a complete picture of the creditable endeavour.

K. CHANDRASEKHARAN

Vikram and Urvashi : By Kalidasa : English translation by P. Lal. Writers' Workshop, Calcutta-45. Price : Rs. 20.

This is a beautiful stage version in English of Kalidasa's famous play "Vikramorvasiyam." In elegant language with sufficient attention to the main portions of the scenes not getting clipt in translation, the author has presented the five acts of the original play. Wherever necessary, the verses have been totally or in part removed to confer on the play a felicitous sequence and completion. Very legitimately the fourth act, full with a number of verses denoting the king in madness, has been shorn of the excesses, and we find a play aesthetically satisfying the reader and more so to an audience witnessing the drama. All praise to the author for his craftsmanship.

K. CHANDRASEKHARAN

Three Indo-Anglian Poets (Henry Derozio, Toru Dutt and Sarojini Naidu) : K. R. Ramachandran Nair. Sterling Publishers, New Delhi.

The book under review, as the Preface says, is a modest exploration into the early history of Indo-Anglian poetry and offers an interesting discussion of the three major figures of that period.

The three poets that the author discusses are among the few Indo-Anglian poets who never fail to fascinate the readers — Derozio, Toru Dutt and Sarojini Naidu. The book presents an organised discussion of their lives, the themes and craftsmanship of their poetry, and more importantly, how the poetry of these young geniuses had paved the way for the more mature flowering of poetry in Tagore and Sri Aurobindo. Some of the observations by the author show a deep and perceptive understanding of the value of these poets. For instance, Mr. Nair comments on the fact that two of the earliest writers of Indo-Anglian poetry should be women, and are heralded as the harbingers of women's liberty in this country.

Mr. Nair's book should be an asset to students of Indian writing in English, and beginners in particular.

K. RATNA SHIELA MANI

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Zindabad Murdabad : Translated from Hindi by Dayananda Sharma. Writers Workshop, Calcutta-45. Price : Rs. 50.

Alok's protected and secluded upbringing by his mother makes him sensitive and shy. He becomes a misfit in company of men whose talk he finds crude, especially regarding women. This embarrassment to discuss and joke about women puts the stamp of imbecility on him. His joining the army is an act of protest against his mother and society. In a mock combat meeting with an accident, he is medically pronounced impotent. This is a shock he fails to absorb. This is the starting point of deceit of himself and others. He marries, becomes a political leader which further complicates matters and makes confession of his defect impossible. Deceit leads to more deceit. Finally, he drives his innocent wife to insanity by his confession.

The narration comes in seven parts from six different narrators. The rise of Alok as public figure is extremely sketchy. Character delineation could have been deeper. For a translation it reads well.

B. PARVATHI

India's Civil Defence in the Nuclear Age : By Rajendra Prasad. Prakash Book Depot. Bareilly.

The concept of civil defence, claims the author, is as old as the history of warfare, though he concedes that only during the last five or six decades has civil defence attracted serious governmental attention. The growth of organised planning, co-ordination and administration of civil defence programmes is traced in the early pages of this small yet excellent work, while the pages that follow contain a wealth of theoretical study and analytical presentation of issues and problems concerning civil and military matters. Since the book is based on the author's doctoral dissertation, the chapterization is competently done and the material gathered very ably presented.

This is a very useful book containing relevant information on India's civil defence programmes. The chapter on the New Image of Civil Defence and the two chapters that follow are of particular significance. This is a book that deserves the attention of the academic as well as the policy maker. Printing errors, however, mar the quality of the work to some extent, though " unclear age " for " nuclear age " does not look wholly inappropriate. Curiously enough the more-than-one-page errata at the end is titled " erreta ". The author should have taken care to write Sir Stephen King-Hall's name as Sir Stephen instead of Sir King-Hall and Dr. Radhakrishnan not as Radha Krishnan. All the same these are minor lapses in an otherwise commendable work.

DR. A. PRASANNA KUMAR

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History of Modern Andhra Pradesh : By Dr. P. R. Rao. Sterling Publishers Private Limited, L-10, Green Park Extension, New Delhi-110016. Price : Rs. 100.

There is a general impression among the educated public, that books on history do not make interesting reading, as they are supposed to contain too many cumbersome details and dates. But the book under review defeats the argument. Prof. Rao carries the readers with him with ease from one event to another. The history of Andhra Pradesh commencing from the Puranic ages of yore and settling down to the present state has been made interesting and readable by the author by scrupulously observing the significant dictum of eschewing irrelevant facts and highlighting the crucial epoch-making, historic events.

The author gives out a short history of Andhras in his introductory chapter, which reveals his capacity of cryptic way of presenting a long history, short and vivid. Precision in language without any show of flourish, an assured web of continuity with quick succession of events, depiction of past in a manner made alive, leaving no significant detail however minute it might seem, are some of the admirable features of this book, enriched and revised in its fourth recurrence.

Starting with the East India Company rule and proceeding through the several facets of Andhra Pradesh the author takes us through the British rule, the birth of Andhra Movement, Andhra in Madras politics, Telangana struggle and the Police Action, the formation of Andhra State, the emergence of Andhra Pradesh. Last but not the least, the appendices on Telugu literature, some eminent Andhras make the book doubly valuable.

The author deserves compliments for bringing out the book, which should be read by one and all eager to know the history of Andhra Pradesh. The printing and get-up of the book are impeccable. The book deserves a place in every library.

K. P. NAIDU

SANSKRIT AND TELUGU

Sandhya Deepika : By Abburi Kalananda Kishore, Bhattiproluvari Street, Bhattiprolu. Pin 522256. Price : Rs. 20.

Sandhyavandana is a most sacred and efficacious Upasana bequeathed to us by our ancient sages. The famous Gayatri Mantra, a prayer to the supreme Sakti (or Siva, or Vishnu, or Sun God) asking for enlightenment and guiding our thoughts in righteous path, is the main part of this daily meditation. The author of this translation of all the Mantras, and detailing exposition thereof brings out the significance and

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rationale behind all the parts of this daily practice. The philosophic background of the Mantras also is made clear. All practical hints and precautions to be observed are also noted. In our knowledge, this is the only exposition in Telugu of this Sandhya practice and Mantras therein serving as a good practical guide also.

B. KUTUMBA RAO

TAMIL

Malligayum Sampangiyum - A Novel : By Purasu Balakrishnan. Tamil Writers Co-operative Society, 710, Big Streeti Madras-600 005. Price : Rs. 20.

With a delicate sense of colour harmonies, Purasu Balakrishnan has sought to juxtapose the flowers jasmine and sampangi, the former all fragrance and purity, the latter heavy-scented and an image of surrender. Apparently, his intention is to equate the former with Deepa and the latter with Neela. Deepa is a college lecturer, capable, self-possessed, involved in her job as a teacher and researcher. She loves Chidambaram, younger than her by six years. Suddenly bereaved of his parents, Chidambaram draws a little close to Deepa. but this proves to be a temporary move. The deserted Neela with a six-year-old son wins him in the end but not before a disastrous circus fire in which her son, husband and Deepa perish. Compared to the sombre movement of the tale, the end is heartening. Chidambaram's enlightened uncle assures him that widow-remarriage was blessed by the sages in the Rig Veda : "Woman ! Come here to this world of living and accept my hand. Be thou wife to the husband. I have taken the bow from the hands of the dead man. Henceforth virility, strength, beauty are ours. Let's be united. Let's win the world for ourselves."

As with his earlier short stories and the novel, ***Kaveri Karayile***, Purasu Balakrishnan is intent upon creating an atmosphere when putting together the story. His professional experience comes in handy for some psychological probings about guilt-complexes. Chidambaram has grown up in a tyrannical household and finds that within fifteen days of his mother's death, his father has found comfort in the hands of the housekeeper. He attempts to get out of the house, but the shock kills his father. The family doctor lays the blame upon the father's affair with the housekeeper to allay Chidambaram's feelings of guilt. Except for the father, every other character in the novel shower their understanding love upon the sensitive young man. He reciprocates the love with transparent sincerity.

Living in our world of small thoughts, it is good to have such novels with a serious import to give a corrective nudge

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to our actions when we find ourselves psychologically disoriented. Purasu's charcterisation of the uncle Saptharishi is a precious gift to the Tamil reading public.

DR. PREMA NANDAKUMAR

TELUGU

Bhagavata Mahatmyamu : A poem by Boyanapalli Venkatacharya, edited by Kapilavayi Lingamurty. Published by K. Krishore Babu, 15-84, Vijayanagar Colony, Kurnool. Price : Rs. 12.

For Hindus, the Ramayana, the Bhagavata and the Gita are especially important because they believe that a reading of these holy books makes the reader derive unlimited religious merit which would help him tide over difficulties in this world and also give him advantage in the after-life. The Bhagavata is usually read in seven sittings on seven consecutive days of a week known as Saptaha (sennight).

The "Bhagavata Mahatmya" is a eulogy of the holy power of Bhagavata Parayana. It contains stories of how men got miraculous advantages through Bhagavata Parayana or even through listening to another making Parayana.

There are more than one Bhagavata Mahatmya in Sanskrit. The usual one prefixed to Sanskrit Bhagavata occurs in Padmapurana. There is another in Skandapurana ; still another in the minor Purana Kausika Samhita. The present work derives from Skandapurana.

This is a free re-telling of the stories in a diffuse manner with poetic embellishment which is wanting in the Sanskrit originals. Devotees of Lord Krishna will surely find it rewarding.

The work is cast in the classical mould and style. The author lived in the last part of the last century and the first part of this. Indeed Sri Lingamurty is rendering a great service to Telugu literature by publishing hitherto unpublished works.

"AAGHA-MARSHANA"

Pramukha Vignana Vettalu : By D. Suryanarayana. A. P. Academy of Scientists, Hyderabad-500 007.

Sixty-five short sketches of the lives and achievements of great scientists and philosophers ranging from Hypocretes to James Dewey Watson are brought together in this volume. The author successfully packs many perspectives of the lives of great men, their work and their impact on further activity in a small canvass. The sketches, readable and informative at once, are useful for school boys and undergraduates.

DR. DHARA RAMANADHA SASTRY

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A ROADSIDE INTERLUDE

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

We had a heavy day full of meetings and processions. From Ambala we had gone to Karnal and Panipat and Conepat and, last of all, Rohtak. The Punjab tour with all its enthusiasm and crowds was at last over. A sense of relief came over me after the long strain, and a weariness which demanded sleep from which there would be no quick awakening.

Night had fallen, and we rushed along the Rohtak-Delhi road, for we had to catch a train at Delhi that night. I could hardly keep awake. Suddenly we had to pull up, for right across the road sat a crowd of men and women, some with torches in their hands. They came to us and when they had satisfied themselves as to who we were, they told us that they had been waiting there since the afternoon. They were a hefty lot of Jats, petty zamindars most of them, and it was impossible to go on without a few words to them. We got out and sat there in the semi-darkness surrounded by a thousand or more Jat men and women.

'Quami nara,' said someone and a thousand throats answered lustily, three times, 'Bande Mataram'. And then we had 'Bharat Mata ki jai,' and other slogans.

"What was all this about," I asked them, "this 'Bande Mataram' and 'Bharat Mata ki jai'?"

No answer. They looked at me and then at one another and seemed to feel a little uncomfortable at my questioning. I repeated my question: "What did they mean by shouting out those slogans?" Still no answer. The Congress worker in charge of that area was feeling unhappy. He volunteered to tell me all about it but I did not encourage him.

"Who was their 'Mata' whom they saluted and whose 'jai' they shouted?" I persisted in questioning. Still they remained silent and puzzled. They had never been asked these strange questions. They had taken things for granted and shouted when they had been told to shout, not taking the trouble to understand. If the Congress people told them to shout, they would do so, loudly and with vigour. It must

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be a good slogan. It cheered them and probably it brought dismay to their opponents.

Still I persisted in my questioning and then one person, greatly daring, said that 'Mata' referred to 'dharti, the earth. The peasant mind went back to the soil, his true mother and benefactor.

"Which dharti" I asked further, "the dharti of their village area, or of the Punjab, or of the whole world?" They were troubled and perplexed by this intricate questioning, and then several voices arose together asking me to tell them all about it. They did not know and wanted to understand.

I told them what 'Bharat' was and Hindustan, how this vast land stretched from Kashmir and the Himalayas in the North to Lanka in the South, how it included great provinces like the Punjab, and Bengal and Bombay and Madras. How all over this great land they would find millions of peasants like themselves, with the same problems to face, much the same difficulties and burdens, and crushing poverty and misery. This vast country was Hindustan, 'Bharat Mata,' for all of us who lived in it and were her children. 'Bharat Mata' was not a lady, lovely and forlorn, with long tresses reaching to the ground, as sometimes shown in fanciful pictures.

'Bharat Mata ki jai.' Whose 'jai' then did we shout? Not of that fanciful lady who did not exist. Was it then of the mountains and rivers and deserts and trees and stones of Hindustan? 'No,' they answered, but they could give me no positive reply.

"Surely our 'jai' is for the people who live in India, the many millions who live in her villages and cities," I told them, and the answer was pleasing to them and they felt that it was right.

"Who are these people? Surely, you and the like of you. And so when you shout 'Bharat Mata ki jai,' you shout your own 'jai' as well as the 'jai' of our brothers and sisters all over Hindustan. Remember that Bharat Mata is you and it is your own jai." They listened intently and a great light seemed to dawn on their heavy peasant minds. It was a wonderful though—that this slogan they had shouted for so long referred to them, yes to themselves, the poor Jat peasants of a village in Rohtak district. It was their 'jai.' Why then let us shout it again, all together and with right goodwill: 'Bharat Mata ki jai.'

And so on into the darkness to Delhi city and the train, and then a long sleep.

Allahabad,
September 16, 1936

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GANDHI AND NEHRU

FENNER BROCKWAY

The association of Gandhi and Nehru for over thirty years is an epic in human co-operation. Their names are indissoluble in the record of India's struggle for freedom. Gandhi comes first, for he was one of the world's great figures not only of his own time, but of all time; that another name should be coupled with his at all is tribute enough to Nehru's stature. So long as history is written and read, they will be remembered together.

Yet, in many ways Gandhi and Nehru are opposites.

Although he influenced, above all others, one of the most progressive events in history—the recognition by Britain of India's right to independence—Gandhi was, in the real meaning of the word, a conservative. He hated the impact which science has on life during the last century, the industrial revolution, the machine age, the new atomic age. His ideal was the simple life of the village and its domestic crafts.

Nehru, on the other hand, has always been essentially a progressive. He does not quarrel with history. He hates the way in which science has been applied; but he rejoices in the expanding powers of man. He believes that they can be used for the emancipation of the human race, and he sees his task as the aiding of this process.

How did it come about, then, that these two men, with their fundamentally different social philosophies, came to be wedded in such close political partnership?

The contact between them began, of course, in their common devotion to the cause of Indian freedom. Growing towards manhood, Nehru read with excitement and admiration of Gandhi's defiance of racial discrimination in South Africa. Under Gandhi's leadership the Indians of Natal and the Transvaal were asserting their human equality not merely by resolutions and speeches, but by dynamic action. An army of them crossed the frontier, from one province to another, without

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the passes demanded only of "coloured" persons; hundreds of Indian miners stopped work; arrested Indians filled the gaols. Nehru in those days did not pause to examine the social philosophy of Gandhi—indeed, the Mahatma's basic beliefs were then only in a formative stage. He was not troubled by the issue as to whether resistance should be violent or non-violent. He saw only that challenging and courageous deeds were being performed in Africa and that they were proving effective. Gandhi became a hero to him.

When young Nehru met his hero, he fell under the charm and magnetism of the sublime personality of the man who was both saint and politician. It was this personal devotion to Gandhi s unique character, which, more than anything else, bound Nehru to the Mahatma all through his life, despite their differences of social outlook. Gandhi's utter selflessness, his entire fearlessness, his complete identification with the poorest peasant and the scorned "untouchable", the beauty and kind-liness and simplicity of his life—these won Nehru' reverence, so that philosophy became of less account in their relationship than personality. What mattered Gandhi's views of social progress, when he was prepared to fast unto death for the emancipation of India?

Nehru found, too, that Gandhi's sense of human values was his own, even if the Mahatma gave them different intellectual expression. Gandhi's devotion to the peasant; that became Nehru's first devotion also when he had seen for himself the cruel privations under which they lived, Gandhi's passion for Hindu-Moslem unity: the achievement of that became equally Nehru's mission, when he saw how both were humiliated by alien rule and exploited by economic privilege. Gandhi's claim for the natural equality of all human beings, whatever their race : that was no less Nehru's supreme motive. Spiritually Gandhi and Nehru were one in all these essential principles, however different their conceptions were of the way of social advance.

But, in addition to these personal approximations, there was an historical reason for the political partnership of Gandhi and Nehru. Gandhi's philosophy was suited to the stage of struggle which India had reached, and Nehru understood this. Nehru might not accept entirely Gandhi's belief in non-violence, but he knew that in India no other policy was possible. How-ever much he differed from Gandhi's subjective approach to political problems, he knew that the Mahatma was expressing in this the mind and spirit of the millions of peasans of India. Gandhi's saintly character, his manner of thought and life, the

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example of his own courage and sacrifice, his voluntary abandonment of all material possessions, the sincerity of his religion—these were in tune with the soul of India, and only Gandhi could bring about the spiritual revolution which must precede India's political revolution. Nehru appreciated this and devoted himself loyally in service of the man destined by history to lift India from its knees, to give it the spirit to stand erect, the conscious equal of all.

And now India has passed to another stage. It is not only standing self reliantly and proudly erect. It is marching forward. And here the qualities of Nehru are required.

His modern constructive mind, his grasp of social changes in every part of the earth, his understanding of international affairs, these qualities were held in reserve during the struggle for Independence, waiting for the day when India would need them, used even then as occasion demanded but germinating for full use when they would be supremely necessary.

That time has come.

March 15,1949

From **Jawaharlal Nehru, 60th Birthday, Abhinandan Grandh.**

BOUNDLESS

DR. T.N. VRAJBAL

I am an ascetic
Honour and dishonour move me not.
I am the burnt out fire
of a Yajnakund*.
My existence is my self-consciousness;
I am the adored part
of a sanctified idol;
I suffer neither affection
nor renunciation.

---

* a square clay vessel in which sacrificial fire is made.

INDECISION

The will to live is dead,
silent and helpless!
In the deceptive darkness
I am a weird light.
I am torpid,
I am conscious,
I am nought,
and I am all!

(Translated from Hindi by Prof. Ravi S. Varma).

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NEHRU AND CHINA

TAN YUN-SHAN

As the names of Lord Buddha and the Bodhisattavas of ancient India, three names of modern India are very well-known to the Chinese people, namely, Mahatma Gandhi, Gurudeva Tagore, and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru.

Gandhi was the most revered, Tagore the most adored, Nehru remains the most beloved of all. The Chinese people revere the Mahatma as a saint, adore the Gurudeva as a teacher, but regard the Pandit as a friend and brother of their own. Or, to be more accurate, to the Chinese people, Tagore was like a mother, Gandhi a father, and Nehru a darling.

Indeed, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru possessed many characteristics which the Chinese have had themselves, and which they cherish. We really feel that he is more lovely, more humane, more social, more friendly and more considerate than any other foreigner. And yet he is so dignified and majestic that he commands the respect and admiration of all people, especially the Chinese, besides their love and affection for him. In other words, he has gained the heart of the citizens of the world in general, and of the Chinese in particular.

When we look at him with a long Chinese gown in a photo taken together with the Chinese Generalissimo and Madame Chiang, published in his book **China, Spain and the War,** but for his Gandhi-cap we can hardly distinguish him from a Chainese.

Like the visit of the Poet Rabindranath Tagore to China in 1924, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's visit to China in 1939 has been a great event in Sino-Indian history. The warm and genuine reception that the Chinese people and their National Government accorded to him exceeded any given to foreign guests in recent times.

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As Pandit Nehru has himself recorded, when he arrived in Chunking, the wartime capital of China, he was greeted by thousands of people including many political, cultural, educational, social and also military leaders. At the aerodrome, "there was a brief speech of welcome and presentation of bouquets, and then we passed along a line of girls and boys in some kind of uniform who greeted me with rythmic waving of flags. Then to a boat to cross the river." (**China, Spain and the War,** p. 44.) The whole city of Chungking was decorated with flags, flowers and festoons, and the streets lined by people when he passed by. One thing to be specially noted here is that this was the first time that the Chinese people hoisted their national flag in welcoming a foreign guest.

Although his visit to China was a very short one and was limited to two or three cities, due to the war situation of that country and urgent call from India, the impression he left with the Chinese people has been lasting. The goodwill and hospitality of the Chinese people was no doubt very splendid and touching. As Pandit Nehru himself said:

"Abundant goodwill and hospitality met me everywhere, and soon I realised that this had far more than personal significance. I was looked upon as a representative of India, of the Congress, although I had no such official status, and the people of China were anxious and eager to make friends with the Indian people and to develop contacts with them. Nothing could have pleased me better, for that also was my heart's desire.

"And so I came back after thirteen days, reluctantly, and yet inevitably, for the call of India in these days of crisis was imperative. But that brief stay had been worth while for me certainly, and possibly for India and China."

(China, Spain and the War, PP. 24-25)

Yes, this brief stay for thirteen days of Pandit Nehru in China will always be remembered, and that Pandit Nehru, I am sure, will himself never forget it. There is even now a very sincere hope and wish of the Chinese people that there would be another chance and opportunity for them to welcome the Indian national leader once again to China, and to get him to stay there for a much longer period and to visit many more cities and places.

The world of to-day is full of snobbishness and flattery. People ingratiate themselves with the strong and the rich and look down upon the weak and the poor. They blindly or even slavishly worship force and power and foolishly or rather pitiably ignore human feeling and justice and dignity.

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When Mussolini and his Italy were strong, people praised and admired them. When Hitler and Germany were in power, people admired and adored them. When the Japanese militarists and Japan were in a mighty position, people extolled and eulogised them. Now people have changed their attitude towards these figures and countries. Now they come to laud Soviet Russia and Comrade Stalin. But Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru did not, and does not, and will never do these. The Chinese people also did not and do not, and will never do these.

Just the opposite. When Abyssinia was trodden under the iron heel of Mussolini and the Italian Fascists, Jawaharlal lost no time to condemn the wanton actions of Mussolini and the Fascists, and expressed his sympathy with the Abyssinian people. When Czechoslovakia was invaded by Hitler and the German Nazis, he immediately did the same. When the people of the Spanish Republic were distressed during the Civil War, Jawaharlal went to their help. And when the Japanese Militarists invaded China, and China was in a very difficult position, again he did the same. It is a fact that it was Jawaharlal Nehru, along with Rabindranath Tagore, who first and foremost condemned the foolish and suicidal Japanese aggression upon China, and declared his whole-hearted sympathy with the Chinese people in this country, India, where pro-Japanese feeling had been strong for some time.

So also did the Chinese people. When India was under the dominion of a foreign power, the Chinese people were always sympathetic towards the Indian brethren. They aspired for India's freedom as for their own. They did never look down upto India because she was under the foreign yoke. They always regarded India as a religious, cultural and spiritual home, whether India was politically free or not. They did never think of India's weakness, still never did they try to find fault with the Indian nation. They respect and admire Indian leaders simply for their personality, their character and their virtues, not for their fame or position, or influence or power. I remember, when Generalissimo and Madame Chiang met Gandhiji in the Birla Palace, Calcutta, the first words the Generalissimo said to his interpreter were: "Tell Gandhiji, I am very happy to meet him; we regard him as our own National Father, Dr. Sun Yat-Sen". When His Excellency Dr. Tai Chi-Tao first met Gandhiji at Sevagram, he said exactly the same.

The Generalissimo's farewell message to India during his visit to this country in 1942, was very well known to

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and read by all the Indian people. My own humble article "An Appeal to Conscience" written in September 1942, which appeared as a statement in almost all the newspapers of India through the United Press, and published as a special article in the **Modern Review** (Calcutta) and the **Blitz.** (Bombay) and later on included in my book, **China, India and the War,** edited and published by the China Press (Calcutta), was also very well received by my Indian friends. In spite of the disgust and dislike of our British friends and ally, we strongly appealed for India's independence. We did all these for reasons of sympathy, for the sense of love, affection and justice we had for India and our Indian brethren. We never thought of any advantage or disadvantage. Now what we said and appealed have all come to be facts and we are very happy. We equally rejoiced with our Indian brethren at India's independence and freedom. We share their joy and happiness and wish them every prosperity.

The Chinese proverb says: "A friend in need, a friend indeed". To China Jawaharlal Nehru is really such a friend. Now, China is again passing through a dangerous crisis. People thought that China is going to be ruined and finished and with no hope of revival or regeneration. The same country which they used to extol much a few years back, they look down upon and disdain now. The same man whom they used to praise as the greatest personality and statesman of the Far East some time ago, they criticise and ridicule and even scandalise now. They use all kinds of satiric and sarcastic words and irony to describe the affairs of China. They quote China for all bad examples. I am sure Pandit Nehru would never do this, and my Indian friends would not do this.

Is China really going to be ruined and finished? Will China remain under the present condition and lose her position and glory in the world for ever? I can definitely say "No". China had survived countless crises and perils, witnessed numerous vicissitudes of countries and peoples of the world in her long recorded history of five thousand years. Whatever may be the present situation, whatever may be the political changes in the world, China will always be there, the Chinese nation and their culture and wisdom will always be there. So also will be India and the Indian nation from the historical

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point of view, a few years or a few decades, or even a few centuries of prosperity or poverty, of power or weakness, is nothing, especially in a history as long as China's. Let me quote Pandit Nehru again :

> "The present will pass and merge into the future, and India will remain and China will remain, and the two will work together for their own good and the good of the world". (**China, Spain and the War,** p. 18).

Less than two months back, when the Annual Meeting of the General Assembly of the Sino-Indian Cultural Society in India was held at Santiniketan on December 24, 1948, the Prime Minister of free India, the same Jawaharlal, again sent his sympathetic and inspiring message, which reads :

> "I send my greetings to the Meeting of the General Assembly of the Sino-Indian Cultural Society. The bonds that have held China and India together in the past were far deeper and more abiding than political bonds can be. Whatever the future may bring to our respective countries, I have no doubt that these cultural bonds should and will continue. The Sino-Indian Cultural Society represents these, and I wish it all success".

O, beloved Panditji ! We shall ever cherish and appreciate your noble thoughts. That is why the Chinese people specially love you, admire you, and adore you among all their friends.

On the auspicious occasion of Pandit Nehru's 61st birthday, let the Chinese people pray together with their Indian brethren for his good health and long life. For with him is linked not only the fate of India, but also that of Asia and the peace of the world.

Long live Jawaharlal ! Jai Hind !

February 16, 1949.

Art galleries and museums in
a City are like window which
look out on the broader,
richer and deeper things of life.

Speech, Madras, 27 November 1951.

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THE DISCLOSURE

UMANATH BHATTACHARYA

Keeping you in view
I do what I do
You are the prime mover of my life
Bristled with tribulations and strife.
Quite innocent you are, I know,
Of the working of my heart and mind.
For never have I breathed a word
About this forbidden thing.
To you or to anybody else in the world:
My heart's desires and dreams.
Yet as my soul is about to take wings
Being mortally ill,
I discover with dismay
This must have been an open secret
Known to everybody in the world.
The leaves whisper it,
Birds twitter it,
The rivers murmur it,
And the stars being aware of it
Gossip in the galaxy high.
Only you do not know
How dearly you have been loved.
Since when and how long.
Be this the swan-song of your poet
My Innocent Babe, Unsuspecting!

If you reject co-existence,
the alternative is war and
mutual destruction.

Speech in Parliament 29 September 1964

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NEHRU AS A PHILOSOPHER

DR. A. D. LITMAN

Nehru was an original humanist thinker whose views constitute a bright chapter in the history of Indian social and philosophic thought. Nehru was a scholar who always sought to go deep into the matter and investigate the inherent connections between phenomena and the laws of their development. Philosophy provided the most adequate channel for Nehru's intellectual quests.

Nehru himself never sought to work out a system of views. According to him, life is too complex and our views about it can in no way be reduced to a doctrine.

Nehru believed that he had long favoured action that was connected with thought, indeed, that proceeded from and followed thought. There must be a "complete harmony" between thought and action. Translating this principle into philosophy, he believed that philosophy should be wholly in line with the needs of "action". it should be related to practice.

This called for Nehru to determine his attitude to religion. He showed considerable civic courage when he subjected religion to vigorous criticism. He pointed out that religion was at odds with reason and intellect. He saw it as a force that led man astray from the rationalistic study of real-life problems into the realm of groundless dogmas, mysticism and rituals. Nehru wrote conclusively: "We have to get rid of that narrowing religious outlook, that obsession with the supernatural and metaphysical speculations, that loosening of the mind's discipline in religious ceremonial and mystical emotionalism, which come in the way of our understanding ourselves and the world. We have to come to grips with the present, this life, this world, this nature which surrounds us in its infinite variety... India must therefore lessen her religiosity and turn to science."

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Such statements clearly show Nehru to have been a supporter of rationalism and science. It was this belief in the creative force of science that led him to a convinced optimism in questions of cognition. He was categorically opposed to scepticism and agnosticism. Recognising man's natural wish to perceive reality, Nehru emphasised that this wish could well be fulfilled, provided there was a scientific approach to the very process of cognition. To comprehend the facts, to arrive at conclusions and to test the conclusions in practice—such was the triad of basic elements in Nehru's approach.

Man was central to Nehru's philosophy. The new political thinking adds another dimension to some of Nehru's views on human problems, and they need to be re-assessed. One cannot but recognise the fact that he formulated the question of human values and their importance for the formation of the personality as a great service of his. He predicted that these values would take priority in today's life and in the development of the entire body of man's socio-historical links.

Nehru had a profound respect for man, and he was bitter and anguished over the moral corruption that was caused by social conditions. He addressed the problem of man from two angles: the external, material aspect, and the internal, spiritual one. Hamony of the two makes for a harmonious development of the personality. According to Nehru, there were parallel trends in external life and man's inner world in any culture and any nation. Balance is observed where the two meet or keep close to each other. But if the two diverge, there is conflict and crisis.

Nehru saw harmony of the personality as an ideal which though unattainable, should be sought after. He wrote: "Perfection is beyond us, for it means the end, and we are always journeying, trying to approach something that is ever receding." This profound dialectic thought was not developed until after India became independent.

Nehru saw the moral, spiritual side as the core of man. But this core, with scientific, material and technological progress, and he described this schism as a tragic paradox of our age. With this in mind, Nehru maintained that no civilisation might be regarded as fully developed if a certain spiritual level was not attained in it as material progress might prove a catastrophe without a balance of spirit.

But how could a balance of spirit, even if a precarious one be attained to prevent a global catastrophe? Nehru's concept of scientific humanism was to solve this problem. He defined the source of this concept in his work **Glimpses of World**

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History in the early 1930s : Humanism should not see its object in an abstract individual, it should concentrate on the tens of milions of oppressed, poor, hungry people whom ideologists dismissed as India's masses. Yet Nehru realised that confining humanism to one country could not address the socio-historical functions of genuine humanism.

In Nehru's view, this genuine humanism had to embody the epoch's supreme ideals. He classified these ideals into two groups: respect for the personality, the improvement of man, and care for humanity on the one hand, and the scientific spirit on the other. "Between these two," says Nehru, "there has been an apparent conflict but the great upheaval of thought today, with its questioning of all values, is removing the old boundaries between these two approaches, as well as between the external world of science and the internal world of instrospection. There is a growing synthesis between humanism and the scientific spirit, resulting in a kind of scientific humanism."

As a profound thinker, Nehru sought to find ways of putting the principles of scientific humanism into practice, which is clear from his interpretation of the category of equality. He realised that being one of the vital humanistic precepts, the principle of equality, a universal value, could not belong to an individual or even a single nation. In his opinion, until there wasn't any more exploitation of a country or a class, we would not have a genuine civilisation or culture based on equality. Such a society would be creative, progressive and based on cooperation between its members. In the end, it would spead over the whole world.

Humanity's progress to the ideal of universal equality, said Nehru, was accompanied by a bitter fight on the part of progressive forces against those of conservatism and reaction. Essentially, he saw these reactionary forces in capitalism and imperialism. He wrote a full year before the beginning of the World War II that such equality was totally incompatible with imperialism and capitalism, social systems based on the exploitation of nations and classes. Therefore, those who derived benefits from such an exploitation resisted the revolution, and in so much as conflict spread, also rejected political equality and parliamentary democracy.

It was quite natural that Nehru's ideas of scientific humanism led him to attempt to incorporate socialist ideas into this concept. He saw a philosophy of life of sorts in socialism. As is known, he came out with the initiative of proclaiming the construction of a society on a socialist model in India as a programmatic goal before the Indian National Congress. Speak-

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ing at the INC session in Lucknow in 1936, he boldly declared his conviction that socialism was the only key to resolving the problems before India and the whole world. Also, he emphasised that "socialism" was a precise scientific and economic term for him, not a hazy humanistic concept. Nehru deeply felt and always emphasised one aspect of socialism that is common to all its forms: its humanistic essence. It was this eagerness to bring together humanism and socialism that constitutes the best part of Nehru's legacy as a thinker.

Marking the 100th anniversary of Nehru's birth, we pay tribute to the prominent political and State leader and great humanist thinker whose lofty ideas have been admired by people of goodwill throughout the world.

THE DESERTS

R.Y. DESHPANDE

Past the weird Arabian nights
The caravan of dream-symbols
Arrives on the inward curve
Where the date-palms burn
Into flames of other images.
Once long ago behind stretches
Of those endless hollow sands
Were heard strange ripple-sounds
Of rivers that flowed from mirages
Watering gardens of the Pharaohs.
But now the deserts inundated
By the streams of the new truth
Give to them, across time's sorrows,
Across all the unbirthed ages,
Songs that have taken a turn
Of topaz-winds pyramiding
The city of light's delights,
As if for nothingness God had lived.

Democracy without self-control
and restraint turns into anachy.
Discipline is the very essence
of democracy.

Speech, Poona 26, July 1939.

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ENCOUNTER WITH LIFE'S REALITY

K.V. ADVANI

1) Encounter with life's reality,
Has twin-factored force,
Where devotion to duty and beauty,
Recreates life's corrective course.

2) Life's ambiguities and enigmas,
Can be resolved smoothly,
If the mind is allowed to play,
In a free space, creatively.

3) Romance blooms and blossoms,
Beyond life's hurdles,
That need sturdiness of purpose,
And sanity with vibrant urges.

4) Rhapsody of soul cannot vanish,
If spiritual salve does not go dry;
Life's meldoy and agony,
Can vitalise life without sordid tie.

5) There lies lingering vacuum,
Between grey-hued curves of dismay,
And heroic rhythm of life,
Where chivalry has its full sway.

6) Let us learn to tap the roots,
Of aesthetic joy, power and sanity;
Verve of peace and serenity,
Flowers with impersonal virility.

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JAWAHARLAL NEHRU AND THE INDIAN RENAISSANCE

The Indian renaissance was nearly a hundred years old when Jawaharlal Nehru entered the field of Indian political life in the second decade of this century. And he was in the thick of it for half a century. It is interesting to study how he viewed this national renaissance and what impact he had on it.

India in the Early Nineteenth Century

The seed-time of this renaissance was the nineteenth century. It was occasioned by the impact of the dynamic and modern culture of the West on the ancient but weakened culture of India. The strength of the ancient Indian culture lay in the sphere of spirituality and philosophy; it was extremely weak in the positive sciences and in the socio-political fields. The glorious vision of the inherent divinity of man and his capacity for limitless development, bequeathed by her philosophers and sages, emphasizing the inherent worth and dignity of man, had failed to become incorporated into the political and social consciousness of her people. The Indian body-politic, accordingly, had been vitiated by social inequality and injustice to an amazing extent, and by every conceivable form of exploitation of the many by the few. This had reduced the status and stature of man in India to a deplorable extent. It had weakened the national life, which had accordingly become steeped in narrow attitudes, foolish superstitions. and cheap easy mysticisms. The vision of the universal and the human in the national heritage lay submerged in this muddy pool.

The Modern Renaissance in India

The culture of the modern West that came to India in the wake of the British subjection and through the English language represented, on the other hand, the spirit of manliness and of socio-political strength, arising from scientific and techno-

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logical advancements. The contact of such a powerful culture could easily have spelt death to the decadent Indian culture; some contemporary western thinkers had predicted it, and some others had even hoped for it; but exactly the opposite happened. Instead of dying, India burst forth in a renaissance of her ageless spirit. This was obviously because there was a close kinship between the inner core of the two legacies, which Indian renaissance was to make explicit in Swami Vivekananda seven decades later. The renaissance was sponsored and nourished in the early nineteenth century by the great Raja Rammohan Roy who strove to inject the modern progressive spirit into his nation and who represented within himself a fine synthesis of the East and the West.

In his **Discovery of India** (p. 342), Jawaharlal Nehru refers to this renaissance ferment of the nineteenth century in these words.

'The impact of western culture on India was the impact of a dynamic society, of a "modern" consciousness, on a static society wedded to medieval habits of thought which, however sophisticated and advanced in its own way, could not progress because of its inherent limitations... Change came to India because of this impact of the West, but it came almost in spite of the British in India. They succeeded in slowing down the pace of that change to such an extent that even today the transition is far from complete.'

Ramakrishna-Vivekananda and the Spiritual Revolution

Towards the end of the century, this renaissance found its most authentic voice in two great personalities, Sri Ramakrishna and Swami Vivekananda.

Sri Ramakrishna represented the undying spirit of India; in his deep spirituality, broad human sympathies, universal toleration, and love and concern for man, immortal India rediscovered herself. And in his great disciple, Vivekananda, this rediscovery became blended with the spirit of the modern age. In Ramakrishna and Vivekananda the renaissance movement, which had proceeded haltingly during the preceding seven decades became a powerful flood destined to fertilize all aspects of Indian life, as also of humanity abroad. Dealing with Vivekananda's contribution, Jawaharlal Nehru says in his **Discovery of India** (pp. 400-402):

'Rooted in the past and full of pride in India's heritage, Vivekananda was yet modern in his approach to life's problems and was a kind of bridge between the past of India and her present... Wherever he went, he created a minor sensation

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not only by his presence, but by what he said and how he said it... He wanted to combine western progress with India's spiritual background. "Make a European society with India's religion." "Become an occidental of occidentals in your spirit of equality, freedom, work, and energy, and at the same time a Hindu to the very backbone in religious culture and instincts".... Vivekananda spoke of many things, but the one constant refrain of his speech and writing was **abhay** — be fearless, be strong.'

On the impact of Vivekananda on Indian renaissance, Romain Rolland says in his **Life of Vivekananda** (p. 376):

'So India was hauled out of the shifting sands of barren speculation wherein she had been engulfed for centuries, by the hand of one of her own **sannyasins;** and the result was that the whole reservoir of mysticism, sleeping beneath, broke its bounds, and spread by a series of great ripples into action.'

Dealing with the same subject, Jawaharlal Nehru says in his lecture on **Ramakrishna and Vivekananda** (pp. 6-7):

'He was no politician in the ordinary sense of the word and yet he was, I think, one of the great founders—if you like, you may use any other word—of the national modern movement of India; and a great number of people who took more or less an active part in that movement in a later date drew their inspiration from Swami Vivekananda. Directly or indirectly, he has powerfully influenced the India of today.'

The direction that Vivekananda gave to the renaissance was towards man-making, nation-building, and international unity. Its national objectives were, to quote his own words (**Letters of Swami Vivekananda,** p. 64).

'...to struggle unto life and death to bring about a new state of things—sympathy for the poor and bread to their hungry mouths, enlightenment to the people at large, and struggle unto death to make men of them who have been brought to the level of beasts by the tyranny of your forefathers.'

Gandhiji and the Political Revolution

Immediately after Vivekananda, India saw his ideas and spirit entering the national movement, with the result that the renaissance progressively entered its dynamic phase of collective action by organized masses, first, through the revolt of Bengal, and, later, through the movement of Tilak, and finally, through Gandhiji, when, in the words of Rolland quoted above, 'the whole reservoir of mysticism, sleeping beneath, broke its bounds, and spread by a series of great ripples into action.'

Jawaharlal Nehru's own contributions to the Indian renaissance began with his Prime Ministership of free India.

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But the pre-independence national movement did not remain unaffected by him, even though it was then under the effective stewardship of Gandhiji. The objectives and policies of the Congress since 1928 unmistakably bear the impress of Jawaharlal's mind; his touch tended to make them more and more radical politically and economically. He also made the Indian national revolution aligned with the liberation struggles of other Afro-Asian nations. His own voluminous literary contributions, some of them of rare grace and charm, also helped to educate the national mind on the lines of his own political ideas and social vision.

Jawaharlal Nehru as Pilot of Free India

The supreme opportunity to translate his ideas and visions into social realities came to him when he became the first Prime Minister of a divided but free India in 1947. Soon after independence, the nation, under his guidance, achieved the first political objective of the renaissance by giving to itself a Constitution, with an inspiring preamble and high directive principles, and proclaiming India a sovereign democratic secular republic.

The seventeen years of his of stewardship saw the steady progress of India on many fronts. All aspects of Indian life bore his enlivening touch. Free India has extended all help to promote literature and the fine arts which have accordingly flourished, and which bid fair to surpass, in the years to come, its own glorious past achievements. He placed democratic socialism as the guiding principle of the state. India's infant parliamentary democracy attained maturity and strength through his wise handling of parliamentary affairs. Its stability has stood the test of three general elections based on adult franchise; it has successfully stood a more severe test involved in the present transition of national leadership at the death of Jawaharlal himself. Through his vigorous policy of planned industrialization and economic development, aided by scientific research through a chain of national laboratories and the nation-wide community project movement, Jawaharlal Nehru has laid firm foundations for the achievement of another important objective of the Indian renaissance, namely, the economic and social redemption of the Indian masses. By his policy of non-alignment and active support to the United Nations Organizaion, he has not only helped to reduce international tensions, but also helped to project an image of India abroad as a creative force for peace and international fellowship, thus achieving a third important political objective of the Indian renaissance.

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Conclusion

No student of Indian history can fail to discern the spiritual continuity of her modern renaissance from Rammohan and Vivekananda to Gandhi and Nehru. The political contributions of Gandhiji and Jawaharlal Nehru have helped to clothe the modern Indian renaissance in flesh and blood and to put India on the road to the development of a body-politic worthy of her undying spirit. Every socio-political ideology of the future in India cannot escape being conditioned and controlled by the fundamentals of this Gandhi-Nehru contribution.

SRI SWAMI RANGANATHANANDA

THE POSITIVE MAN

M. RAMAKRISHNA RAO

The positive man never complains
And sees the light of the matter
In broader perspective and thereby gains
Goodwill and Success, sooner than later.

He ignores considerations other than merit
Except when human kindness is paramount;
Religion, cast, colour or creed he'd surmount
For, they put the country at a great discount.

He is duly courteous but not compromising
With consciousness of National culture and honour,
He firmly believes in universal well-being
And not in a fanatical and individualistic banner.
He exhibits profound scientific temperament

And cares for children's character and development
For, this is the panacea, miraculously potent
In solving every National Predicament;
He is thus positive, persevering and pleasant
Magnanimous, Action-oriented and Non-violent !

A nation cannot progress if it
merely imitates its ancestors;
what builds a nation is
creative, inventive and vital
activity.

Speech, Sangor, 30 October 1952

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JAWAHARLAL NEHRU
The First Indian Socialist Leader

M. CHALAPATHI RAU

The question comes up repeatedly: what manner of man was Jawaharlal Nehru? Was he a visionary or a man of action? Was he a democrat and demagogue or a Caesar? Was he as plain and honest as he seemed or was there something deep within him? These questions demand an answer some time or other. He was many things, thinker, writer, man of action, political leader, Prime Minister, but what lay behind it all?

He was a man of moods and his moods were many. There is a vast disarray of photographic material about him as rich as a Gandhi album. He was receptive, quick-tempered, absorbed, imperious, desolate-looking, strong in his reactions, generous, chivalrous, gentle, angry, forgiving. But one mood was permanent. There was light in his eyes, happiness in his face, animation and good temper as he saw the people, met them, and talked to them. They constantly inspired him and all his troubles seemed to melt away. He might have been bored with individuals but he was never bored with the people, masses of them, lakhs and lakhs, men and women and children, mostly from villages and from the backyards of towns. There was no other cause for him. They were the source of his power and the secret of his strength. As they looked at him and he looked at them, there was a transformation, and he looked very human, yet very inflexible.

Jawaharlal Nehru drew strength from many sources like any leader of men—from the people, from the party which had grown from the people, from the inspiration of Gandhi, from the sympathy of fellow intellectuals and humanists all over the world, from the stream of history. Basically it was inner strength. His upbringing amidst the affluence of **Anand Bhawan,** his high lineage, the pride of the Kashmir Brahmins

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and the Nehru clan were all accounted for in the confused biographies, but they did not account for much. Beside Gandhi, he was uncomplicated. The world did not know much of the processes of self-discipline which enabled him to come to grips with his fate. The inner strength was both physical and spiritual. Not known to be a man of religion, he once startled the world into strange premonitions by saying he was a pagan. But the religion of man and the god of reason were his. From science he reached spirituality, which is more a discipline than a cloak and dagger. He was a civilised, integrated human being, a fine instrument of historical forces.

There was the familiar, if very vivid, picture of Jawaharlal Nehru looking beyond you. For all his sweet disposition, even his hospitality, he might not be listening to you or even to himself. Some dream beyond the chintz of the drawing-room, the clatter of plates and forks in the dining room, seemed to be beckoning to him, some dream beyond this world of problems. He was, of course, a dreamer, though something more. It was the dream of India and the world. The dreams may have been only symbols of something that perplexed the human heart and called men to high adventure and many risks. It was a dream of the future, in which the past and present got mixed. This is what constitutes vision. Jawaharlal Nehru was a visionary too, and that far-away look, sometimes forbidding in its long silences, was a glimpse of that vision. Without vision, action becomes meaningless, and vision without action is futile for men who want to change the world. The world moves on because of the power of vision.

It was easy to catch Jawaharlal Nehru in a reflective mood. He was buoyant, gay, and extrovert, interested in gadgets and new machines, and he loved to talk to men and women of all stations, but he plunged easily into introspection. It was partly the Gandhi tradition, a form of self-questioning and self-inquest, and it was also a literary mood. It invested even his most casual speech and writing with quality. It was a part of his struggle for clarity. To be bombastic or too fluent is to be muddle-headed, and though Jawaharlal Nehru could talk on for hours to multitudes and was ready to talk history even to a class of historians, he wanted to be clear in his mind about what he said. It is the first step to style. To achieve clarity of outlook, one has to be free from passion and prejudice as much as possible. Once his mind was clear, Jawaharlal Nehru put all his passion into what he said. Whatever his moods, whether he was short of temper or was charming,

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he achieved consistency of outlook. Clarity of outlook led to clarity of vision, and consistency of outlook meant consistency of vision.

Jawaharlal Nehru must have been a man of high ambition to have achieved a high place in the Congress early, a high rank among contemporary personalities, and to have been Prime Minister for seventeen years. It is not ambition in the personal sense, which can take a person enjoying so much power only on the road to autocracy and disaster. For long years he was also in prison, where life looked wasteful and loneliness bred petulance. In office, Jawaharlal Nehru once nearly gave up his post for sticking to his vision, placed it at the disposal of the Congress Working Committee when his policies were challenged, and thrice offered to retire. But he must have thought highly of his country's role even when it was not free, and worked steadfastly for its advancement. Through the darkest periods he remained a valiant spirit. He led even when Gandhi was the unchallenged leader.

Jawaharlal Nehru has been usually, and thoughtlessly, pictured as Peter Pan. He had the youthfulness of spring, but he never stopped growing. He was always a man of promise. Even at sixty, he was reaching forward. The Plans had yet to come; the Congress had yet to accept socialism. Three general elections had shown that the country could work the democratic process and run itself. Economic independence had become the creed of the people and they had developed the habit of planning as the answer to most of the troubles of transition. The whole country shared the vision of democratic, socialist India working for international peace and co-operation; and the lessons of discipline have been well learnt without loss of freedom of thinking and freedom of articulation.

There was much respect and love for what Jawaharlal Nehru was, and yet strangely, there were many regrets that he was not somebody else. Some, playing at history, sought to cast him in different roles, charging him with being too dictatorial or not being dictatorial enough. These 'ifs' of history are only irritating, for he could not be somebody else. The combination that was Jawaharlal Nehru had few equals, and he was all this and something more. In different conditions, he could have been Lenin or somebody else. He was a product of the Gandhi age and of the Indian environment. There was little meaning in expecting him to be a Chengiz Khan, a Peter the Great, a Lenin, or even a Gandhi.

Jawaharlal Nehru had functioned in the environment of the Congress, and his role as a political leader had much to

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do with his role as a Congressman. No one else, after Gandhi, knew Congressmen as he did, and he often chastised and castigated them. But he had an unerring sense of the movement of political forces and knew the uses of a mighty instrument like the Congress. Against all advice, he never sought to discard it or disrupt it. He knew it would be difficult to fashion another instrument as widespread and deep-rooted. and the fate of those who left the Congress to lead independent movements proved his foresight. Communists, socialists and others had often sought to make a case for his leaving the Congress and leading them. He would have been happy if the forces of socialism had grown strong with or without him, and then he would have had something to lead outside the Congress. As long as the Congress remained a mighty instrument and he could do what he liked with it, it seemed to him that the should not deride it.

In working through the Congress, Jawaharlal Nehru was a party man. His position in the party, in the country, and in the world, had given him a higher role, and he had been conscious of it. Several of those who were close to him in their thinking were outside the Congress. But on big questions, he spoke for all Indians, and to the world at large he was a representative Indian. Like Gandhi, he too had his critics in his lifetime, and he was stoutly opposed. But through the years, it was the futility which others felt that presented him as a paradox. He was in a strange and baffling, if crucial, position. Even Opposition parties would want him to lead them rather than the Congress. Almost all secular Opposition parties wanted him to do what they wanted to be done; they looked to him for leadership. Instead of rejecting him and presenting an alternative, they had been wanting him to be all things to all men.

Jawaharlal Nehru was the largest single educative force of socialism anywhere in the world. He had been an indefatigable and persuasive propagandist for socialism in India. He was among the first Indian socialists and was the first Indian socialist leader. It was his achievement to show that socialism is natural and inevitable in Indian conditions and he made it a part of every thinking Indian's make-up. The climate is now one of socialism and it would be impossible to reverse the process. This socialism is more Indian than Marxist or anything else; it is inextricably bound with humanism, with democracy, and with non-violence. Jawaharlal Nehru made these elements a part of Indian socialism and thus acceptable even to tradition.

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He showed that the socialist process and the democratic process could be reconciled and could go together.

The inter-connection between internal affairs and international affairs was another historical process which Jawaharlal Nehru discovered for India. At one time, he was ridiculed for trying to win Indian freedom on the battlefields of Spain and China. Now nobody disregards him for it. Again and again, he talked of international affairs to present Indian problems against the larger background. It no longer seems a remote or irrelevant relationship. Anything that happens elsewhere in the world affects not only peace but development at home, and what India says or does affects the world. It required long, arduous, patient education by Jawaharlal Nehru to make the Indian people share his vision.

What is Jawaharlal Nehru's place in history? He surely has a place in history, and as the world comes together, he has a place for his unwearied faith and his unwavering vision. Through forty years of changes in the world, he held a firm perspective of man's progress, of the inevitability of peace. He was a courageous friend of freedom everywhere. In his country, he had been the leader of revolution—social, economic, scientific, industrial—and gave it not only a firm foundation but stability. He gave shape and content to independence. In everything he did civilization spoke. He was unfailingly noble and human. Nobody called him mean or petty-minded. To action, he gave the support of reason. It is easy to compare him with other leaders or men in his language, in his gesture. Among them all, he remained tall. He was not a Lenin or a Jefferson. He was no imitation. He was Jawaharlal Nehru and he had no need to be anybody else.

If any people think of me,
choose to think of me, I
should like them to say that
this man with all his mind and
heart loved India and the
Indian people and they were
indulgent to him and gave
him all their love most
abundantly and extravagantly.

Speech, Madras, 9 October 1952.

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NEHRU'S FOREIGN POLICY

DR. S. GOPAL

Nehru' ideas on foreign policy were as pragmatic and practical as his socialism. This policy was firmly based on national interests and current realities in the world. Though, especially in the later years, he often expounded the moral virtues of non-alignment and, in his efforts to explain his efforts to his own people, he annoyed other governments by seeming to claim a great deal for India, there was not so much a priggish parading of principle or a messianic universalism as a strengthening of India's position. It was part of the search for self-reliance, required to buttress political independence.

Non-alignment was not a product of Nehru's whims but the expression of the state of mind prevalent among the newly-free countries of Asia after the Second World War. In March 1947, just when the "cold war" was developing in Europe, Nehru gave expression to this viewpoint at the Asian relations conference: "For too long we of Asia have been petitioners in Western courts and chancelleries. That story must now belong to the past. We propose to stand on our own feet and to cooperate with all others who are prepared to cooperate with us. We do not intend to be the playthings of others".[1] For centuries India and the other countries of Asia had been treated as the outer fringes of the great powers of Europe and America, and though these Asian peoples had no problems or divisive interests among themselves, they had extraneous conflicts and decisions thrust upon them. They had now no intention of continuing to inherit the problems of other peoples; but they could not, even if they wished, opt out of the world. Since 1945, passivity as a foreign policy has been out of the question for most countries. So Nehru set himself the task of working towards the assertion of certain principles which were not only good in themselves but in India's interests—anticolonialism, anti-racism, the concerted move-away from economic under-development, the building of

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ever widening areas of peace. Even on 'cold war' issues India could exercise independence of judgment if her specific interests were not involved; such an attitude would be proper on grounds of principle as well as work to her special advantage. It was 'not a wise policy to put all your eggs in one basket'... purely from the point of view of opportunism, if you like, a straightforward, honest policy, an independent policy is the best''.[2]

The realistic element in Nehru's foreign policy stands forth clearly when we look at specific problems. India's membership of the Commonwealth was not the result of Nehru's liking for all things British. Immediately after 1947, the Soviet Union regarded India as still a campfollower of the West, condemned all the policies of the Government of India and directed the Indian Communist Party to rebellion. Such Soviet antipathy drove India to lean more and more on the Western Powers. At the conference of Commonwealth prime ministers in October 1948, Nehru, while critical of the aggressiveness of the United States, particularly in economic matters, added that the Asian peoples had no sympathy for Soviet expansionism and recommended that publicity be given to this aspect of Soviet policy rather than to criticism of communism as an economic doctrine or a way of life. This, taken with Jinnah's efforts to tease India out of the Commonwealth and India's military weakness and economic dependence, made it worthwhile remaining in the organisation; and it would also relieve India from overdependence on the United States. In 1949, Nehru does not even seem to have expected the Commonwealth to remain in existence for long; for in reply to Jayaprakash's criticism that membership suggested a lack of self-confidence and implict commitment to one of the power blocs, Nehru spoke of the great practical help that India's association would secure for at least two or three years and at very slight cost. The future was free as air, but for the time being membership of the Commonwealth would be useful. ''We are apt'', he warned Jayaprakash,[3] ''to be too sure of our stability, internal and external. Taking that for granted we proceed to endeavour to remodel the world.'

The Commonwealth, of course, has lasted longer than expected; and once India's stability had been assured, the organisation had to be used by India unsentimentally, to further her policies without inhibiting them. Nehru converted it into one of the great junctions of world affairs and harnessed it in support of his China and Korea policies. In the early and mind-fifties, he held the key position in the Commonwealth. But, where major issues were involved, he did not allow it

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to deflect him from the path he had chosen. Suez is well-known; but a less publicised problem was Africa. To Nehru Africa was a neighbour across the sea and of direct concern to India. So, while he regretted the Mau Mau movement and the recourse to violence in Kenya, he came round to the view that, in the face of British provocation, Africans had really no alternative to resistance. 'How any decent person who is an African can be a 'loyalist' passes my comprehension.''[4] Talk of the different races living together, condemnation of terrorism and emphasis on the interests of the Indian communities in Africa were all meaningless in the face of the heavy offensive that the British were mounting against the African people. 'We are all for the multiracial society, but I am getting a little tired of the repetition of this phrase when the African is being kicked, hounded and shot down and the average Indian prays for safety first.'[5] The conviction of Kenyatta was a purely political act which the Africans could not be expected to accept. Nothing that the Africans had done was as bad as the racial domination of the white settlers, and preaching to the African was an impertinence when his house was on fire and he himself in agony and torture. 'I am not interested at present in petty reforms for the Africans; that is a matter for them to decide. I am interested in standing by people who are in great trouble and who have to face tremendous oppression by a powerful Government. I should condemn ofcourse every species of violence and give no quarter to it. But I shall stand by the Africans nevertheless. That is the only way I can serve them and bring them round to what I consider to be the right path.'[6] Public statements on these lines evoked the wrath of the British Government, but Nehru would not shift his position, and when the British continued to object, Nehru sent a sharply worded rejection. 'Our Government is not used to being addressed in this way by any Government and I can only conclude that he (the British Commonwealth Secretary) has for the moment forgotten that he is addressing the independent Republic of India.... It has been our constant endeavour not to embarrass the British Government and we have tried to cooperate with them to the largest possible extent subject to adhering to our own principles and policies. We shall continue to do so, but we are not prepared to change these principles and policies because of any pressure exercised on us by an outside authority.''[7] Throughout his years in office, Nehru, despite India's membership of the Commonwealth, did not fail to keep faith with the African people and to press his views on British policy-markers.

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Another little-known string of events in 1955 also shows Nehru's matter-of-fact approach as well as the usefulness and the limitations of nonalignment. The Asian-African conference at Bandung in April 1955 was not specifically a conference of nonaligned countries, but those countries which were represented there gained a greater cohesion. Though Nehru was by now severely critical of many aspects of American policy, particularly military aid to Pakistan, he still sought to avoid leaning more in favour of one side in the "cold war". He assured the United States of lack of hostility but suggested that the world crisis should be interpreted not in terms of communism or anti-communism but as the consequence of large, dynamic countries inevitably trying expand in various ways. The approach to world affairs of Dulles was squarely in confrontation with that of Nehru, while the Soviet Union's emphasis on peaceful coexistence led to a convergence of policy with India. Even so, on a visit to the Soviet Union that summer, Nehru was concerned to put forward the case for the United States. When Bulganin and Krushchev accused the United States of adopting aggressive attitudes, Nehru commented, "I don't see why a strong man should always go about showing his muscles." It was a remark seemingly made in agreement with Soviet criticism but, in fact, it had a double edge. Nehru then drew attention to the more hopeful elements in United States policy: the eclipse of Mc Carthy, the difference between Dulles and Eisenhower and the more conciliatory attitudes of the President, and the general friendliness of the people of the United States. But on leaving the Soviet Union, Nehru saw his task as being that of conveying to the Western Powers his understanding that there had been a real change of outlook in Moscow. The new leaders of the post-Stalin period were keen on coexistence, but they could not be pushed beyond a certain point. So Nehru spoke up for the United States in the Soviet Union, and expounded the Soviet cause in his dealings with Western governments. Although nothing came of the summit conference at Geneva later in the year, all the four Powers agreed that Nehru's interpretation of each side to the other had helped. Credit is not claimed for Nehru for even the temporary lifting of the clouds. Great powers know their own interests and act on them. But Nehru had helped to convey nuances and impressions, to act in the interstices of great power relations and to improve mutual comprehension. As he once said about the role of non-alignment: "There are no affirmatives and negatives about it. There are fine shades of opinion, hints thrown out, general

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impressions created without commitments, reactions awaited and so on. If a reaction is favourable, one takes another step forward. Otherwise one shuts up... What do we try to do? To soften and soothe each side and make it slightly more receptive to the other."[8]

A similar sense of realism is to be found, despite general belief, in the formulation of Nehru's China policy. His romanticist fantasies about traditional friendship did not basically impinge on his handling of relations between the two countries. From the, Twenties Nehru had been of the view that Chinese communism was more nationalist than communist and, when the communists came to power in 1949, the attitude of foreign governments appeared to him crucial in determining in which direction China would develop. Hostility of the Western and other non-communist states would result in correspondingly closer relations between the Soviet Union and China, but a different policy might well lead to loosening of even existing ties between these two countries. So he advocated an attitude of "cautious friendliness". The exchanges on Tibet in 1950 left no room for any illusions, and even in Korea he knew that the Chinese government was exploiting his world influence. He made allowances for the Chinese view of the world. "Chinese psychology, with its background of prolonged suffering, struggle against Japan, successful communist revolution, is an understandable mixture of bitterness, elation and vaulting confidence to which the traditional xenophobia and present-day isolation from outside contacts have added fear and suspicion of the motives of other powers. For inducing a more balanced and cooperative mentality in Peking, it is essential to understand those psychological factors."[9] But such understanding did not necessarily mean a neglect of India's interests. An attempt would have to be made for friendly relations with China, if only because conflict, and preparation for it, would grossly distort India's economy. But Nehru did not assume such friendship; the basic challenge between India and China, as he remarked in 1952,[10] ran along the spine of Asia. "Our attitude towards the Chinese Government, he instructed his ambassador later that year[11] should always be a combination of friendliness and firmness. If we show weakness, advantage will be taken of this immediately." Chinese expansionism had been evident during various periods for about a thousand years, and a new period of such expansionism was, thought Nehru, perhaps imminent. His meetings with Chou-en-lai and other Chinese leaders in 1954 weakened the element of uneasiness in his attitude to that country, and he felt it no

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longer necessary to answer fully, one way or the other, the question of cooperation or conflict between India and China. For a third position seemed to have emerged, of containment of China through friendship, by the creation of an environment in which China would find t difficult to be hostile. Perhaps Nehru overestimated the importance of India, and India's support, to China's leaders in the long term; and there were also inadequacies in diplomacy and administration which brought his China policy to ruin. But there was no basic flaw in the analysis or the assessment.

In many ways, it is in the evolution of Nehru's policy on the Goa question that one sees the relative strength of various influences of ideas and principles and how, gradually, some prevailed. Before 1947 Nehru, more than any other nationalist leader, had regarded the expulsion of the Portuguese and the merger of Goa with India as part of the freedom struggle. For this purpose, he relied, after becoming prime minister, on local and internal pressures. The Government and people of India themselves should not intervene, for economic sanctions might hurt the inhabitants of Goa more than the Portuguese authorities, and military action, though easy, should be on principle avoided as long as possible. The people of India, being mature and not 'children at play', would quietly wait.

Goans settled in India were not stopped from entering Portuguese territory, but all other Indians were discouraged from supporting what should essentially be regarded as a freedom movement within Goa. When the Portuguese shot down some Indian volunteers who sought to cross into Goa, the Government of India did not react to such brutality, nor did they permit the establishment in India of a provisional government of Goa. "We have to take not only the right steps,' Nehru told the chief ministers,[12] "but also in the right way. We have also to keep in view our general world policy because we cannot isolate one action from another. I have no doubt that we shall win in Goa. But I am anxious to do so without giving up in the slightest the basic policy that we claim to pursue."

So it was a policy of inaction and of patience, waiting for the popular movement in Goa to gain strength, for the colonial economy to weaken, for the sympathy of world opinion to prevail. The Government of India were not pacifist but they would only go to war in case of an armed attack. "If you are under the impression that the Government will take police action or use force to liberate Goa from Portuguese domination,

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you are entirely mistaken. I am not going to do any such thing."[13] But such commitment to peace and principle was regarded abroad as weakness, and the very belief in Nehru's dedication to international ethics slackened the pressure that foreign Governments were willing to exert on Portugal. Those who had faith in Nehru would not take seriously his assertion that India would not accept indefinitely the continuance of Portuguese rule in Goa. So gradually it became increasingly clear that, because of the adamancy of the Portuguese and the failure of other powers to interfere, the dilemma could not be resolved by Nehru's methods. It would have either to be broken at the cost of Nehru's principles or the Portuguese left undisturbed in defiance of Nehru's commitments.

In 1957, for the first time, in a letter to Vinoba Bhave commenting on the futility of a peace brigade and the impracticality of reducing the size of the Indian army,[14] Nehru recknoned reluctantly with the possibility of having to take armed action in Goa. He could not but recognise that his Goa policy was a singular record of failure and the situation, instead of improving, had in many ways deteriorated. There was a total deadlock and India had no policy beyond that of waiting. He still believed that events in the world were working against the Portuguese and that the situation was developing in India's favour; but at the back of his mind was the growing unease that ultimately action would have to be taken by India. When the Portuguese threatened to enforce a right of passage to the enclaves of Dadra and Nagar Haveli, Nehru welcomed the prospect as providing an occasion for occupying Goa in retaliation; but the Portuguese took no action. So when, in Nehru's phrase, the cup was full and began to spill over, he sanctioned mlitary action in the national interest and at the expense of his general principles: "Ultimately," he wrote to President Kennedy, "we had to face what might be called the choice between two courses both of which were undesirable from various points of view. We chose what to our thinking was the lesser evil."[15]

I have tried in these lectures to draw attention to the formative influences on Nehru as well as, with experience and growing responsibilities, the slow erosion of old assumptions and the subtle progression of new ideas. I have selected three main groups of concepts and problems, and sought to discern, if possible, the development of his mind, symbolic of a whole generation of thinking Indians and reflected in a nation's policies. Democracy, as adapted to an under-privileged society; socialism, indistinct in outline, but not necessarily, therefore, disadvantage-

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ous, and not conceived as a backward and poverty-stricken socialism but linked with production rather than distribution; and finally a nationalism poised on internationalism but not sucked into it before the world had become a fully international community.

It is not possible to categorise Nehru: for he was a Marxist who rejected regimentation, a socialist who was wholly committed to civil liberties, a radical with a preference for non-violence, and a world citizen who combined his international obligations with a total involvement in India, saw the necessity of self-reliance even in a shrinking world and stressed the need to adapt every ideology to the Indian condition. Above all, he was a leader who believed in carrying his people with him even if it slowed down the pace of progress. In 1936, when Krishna Menon wrote from London complaining that Nehru was not forceful enough in securing the acceptance of his views, he replied: "Try to imagine what the human material is in India. How they think, how they act, what moves them, what does not affect them. It is easy enough to take up a theoretically correct attitude, which has little effect on anybody. We have to do something much more important and difficult and that is to move large numbers of people, to make them act...."[16] Nearly twenty years later, as Prime Minister, his approach was very similar: "A leader must always have a sense of the public. He cannot do some things, because he senses they would create difficulties.... We have to deal with human beings as individuals and in the mass, and we must know the art of getting into their minds and hearts and not merely imagine that any logical argument must prevail."[17]

It is, I think, this compulsive motivation to keep step with the people of India, and his faith that if he followed this policy he could not go wrong, that explain both Nehru's achievements and his failures. It was said of a general in the last world war that to say that he made mistakes was merely to say that he made war. Nehru too made mistakes; but he made them in the process of making the India that we know and have. As for his opponents and those who today have the opportunity to carp and criticise, they function in a world he changed.

— Extracted from the Heras memorial Lecture. December, 1977.

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VANITY

C. JACOB

I see the roses fading,
I see the jasmines falling,
I see the lilies drooping,
I see the lotus withering.
This life, this beauty, this wealth,
This pomp, this power, this strength,
Glow much in the morn, my dear,
But by dusk their end is near.
The rich, the poor, the middle,
The mighty, the meek and all ,
Are sure to droop, drop and fall
When death has given its call.
The sun, the moon, the stars,
The earth and all its parts
Are all but mortal art,
Time and Space only last.

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RESTORING GANDHI - NEHRU NEXUS

P.N. HAKSAR

It is rather difficult to write about Jawaharlal Nehru. So much has been written about him. And he himself has written a great deal, both about himself and also the world in which he lived and worked. The new generation of my countrymen, who are now in the state of being and becoming, should read not so much what others have written about Nehru, but what Nehru himself reflected, thought and wrote. I hope too that they would also read everything that Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi wrote. I would add to the reading list the names of Subramania Bharati and Rabindra Nath Tagore. All these readings, to my mind, are far more relevant to our country today than the wisdom and the searchings contained in the Vedas, the Sastras and the Puranas.

The fundamental preoccupation of our distant and ancient thinkers was with three questions: first, who am I? Second, whence have I come? And third, what is my destiny? But now, if we could only transcend ourselves and our small egos, one would ask: where is our society and our country going? What is India's destiny? And how can we attain dignity and greatness? It is to this set of latter questions that Gandhi, Nehru, Subramania Bharati and Rabindra Nath Tagore addressed themselves. And they continue to be of contemporary relevance.

It is a matter of deep and profound regret that Gandhi-ites and Nehruites have formed separate churches. From the history of churches, one knows how the messiahs get vulgarised the moment they are entombed in churches, mosques, temples and gurudwaras. The Gandhi-Nehru nexus needs to be restored if we are to celebrate the centenary of Nehru's birth in any meaningful manner. The life, work and thoughts of the two are indissolubly linked together and constitute an interacting and integrated system. Gandhi articulated the imperatives of the moral and spiritual universe. Nehru articulated the imperatives of the rational and scientific universe. But the two

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together constituted the entire universe of mind and spirit of our national movement dedicated to the search for a new identity for our country.

The spirituality of Gandhi and Nehru constituted the finest expression of humanism. The essence of this humanism lay in the vision of a society where love and compassion transcend hatred and violence; where, as Tagore said, "the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit"; and where the only justification for acquiring wealth is that is is held in trust for the poor and the deprived.

Openness, accountability

During the 17 years of his Prime Ministership, Jawaharlal Nehru did everything which he could personally do to uphold the principles of openness and accountability in the governance of the country; he unreientingly lent support to the institutional bastions of our democracy; he made us all feel, whether we were scientists, bureaucrats, politicians or journalists, that we were partners in the great and exciting venture of nation-building. His greatest contribution was to resist the temptation to restrict democracy in our country. He never allowed spirituality to degenerate into ritualistic religious expressions.

It is no part of my intention to contend that Jawaharlal Nehru was an embodiment of perfection. Perhaps his biggest failure was his inability to create an appropriate political instrumentaliy through which the vision of India he had could be built, brick by brick. But then, he was obsessively concerned with the preservation of the unity of India. That unity, he felt, could be better preserved by carrying the Congress Party as he inherited it and in the midst of which he worked during his life. Restructuring it, he probably felt, would create unnecessary tensions and conflicts.

Whatever might be Nehru's failures, the broad fact remains that the accumulated capital of his thoughts and reflections when related to Gandhi's thoughts and reflections, constitute a beacon of light.

That very perceptive historian, E.H. Carr, has said that one looks back into the history because our present dilemmas and perplexities lead us to have a dialogue with our past. He has also said that history is a response to the question: how did things come to be as they are? Recalling the life and work of both Gandhi and Nehru is urgently necessary because the development process itself within India is bringing into the open the unresolved conflicts not only between the past

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and the future, but between the vision we had and the way it has been translated.

If the vision of Indian society informed by the concept of equality is a valid one, then the historical structuring of our society, sustained by structured inequality of **varnashrama dharma,** is in conflict with the egalitarian social order. If the vision of growth with social justice is a valid vision, then the continuing and pervasive sense of iniustice and deprivation contradicts assumptions about social justice. If pride in new India is not to be treated as a dirty word, then upholding of self reliance and informing our economic as well as technological policies constitute the very means and mechanisms through which pride and patriotism can find expression.

Natuure of world

Perhaps the deepest perception which Nehru had concerns the nature of the world emerging after the Second World War which ended with the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki by nuclear bombs. Among all the statesmen and politicians who contemplated the emergence of the nuclear bomb, Jawaharlal Nehru alone understood the meaning and significance of the event.

Those of us who had the privilege of serving under Nehru and giving expression to India's pride within the comity of nations felt a sense of exhilaration that we could uphold India's national interest without contradicting in any way the imperatives of peace, security and development in a nuclear age. We did this even though we had hardly begun measuring our GNP. That is why the framework of our foreign policy constructed so meticulously by Nehru has proved to be so durable despite all the pressures, both domestic and foreign, exerted upon it,.

The only moment of grief we experienced was towards the closing years of Nehru's life when some of us thought that he was being ill served by his political colleagues, the foreign and intelligence services as well as by Parliament in the matter of handling Sino-Indian relations. Restructuring and renewing those relations on a realistic basis remains the unfinished task of the Nehru era.

It is no part of my intention to suggest that China can be absolved of all blame. In point of fact and despite Premier Zhou Enlai's great knowledge and wisdom, his perceptions of Nehru's predicaments were seriously wrong. But then our two countries must outlive the past. After all, geography does

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not change even though politics frequently does. And geography clearly demands that relations between China and India be seen in the wider context of interaction between the two countries in all the areas of mutual concern and interest. Only when viewed in this light can the border problem be seen in the proper context.

India today desperately needs the restoration of the vision of Gandhi and Nehru. Even more desperately we need not merely the articulation of that vision but an analysis of the constituent elements of that vision. "Love thy neighbour as thyself" remains a valid and evocative vision of Jesus. It remains valid even when we human beings engage ourselves in killing our neighbours or hating them. But the contemporary world of nuclear bomb, when seen in the context of explosion of science and technology, demands that even if we do not love our neighbour, we owe a duty to take care not to hurt him. Even under the ordinary law relating to negligence, it is legally enjoined upon all of us to ensure that our neighbour does not suffer damage by the consequences of our own action.

So, one way of looking at human history might be to see how society develops in sush a manner that what was only a moral injunction uttered by Jesus or the Buddha or Mohammad now becomes a legally enforceable imperative. Viewed in this light. India — our country — is crying for movements, combining together the passionate urges which inform Reformation and Renaissance. The earlier Bengal Renaissance has petered out.

If nothing else, the sacrific of the 18 year old girl on the funeral pyre of her husband in the village of Deorala in Rajasthan shows, if one has eyes to see, that a new movement for reform of society and renaissance of our mental processes is urgently required. In the measure we shall have to link that movement to the essentials of the Gandhi and Nehru framework. That is enough reason for having a dialogue with Nehru on the eve of the centenary of his birth. In that dialogue we shall discover Nehru's passion for the application of reason and rationality to all matters relating to the public domain. We would also find an extraordinary feeling he had for what he described as "the inwardness" of historical processes.

Courtesy THE HINDU

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THE POETIC NATURE OF NEHRU

V. SIVARAMAKRISHNAN

In a critique of Tennyson and Browning as poets, T.S. Eliot has said that they do not 'feel' their thought as immediately as the odour of a rose, Primarily a thinker, Nehru, unlike the two Victorian poets, did feel his thoughts, and as a man of action, acted on those thoughts. For him to think was to feel and to feel was to act. It poetry is a compound of blood, imgination and intellect, as Yeats would have it, then most of Nehru's writings and speeches have the unmistakable touch of the poet.

Nehru was far too absorbed in the fight for freedom - political, economic and social - to give 'to airy nothing a local habitation and a name'. But with that rosy streak in him, as Sarojini Naidu with her gift of prophecy said, he could transmute his pre-destined gifts of sorrow, suffering, sacrifice, anguish and strife, into the very substance of ecstacy. He was so obviously a poet in spite of his wanderings in other fields.

Nehru tells us that he developed a liking for poetry very early in life, a liking that endured and survived the many changes to which he was subject over the years. His study of poetry, Western and Eastern, was a wide as his appreciation of it was keen. In moments of depression, he could despair with Matthew Arnold.

For the world which seems
To lie before us, like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new
Hath really neither joy, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here, as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

The despair would only be mometntary and the student of history would brace himself up with the thought that life was rich and varied and that, though it had many swamps and

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marshes and muddy places, it had also the great sea, and the mountains, and snow, and glaciers, and wonderful startlit-nights, and the love of family and friends, and the comradeship of workers in a common cause, and music and books and the empire of ideas. He would, therefore, sing with the poet.

Lord, though I lived on earth, the child of earth,
Yet was I fathered by the starry sky.

If the mixture of good and evil that is the world reminded him of William Blake's lines,

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did He smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

he could also view it with and without passion along with the Chinese poet;

Oftentimes, one strips oneself of passion
In order to see that secret of life;
Oftentimes, one regards life with passion,
In order to see its manifold results.

The poet, wrote Wordsworth, thinks and fells in the spirit of human passions. One such passion, especially among leaders of men, is to change the sorry scheme of things entire and remould it nearer to the heart's desire. The French Revolution was the result of a passion of that kind. Impressed by its spontaneity and sobered by the course it took, Nehru wrote in poetic accents: "Straight, like an arrow, the men who make the revolution go forward to the goal, seeing neither to the right nor to the left, and the straighter and keener their vision the further goes the revolution. But this occurs only during the high period of the revolution, when its leaders are on the mountain peaks and the masses are marching up the mountain side. But, alas, there comes a time when they have to come down from the mountain into the dark valleys below, and faith grows dim and energy grows less" Here is figurative language at its best which brings out the process of revolutions and the people affected by them. This is poetry without a metrical pattern which, indeed, it can do without.

Poetry in a lighter vein also appealed to Nehru and he summoned to his aid the satirical poets when he wanted to cock a snook at the Hamlets of politics, 'sicklied o'ver with the pale cast of thought' and cursing themselves for being born when 'the time is out of joint'. He would charge at the Moderates with the lance of Roy Campbell's lines.

They praise the firm restraint with which you write,
I am with you there, of course,

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You use the snaffle and the curb all right
But where's the bloody horse?

His word picture of Buddha, as the 'symbol of the whole spirit of Indian thought', has a rare beauty which would do credit to any poet lisping in numbers. "The ages roll by and Buddha seems not so far away after all; his voice whispers in our ears and tells us not to run away from the struggle but, calm-eyed, to face it, and to see in life ever greater opportunities for growth and advancement." Nehru the poet, here looks 'before and after'.

Poetry was ever an abiding source of inspiration and strength to Nehru. With advancing age and ill-health but with Himalayan problems on hand to tackle, he gained confidence from Robert Frost :

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

The aesthetic sensibility of Nehru came to the surface when, as a prisoner in the jails at Naini, Bareilly and Almora, he looked :

Upon the little tent of blue which prisoners call the sky,
And every drifting cloud that went with sails of silver by.

From the Naini prison, he wrote to his daughter, Priyadarshini, 'dear to the sight but dearer still when sight is denied', on 14th January, 1931 :

"I have developed strange habits in prison. One of these is the habit of getting up early - earlier even than the dawn. I have watched the contest between the moonlight and the dawn in which the dawn always wins. In the strange half-light, it is difficult to say for some time whether it is the moonlight or the light of the coming day. And then almost suddenly there is no doubt of it and it is day, and the pale moon retires, beaten, from the contest."

Which pale moon was he referring to? Was he not hinting at the dawn of freedom and the retreat of the pale moon of British power from India, beaten in the contest? And when freedom came in 1947, he spoke of the 'Tryst with Destiny' in poetic accents that would echo down the corridors of time. He said :

"At the stroke of the midnight hour, when the world sleeps, India will awake to life and freedom."

Nehru always bemoaned the loss of joy that Nature gave with the advance of industrialism. Regretting that the urbanites were unable to commune with Nature, only content with occasional weekend jaunts to the country-side, he said that they

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were like persons who, finding it difficult to admire some classic poet or writer, returned to their favourite novel or detective story where no effort of mind was necessary. As for himself, he loved to dwell amidst the loveliness of Nature and allow an enchantment to steal over his senses. His heart leapt up with joy as he looked at the top of a palm tree from the loneliness of his prison cell at Dehra Dun. He derived great comfort from the sight of mountains whose 'solidity and imperturbability' looked upon him with the 'wisdom of a million years' and mocked at his varying humours and soothed his fevered mind.

In the murmur of waters of the Ganga, Nehru heard the voices of ages long gone by. To the noble Ganga he was attached by hoops of steel. "The Ganga", he said, "is the river of India, beloved of her people, round which are intertwined her racial memories, her hopes and fears, her songs of triumph, her victories and her defeats. She has been a symbol of India's age long culture and civilization, ever-changing, ever-flowing and yet ever the same Ganga." The imagery of an ever-flowing river recurs again and again in Nehru's writings, every time striking us with a wealth of suggestion.

Nehru loved not only Nature in all her variety but every form of beauty, be it sculpture or architecture, music or painting. In Buddha's image, he saw much more than that meets the ordinary eye. The image symbolised for him the whole spirit of Indian thought or at least one vital aspect of it - the spirit of daring against odds. The cathedrals of Europe of the 11th and 12th centuries struck him with their 'wondrous beauty'. and seemed to him 'almost like a prayer going up to the heavens'. In Florence, he saw the shadows of the great painters, Leonardo da Vinci, Michaelangelo and Raphael, of Dante the poet, followed by his beloved, Beatrice, trailing behind her a faint perfume.

Some of the best word-pictures of Nehru are those of Gandhiji, the little man with a magic in his look, a fire in his touch and understanding and love in his voice. When Gandhiji came on the Indian scene, fresh from his victories of the spirit in South Africa, he came 'like a powerful current of fresh air that made us stretch ourselves and take deep breaths; like a beam of light that pierced the darkness and removed the scales from our eyes; like a whirlwind that upset many things but most of all the working of people's minds'. Nehru differed from Gandhiji in many respects and suffered agonies, but at the end he bowed his head to the master. And when the good and great man fell to the bullets of an

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assassin, Nehru found himself enveloped in darkness 'the light having gone out of our lives'. He sobbed aloud: 'A glory has departed and the sun that warmed and brightened our hearts has set and we shiver in the cold and dark.'

Nehru's love of children, of animals, birds and insects, of folk music and dance are all of a piece with his artistic nature. Allied to that nature was his majestic character which, as Tagore said, lifted him far above others and made him greater than his deeds and truer than his surroundings.

Until the future dare forget the past
His name and fame will be
An echo and a light unto eternity.

TIME AND ME

K. VIJAYALAKSHMI

Shall I with my finger nails
tear your soft cheeks ?
Do it - it's My bliss.
the wounds and pains
will lead me on.

* * *

Shall I with my myriad hands
slam your eye gates left and right ?
Try it - but what need
the fleshy eyes.
To one who looks on
the beauty and the world
with mind's eye ?

* * *

Shall I shaut your ruby lips
that they tremble ?
Ah, you see,
I know it is easy
But vain talk is not valour.
If I bind your
hands with ropes strong ?
Well, well — do it,
So long true freedom is a myth
Your chains but add
One more to the many.

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What it I break your fingers
Stifling your high Song
even before birth ?
No, you can't - my nerves
will rise and write,
If not in ink, in red blood.
If by chance they are Strangled,
and red drops gushe out
I will bend my self slowly down
and - Oh Time !
On your broad forehead
I will smear it a Tilak.*

* * *

The radiant red Tilak
may perhaps leave you
folding your hands in worship.
To accept or refuse
is a choice yours —
If I lose my confidence.

* * *

* An ornamental smearing of red powder made as a round dot on the forehead of Hindu women which is often associated with the divine in the human.

(Translated from Tamil By "Bala.")

A nation cannot progress if it
merely imitates its ancestors;
what builds a nation is
Creative inventive and vital activity

Speech, Sangor, 30 October 1952

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NEHRU AS A HISTORIAN

DR. D. ANJANEYULU

Jawaharlal Nehru was not a professional historian. Nor did he have the formal, academic training to prepare himself as a historian. But, if academic training is to be the sole or even the main criterion, honoured figures like Julius Caesar, Edward Gibbon, Lord Macaulay and Winston Churchill would have to be denied the title.

It is well-known that Nehru studied for the Natural Science Tripos at Cambridge, before being called to the Bar in England. But an interest in the study of History, Biography and Politics had already been inculcated in him by his Irish tutor at his residence, Ananda Bhavan, in Allahabad. In addition to this tutor, who was a Theosophist, young Jawaharlal was also influenced by his admiration for Mrs. Annie Besant, the leader of the Theosophists.

If there was one thing, more than another, by which he made a mark as a student at Harrow, it was not by his academic achievements, but by his lively interest in world affairs. It is worth recalling that on one occasion (around 1905 or so) when the class-master asked the boys about the British Cabinet of the day, Nehru was the only one who was able to reel out the names of all the members of the new ministry of Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, the Liberal leader. He was also much excited by the victory of Japan in the Russo-Japanese War.

It was again during his stay at Harrow that Nehru received a prize in the shape of books, **The Garibaldi Trilogy,** by the eminent Cambridge historian, Prof. George Macaulay Trevelyan (who was, incidentally, a great-nephew of Lord Macaulay). He read this book with keen interest because of his attraction towards the nature of freedom no less than the heroic figure of Garibaldi. After which, he needed nobody's goading or even guidance to read the classics of world History, especially these with a bearing on the phenomenon of political freedom, and also on the concept of liberation, in a philosophic sense.

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Before going into the question of Nehru's philosophy of history or style of historiography, it might be useful to mention his main works that could be broadly classified as history. The first of them is the **Glimpses of World History** originally written in the form of letters to his daughter, during the years 1930-33, when Indira Priyadarshini was in her teens. They were, in fact, first published as **Letters from a Father to his Daughter.** Another was the **Discovery of India,** published in 1945, which was written while he was in jail at the Ahmednagar Fort. These could be considered as the primary items on the basis of which he could be discussed as a historian. There are also a few secondary items, like **Soviet Russia,** a collection of articles incorporating the impressions of his visit to the Soviet Union (published in 1929), and **World Crisis,** a collection of his speeches and writings in the 'Thirties, mostly political, but not altogether devoid of historical interest.

To take the earliest title first, **Glimpses of World History** was obviously inspired by the example of H.G. Wells' **Outline of History.** It is, however more personal and intimate in its tone, which is understandable because it was meant to be read, initially at least, by the author's school-going daughter. It is also less scholarly and precise in the assimilation of facts, which is equally understandable, for the simple reason that Nehru was no scholar or scientist, in the way in which Wells was acknowledged to be.

Nehru's **Glimpses,** however, astonishes the reader by its grand sweep and marvellous range, lit by an intensely personal vision of the past and the future, allied to a vivid and constant awareness of the present. Written in the enforced leisure of a British jail (Nainital, in U.P. in this case), like almost all his other works, with no access to reference books and libraries, it could not escape the criticism of being vague in some places and slapdash in others. It has the artist's personal frame of reference, which was one of the main sources of its beauty.

Free from religious and other traditional affinities of the linguistic or parechial sort, so glaring in some historians of the past and of the present, the whole panorama of the past and of the present, the whole panorama of the past comes under a new focus here. The living past is often separated from the dead by the author in his effort to underline its relevance to the present.

The Discovery of India, which can be seen as a kind of sequel to the **Glimpses** and the **Autubiography,** is admittedly a more mature work than the first. It is described by Sardar K.M. Panikkar, a rare type of historian himself, as "something

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of a pilgrim's progress in history". An apt and happy expression, that has an inspired quality about it. He adds : "Its great value lies not so much in its ordered narrative, or the literary beauty of many of its passages, or even in the reactions of a modern mind with a rationalist Marxian background to the uneven development of India's social and political life, but in the perspective which it gives to the chaotic accumulation of facts, which goes by the name of Indian history."

Facts are, no doubt, very important in history, but they are not enough. In the words of that perceptive historian, the late Prof. E.H. Carr, "The historian without his facts is rootless; the facts without their historian are dead and meaningless". Which underscores the need for interpretation and re-interpretation of the facts of history by different historians from time to time. Nehru's excursions in the field of history are neither rootless nor meaningless.

That there might be, and are, quite a few factual inaccuracies in **the Glimpses** and **The Discovery** is easily granted. But errors resulting from and untenable interpretation of those facts are fewer. Nehru, the intellectual, is freer from provincial, parochial and other kinds of prejudice than most others. The British journalist and author, Tony Wintringham, compares Nehru to the French Prim Minister, Guizet and Thiers, who had also tried their hand at history in their time and finds them wanting, because of their in-built prejudices, in addition to their innumerable accuracies.

In a comparison of Nehru with Churchill as students and writers of history, Wintringham prefers Nehru on all counts. While Churchill was a rhetorician and little- Englander, aggressive and emphatic, Nehru was the closest approximation to a citizen of the world, gentle and restrained, a poet in prose. Nehru thought and wrote not as a champion of this empire or that, but of "the future kingdom of Man".

Wintringham adds, for good measure, his personal view that Nehru wrote not only better history, but better English. There might be other opinions on this, but his opinion can't be easily ignored.

Nehru the historian and contemplative man of affairs bears a more meaningful comparison with Arnold J. Toynbee, the philosopher of history. There is a fairly close similarity between them in the range of their interest in and approach to the subject of civilizations of the world — modern and ancient. Neither of them was quite satisfied with many of the existing social, religious and other institutions, like the church and the traditional authoritarian state. Both were humanists, struggling

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to find a way of assuring freedom and dignity to man, for the full development of his personality.

Both Nehru and Toynbee were dissatisfied with expressions of nationalism as they found them. Himself a nationalist, Nehru's impatience with narrow, resurgent nationalism was only slightly less than his indignation against "imperialism and racialism". "Nationalism is good in its place", he said in his **Discovery of India,** "but it is an unreliable friend and an unsafe historian". Toynbee studied all the past attempts at establishing a world state and a world church (the Roman Empire and the Roman Catholic Church) and traced their failure to **hubris** or pride, the racial arrogance with which the Europeans treated the Asians and the Africans. Retribution could be avoided only by a total change of attitude, a genuine humility and a sense of brotherhood with all mankind.

At the outset of his historical writing, Toynbee regarded religions as myths to be explained in terms of civilisations; he ended up by explaining civilizations in terms of religion. In an agonising re-appraisal, he pleaded for a change of heart, based on the Buddhist view of **"Karuna"**. No wonder, he became a practising Buddhist.

Nehru, the agnostic, had also thought deeply about the human predicament. He believed in the "spirit of man' which to him was unconquerable, despite all the adversities. Toynbee stressed the "freedom of choice", peculiar to man. Neither of them believed in the philosophic, fatalistic, determinism of Oswald Spengler or the economic determinism of Karl Marx as a valid explanation of all social, political and cultural phenomena.

The question still remains: How is the modern civilization (be it Western or Eastern) to be saved? And how far do Toynbee and Nehru as historians agree on the way out of the crisis facing it?

If Nehru had some kind of theory it is derived from a study of Indian history and expressed in terms of continuity of Indian culture, based on the principle of "Unity in diversity" and peaceful, if not friendly, co-existence.

"In politics", said Toynbee, "establish a constitutional, cooperative system of world government". Nehru was close to this in avoiding a clash between the Power Blocs. In economics, they both favoured working compromises between free enterprise and socialism. Both believed in putting the secular superstructure on to religious foundations. It makes the state equidistant to all religious denominations, and does not prevent

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the reinforcement of spiritual foundations. The philosophy of history has found in one (i.e. Toynbee) a deep exponent and in the other (Nehru's) a dynamic exemplar.

SACRIFICE

DR. R. JANARDANA RAO

Sacrifice is real strength
It burns away the mass
That surrounds ego
Makes the dull soul shine
As gold from the fire.

Sacrifice is immortality
It transcends bounds of earth
Of the confines of man's heart
Makes life Divine
As pure as Lotus

Sacrifice is life's swan song
Its tune is lofty love
That encompasses the universe
It ennobles the life and the lives around
As a torch kindles another

Sacrifice is divine
The higher stage of the human
In every act and thought
It's this that lifts him higher
The lofty thought of all the saints.

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NEHRU'S NON-ALIGNMENT AND THE WEST

M.V. KAMATH

Given the Cold War and the antagonism between the United States and the Soviet Union and India's desire — not just Jawaharlal Nehru's but even that of the man-in-the-street — to stay away from Super Power conflicts it was inevitable that India's first Prime Minister should fashion a foreign policy of **studied non-alignment**.

India had no alternative if it were to retain its self-respect. Jawaharlal Nehru has often been accused of arrogance in wishing to keep India out of Super Power conflicts but in doing so he merely reflected the nation's gut feelings. Of course, there were some who would have liked to see India firmly in the western camp and similarly there were not a a few wanting India to side with the Soviet Union.

Both these groups were vocifereus but Nehru kept his cool and remained unmoved. For that, he was the target of much vicious attack and India itself had often to pay dearly for its stand. The "West", during the early post-war' years, by and large meant the United States. The European nations hardly mattered. Britain was still recovering from the battering it had taken during the war years. Leadership had passed on to the United States. The men in power when Nehru first visited the country were President Truman and Secretary of State Dean Acheson.

ACHESON'S APATHY

Acheson was as arrogant a man as Nehru has often been accused of; he had his views on where countries of the world belonged as, no doubt, Nehru had and it was inevitable that the two men should clash. Acheson has some nasty comments to make about Nehru in his memoirs entitled **"Present at the creation"**. During his visit to Washington, Acheson sought to have a person-to-person meeting with Nehru. It did not work. Writes Acheson: "He (Nehru) talked to me as Queen Victoria said of Mr. Gladstone, as though I were a public meeting". Nehru, who hated Imperialism, spoke to Acheson about the failings of the Dutch

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and the French, then still holding on to their colonies. It did not interest Acheson. The two held discussions from ten-thirty at night till one-thirty in the morning, with neither side yielding to the other. Records Acheson: **"I was convinced that Nehru and I were not destined to have a pleasant personal relationship. He was so important to India and India's survival was so important to all of us that if he did not exist — as Voltaire said of God . . he would have to be invented. Nevertheless, he was one of the most difficult men with whom I have ever had to deal".**

Relations between India and the United States during the days of John Foster Dulles, who succeeded Acheson as Secretary of State, were no better. It was Dulles who told Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, then Ambassador to Washington, that it was "a sin" to be neutral. Dulles made India to pay dearly for its non-alignment. Quite early the United States had decided to support Pakistan and on Kashmir, Washington was positively hostile to Delhi. It showed in every U.S. action.

WEST'S REVENGE

When India supported Egypt over the Suez Canal issue and raised hell in the United Nations, it was asking for trouble. India, unfortunately, had also alienated the Soviet Union in the matter of Hungary. In 1956, all the western members of the Security Council (the United States, France and Britain leading) and the Soviet Union as well raised the Kashmir issue in the Security Council and for full 48 hours India was called over the coals. The western powers had their revenge on India.

It was expected that when John Kennedy succeeded Eisenhower, as President, there would be some relaxation in US-Indian tensions. Kennedy personally admired Nehru, but that admiration did not extend to Nehru's foreign policy. By the time Kennedy had become President, Nehru also was on his last legs. He was a tired man and Kennedy was to give Pakistan's Ayub Khan greater attention.

Under Johnson, things were no better. A biographer of President Johnson writes about the latter's visit to India as Vice-President: **"He (Johnson) considered Prime Minister Nehru with suspicion because of his academic manner and his neutralist stand against communism...Ayub Khan, the military dictator of Pakistan, was more to his liking than the intellectual Nehru..."**

Non-alignment stuck in American gullets. There was no way Americans could accept it. It was an article of faith for many of them that if you were not with them, you were

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against them. Nehru had played a solitary role starting from the Peace Treaty with Japan (which India declined to sign), recognition of Red China (that the U.S. opposed tooth and nail), the importance of Ho Chi Minh (whom Nehru described as a nationalist first, communist afterwards), the necessity of recognising Indonesian freedom etc etc. On every issue, India clashed with the United States. There was hardly any meeting ground.

UNFIT MENON

No even the U.S. press had much of a good word for India, starting from the **New York Times.** Throughout the fifties and early sixties India barely managed to keep the friendship of the United States. Nehru did not make it any the easier for himself by sending V. K. Krishna Menon as his representative to the United Nations. Menon was arrogant, abrasive and difficult to deal with. He symbolised everything that the Americans hated about India. A Benegal Narasimha Rao might have been more successful in putting the lid off anti-Indian sentiment in America which has soft voice and gentle manners. As a matter of fact, even Gaganvihari L. Mehta, as Indian Ambassador to Washington, helped soften American ire against Delhi. But Krishna Menon messed up whatever good will that G. L. Metha might have accumulated for his country. Menon was the wrong man to sell non-alignment to the west. What was needed was a low profile; that Krishna Menon was incapable of. He was aggressive, assertive, arrogant and carried a chip on his shoulder. If any one man can be charged with destroying western goodwill towards India, it was this former founder of India League in London.

It has been argued that the only way western domineering attitude could be faced was by a show of Indian independence. But Krishna Menon was not the man to play the role. It needed a more subtle mind which understood the reality of the times and rode it with aplomb. Krishna Menon was offensive and often, it seemed, with deliberate intent. India, with a more sophisticated representative, could have gotten away with its independent stance, but with Krishna Menon to speak for India, disaster was built in. If India got off reasonably lightly, thanks are due to the guilt complex of an America that knew in its heart of hearts that India was a democracy while Pakistan was not. So the West hit India but took care not to knock it down. Food aid, for instance, was given but until Delhi was humiliated and made to look like a whining beggar.

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EMBARRASSMENT

Looking back, I am amazed that for all the official dislike of India's foreign policy, I personally did not encounter any anti-Indianism during the three years I lived in New York during the reign of Nehru. There were moments of tensions, of course, especially during the Suez crisis and the Soviet invasion of Hungary. But the antipathy was more against Krishna Menon as the articulator of India's foreign policy than against the policy itself. Nehru did neither himself nor his country any good by keeping Krishna Menon in New York during those crucial days. It was counter-productive. One suspects that he was aware of this, at least some of the time. He was to write to his sister Vijayalakshmi Pandit: **"Krishna has often embarrassed me and put me in considerable difficulties. If I speak to him, he has an emotional breakdown. He is always on the verge of some nervous collapse".**

One suspects that when China attacked India, the west was secretly pleased that Beijing, which Nehru had so often upheld, had in the end given him a bloody nose. The feeling in the United States was: **It served India right!** When India sought western aid, the British had the nerve to suggest to Nehru that he compromise on Kashmir. The British delegation that came to Delhi was out to twist India's arm at a most crucial time. Nehru's role during the Suez Crisis had not been quite forgotten. Nor was India's takeover of Goa which riled the West greatly. The West never took to Nehru. It knew that he would never be in its camp, come what may. Nehru's independence rankled in the minds of British as well as American politicians, who were politicians, not statesmen.

WESTERN NEED

India's pride was mistaken for arrogance and neither Nehru nor Menon helped in changing that misunderstanding. The west, it seemed, wanted a subservient and docile India, not an India determined to hold its own in the comity of nations. Nehru not only stood for non-alignment, he wanted others to subscribe to it. His advocacy of non-alignment at Bandung — it was during the high-noon of Nehru's career — disturbed the West which till then had not been accustomed to see ex-colonial nations running their affairs with such verve and daring. Importantly, Nehru stood out among the many mediocrities of the times througout Asia. No wonder that from Acheson to Dean Rusk, the approach towards India was one of subdued hostility.

Were Nehru alive today, he would have had the last laugh on Detente between the United States and the Soviet

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Union? That was what he had pleaded for long and been figuratively booed for that. That it should have taken a quarter of a century for his thesis to be proved right remains one of the supreme ironies of our times.

(* Mr. M. V. Kamath is a veteran Indian journalist, who was Washington-based correspondent of "The Times of India" for more than 20 years, and is also a former Editor of "The Illustrated Weekly of India".)

— Courtesy The Times of India

OLD YELLOW CRINKLY PAGES

HARSHDEV MADHAV

On the Old yellow crinkly pages
of torn book
so many monsoons have gone
so many winds and storms have passed
some earthquakes have touched them
Everything is gone — and lost

Now there is no Alphabet
of love, tears, crying, grief...
only univisible word
univisible language
untouchable affliction
Yes the story is lost, the story is ruined

There may be
Sita crying at 'Ashokavatika'
Ahalya living in the Shape of Stone
Urvasi converted into plant

There may be an epic
torn into pieces
There may be tremor of heart
of muse
Now in old, yellow crinkly pages
there may be seen
the abortion of the culture.

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JAWAHARLAL NEHRU - CENTENARY TRIBUTE

P. RAJESWARA RAO

Jawaharlal Nehru was lucky in life. He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, gold cup in his hand and silken slippers to his feet as the only son of an affluent lawyer. He had the best of education at Harrow and Camebridge. While in England he sympathised with the extremist leaders of India and incurred the wrath of his father who was then a Moderate. He returned as barrister and was at the Bar for a brief spell. His father chose a charming bride for him. But his family life was sporadic and short lived.

He had no struggle existence and initially joined Annie Besant's Home Rule movement. He plunged into the national struggle under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi without any mental reservations. His father Motilal followed suit. C.Y. Chintamani used to say that while Motilal was the physical father of Jawaharlal, Jawaharlal was the political father of Motilal.Gandhiji joked that while Motilal loved the country, he loved his son more than the country. In the fitness of things Jawaharlal succeeded his father as Congress President.

His visit to the Soviet Union in 1927 influenced him ideologically. "The Times" of London described him as a product of pre-war Harrow and post-war Moscow. He was a queer mixture of East and West and was out of place every where and at home no where. He was a Hindu by birth, Muslim by culture and English by education. Sardar Patel once joked that Jawaharlal was the only nationalist Muslim in India. On his own admission he took to the crowd and the crowd took to him. Though he was always in it, he was never of it. While drawing inspiration from the masses, he was lonely and introspective.

At Lahore session of the Congress in 1929 riding with his sense of theatre on a white changer fitted to perfection as Gandhiji has prophesied the role of young Galabadi in revolt. Rabindranath Tagore hailed him as a soldier whose banner

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was the banner of the exploited and a patriot whose humanity and vision was not obstructed by the barriers of his land and its past. He toured extensively in India and abroad and got first hand knowledge of men and matters. He had charm and glamour of a prince, the mass appeal of a proletariat leader who could sway the masses. In short he was charismatic. In a land of hero-worship, he became the hero of heroes.

The passing away of his wife Kamala in 1936, left a void in his life. Referring to her cremation he stated "that fair body with parts admirably proportioned, that beautiful face which smiled so often and well and that sweet voice were consumed by fire and reduced to ashes." He was loyal to her and did not remarry and dedicated his autobiography to her memory. He discharged his duties with detachment and magnanimity. He made his mother and sisters feel as if his father were alive. He exercised only advisory Jurisdiction.

As president of the Lucknow session of the Congress he held out socialism as the solution to India's problems. He encouraged formation of Congress Socialist Party without joining it, to allay the fears of the old guard. He thought about the Indian problems internationally since poverty and oppression in any part of the world was a challenge to prosperity and liberty in other parts. He condemned Italian aggression in Abyssinia, invasion of China by Japan and civil war in Spain. He foresaw the menace of Fascism and Nazism and condemned them outright and refused to meet Mussolini and Hitler. He was equally opposed to purges and liquidations of dissidents in Stalinist Russia. He condemned Britain for speaking in two voices—democratic at home and imprial abroad.

When the Second World war broke out, his sympathies lay with democracies. But he felt that India in bondage would continue to be a symbol of British imperialism and supported "Quit India" movement. While opposing Subash Chandra Bose for seeking support of Axis Powers to liberate India, he took active part in arranging defence of Indian National Army Personnel before the Court Martial at Red Fort in New Delhi. Thus he reacted democratically to the changing situation. He fought for democratisation of native states and abolition of Zamindaris. He proclaimed that Black-marketers should be hanged. He spoke as he felt on the spur of the moment.

He was obliged to agree to partitioning the country under sad necessity. But he stuck to socialism, secularism and democracy and successfully evolved the policy of non-alignment. When freedom was in peril whether in Indonesia, Korea, Vietnam or countries of Africa, he extended active support. In Parliament

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he behaved with dignity and fair to all. From a position of strength he showed remarkable tolerance. When he wanted to amalgamate the posts of Law Minister and Attorney-General, Rajaji retorted why the positions of President and Prime Minister should not be amalgamated. Then he abandoned the idea. If he wanted he could have become a dictator. But he was a democratic to the core. According to an astrologer of Varanasi, his horoscope corresponded to that of Emperor Asoka. In 19th century terms he may be compared to cavour with an admixture of Garibaldi and the dash of a ramantic nationalist. To this may be added Woodrow Wilson in the 20th century. In him Brahmin pride, Hindu thought, Islamic influence and Western ideas competed for supremacy. Indira Gandhi said that her father was a saint who strayed into politics. Rajaji remarked that though Jawaharlal was eleven years younger to him, he was admitedly eleven times greater.

As a Writer he secured a place in history. His "Autobiography", "Glimpses of World History" and "Discovery of India" are classics marked by chaste language, chiselled diction and a fund of information presented in a capsule form. He prized his presidentship of Sahitya Akademi as more important than that of the Prime Ministership of the country. Even after he is forgotten as a Prime Minister, he will be remembered as man of letters. He was builder of New India and promoted scientific outlook and technological advance.

He stood by friends through thick and thin. He constantly espoused the cause of Arabs in spite of their sympathy for Pakistan. He defended V.K. Krishna Menon to the last. He protected his special Assistant M.O.Mathai till the situation became intolarable. He was opposed to racism, regionalism, casteism and linquism. He was explosive in speech, cautious in action, impulsive in gesture, deliberate in judgment, self-assertive in little acts and self-effacing in big deeds. Unfortunately he had no sympathy for middle class. He loved Children and his birth day is rightly celebrated as "Children's Day".

Though he was in prison nearly for a decade during the national struggle, he had no hatred or malice against the British. Winston Churchill openly expressed his admiration for this remarkable quality and wished he were with Nehru during his American tour to introduce him to the audience. When Ram Mohan Lohia was lodged in prison in free India for his unlaw-activities, he sent him a basketful of best mangoes. He rendered financial assistance to M.N.Roy who always criticised him. He was intensely human and humane.

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With active and industrious habits he worked for 16 or 17 hours a day. He was an agnostic with detachment. He disliked ease and luxury. He hated poverty with no contempt for the poor. He was incapable of harbouring illwill and nursing grievances. Gandhiji, naming him as his heir, said that he was pure as crystal and truthful beyond doubt and adding that the nation was safe in his hands. Our world is a better place on account of his having lived in it. As long as our sensibility lasts, we cannot cease to cherish memory of a gem of this man. The red rose is gone but its fragrance never fades. We cannot denigrate or deny his place in history.

He has a sure seat among the great of the world. He left enduring impact on India's recent history as history is made and nations are shaped by outstanding individuals. He was greater than his deeds, and truer than his surroundings. He occupies a high pedestal in the imposing edifice of Indain nationalism. Among the illustrious that adorn history he is a prominent one. What ever be his achievements he was always in motion fretting at limits and longing to be universal. How many of his type our country produced ?

THERE'S NO PARADISE

R.K. SINGH

The frog in mirror
slips by damp towel
cold sets in slippy hands
Rain flows on windows
black water crawls down
like diseased reptiles
Why scrub the smelly
underbellies
there's no paradise.

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JAWAHARLAL NEHRU
BUILDER OF INDIAN DEMOCRACY

DR. A. PRASANNA KUMAR

Three aspects of Jawaharlal Nehru's contribution to the growth of Indian democracy are sought to be examined, not exhaustively though, in this paper. The evolution of the idea in Nehru's mind during the crucial years of his life when he came under the influence of several streams of thought, mostly foreign, the acceptance of the Gandhian ethic resulting in the enunciation of framework of democracy committed to secularism, socialism and social justice and the creation of a sound institutional base for the rapid development of the huge and diverse country constitute the three main themes on which attention is focussed in this paper. The subject of discussion is, therefore, complex and one who attempts to study such a subject has to be cautious, steering clear of vague abstractions and over-simplified generalisations. To attempt to understand the mind of a powerful leader who wrote prolifically and spoke all over the world on a variety of subjects for over three decades and a half is indeed a tough intellectual exercise.

India, wrote Nehru, is a curious mixture of an amazing diversity and abiding unity.[1] Nehru was himself a curious and a fascinating mixture of diversity influences and streams of thought from the east and the west. He was influenced by the idealist tradition of the Indian renaissance and the national movement, especially by Gandhi and persistently endeavoured to combine idealism with realism.[2] The Buddha and Ashoka were luminous stars for him in the glorious history of India. The influence of Marx and Lenin was powerful on mind. Yet Marxist philosophy did not satisfy him completely nor did not satisfy him completely nor did it answer all the questions in his mind.[3] "A vague idealist approach" he explained "would creep into mind, something rather akin to the Vedanta approach".[4] His mind was too independent to submit itself to

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any kind of doctrinaire approach. "I am very far from being a communist" he conceded adding that he disliked dogmatism.[5] History fascinated him. It gave him an insightful command over the past, a keen and immediate sense of the present and a rare foresight to think and plan for the future of all. Himself a historian of repute, Nehru felt that many historical writings were uncritical descriptions of events and people. He was equally drawn to science and firmly believed that scientific temper and scientific approach to problems would liberate India from economic misery and social injustice. Amazing indeed was his intellectual blend — science and history, idealism and realism, literature and politics, the revolution of Marx and the non-violence of Gandhi — were all integrated in his unique personality. As Norman Cousins observed Nehru "was not one man but a procession of men."

The first battle was won inside his mind. In his early years Nehru raised several questions against the Gandhian approach and openly disagreed with the Mahatma on many counts. Some letters written by Nehru to Gandhiji reveal the dilemma before Nehru. He sought answers from Gandhiji and found in the Mahatma's approach and work solutions to the many doubts that had persisted for long.[6] As years rolled by Nehru became increasingly convinced by the Gandhian approach though he felt that Gandhiji was 'an extraordinary paradox.' He thought that when Gandhiji claimed to be a socialist, some of his followers meant by it "a kind of muddled humanitarianism."[7] Nehru did not agree with Gandhiji's approach to certain economic issues. Nehru's preference for a mixed economy seemed appropriate under the circumstances. To put it in his own words, "I am no believer in Communist theory — there is much in it which I accept in the economic theory, but basically I think it is out of date today, more especially in this atomic age. I think equally that the opposite theory is out of date in the context of modern world affairs." But he found in Gandhiji's conception of democracy something more than the ordinary. "It is based on service and sacrifice, and it uses moral pressure," observed Nehru.[8] Nehru was amazed how Gandhiji could function on the revolutionary plane keeping his feet firmly planted in the rich traditions of our race and our soil, how Gandhiji could bring about revolution to millions of homes without people fully realising what was happening and how he vitalized millions of people and drove fear out of their minds.[9] Nehru's conversion to Gandhian approach, excluding a few areas, was total. A revolution, he agreed, could be silent and total, if it was based on service and sacrifice. The

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work left unfinished by Gandhiji had to be completed and about that Nehru spoke thus in the Constituent Assembly on February 2, 1948. "So we have to work, we have to labour, we have to sacrifice and thus prove, to some extent worthy followers of his."

Against such a background enriched by thought and action Nehru rose to power. Change is essential, he wrote, but continuity is also ncessary. "The future has to be built on the foundations laid in the past and the present," he declared.[10] Undaunted by the task ahead Nehru went about preparing plans for changes in every field. India having chosen the path of 'rapid evolution' instead of 'violent revolution' Nehru launched ambitious plans in several fields which Rajni Kothari described as the challenge of simultaneous change. "No revolution can be complete," Nehru said, "if it is only political." The oppressed and the exploited sections of the society deserved special consideration and Nehru felt that economic planning could go a long way in alleviating their hardship. The setting-up of the Planning Commission and the launching of the community development were landmarks in national development. He established other major institutions like the University Grants Commission, the Atomic Energy Commission and the Defence Science Organisation. The Avadi Congress Session of 1955 saw Nehru giving India a clear direction in achieving the economic and social objectives. Speaking on the Scientific Policy Resolution in Parliament Nehru said that the aim was "to make Indian people and even Government of India conscious of scientific work and the necessity for it." Building heavy industries and accelerating the pace of development on the farm and in the factory received top priority. He felt that "it is on the basis of steel and power that countries are industrialised and advanced." Simultaneously he worked for 'trained personnel' to effectively implement the policy. The growth of the public sector was vital though the acceptance of mixed economy underlined the importance of the private sector. Nehru did realise the utility of promoting small scale and cottage industries, though the dice was loaded heavily in favour of the public sector. All industries of basic and stategic importance in the nature of public utility services should be in the public sector as per the industrial policy resolution. Nehru was opposed to factories concentrating on mere consumer goods. "You must go to the root and build up the structure of industrial growth" he exhorted. Iron, steel, coal, electricity, heavy chemicals, etc., therefore received top priority for investment. Nehru was convinced that modern technology

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should come in a big way to help India solve many of her chronic problems.

Nehru's democratic socialism was 'a growing, dynamic conception' something which he felt would not be rigid. It should be something that would suit the genius and requirements of the Indian people. In the year of his death he explained the meaning of socialism 'in the modern world with its dynamism and its tremendous technological progress.' There was a philosophical note of caution too when he said "we must not forget that the essential objective to be aimed at is the quality of the individual and the concept of a Dharma underlying it".[11] He stated that India's progress since Independence was substantial 'considering the background of India and her people and the necessity of changing the social structure of the country.' All that was achieved on a democratic basis, he pointed out.

The launching of Panchayati Raj was without doubt a great step forward in taking democracy meaningfully to the people in the rural areas. The process of institution - building received further fillip when it was launched. That people should be actively involved in the process of nation - building and that India's diversity and vastness required a wide institutional framework for developmental work were stressed by Nehru right from the dawn of Independence. Thanks to Nehru's vision India not only adopted and operated successfully the Westminster type of parliamentary democracy but created new institutions to meet the challenging demands of speedy development. In this regard Nehru's leadership was dynamic and innovative. Most of the institutions established by him struck roots despite lack of adequate resources and lack of a large number of trained personnel. India became a shining example of a smooth transition from traditions to modernity combining the strength of the former and the confidence of the latter. Nehru's commitment to democracy was borne out by the respect he showed to the opposition, the Press and those with whom he disagreed. Two of his speeches made during the last months of his life referred to the threats to national solidarity and unity. He pointed out that variety should not affect unity nor should religion, caste and language disrupt national unity. From the Buddha to Gandhi, he observed, India's heritage conveyed to the world the lesson of living harmoniously together. Democracy required the spirit of tolerance and co-operation and he firmly believed in India's capacity for sustaining the democratic spirit. Nehru's faith in the Indian spirit remained throughout unshaken. We are, he explained, not only

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industrializing the country through democratic processes but also at the same time trying to maintain the unique features in Indian philosophy and way of life and individuality of India.

Underlying the strong institutional base Nehru laid for the growth of Indian democracy was the value system shaped under Gandhiji's leadership. The relevance of those highly cherished values — communal harmony, non-violence and emancipation of the oppressed sections of the society — has not decreased with the passage of time. Even today they occupy a high place in our system though euphemistically we may describe them as national integration and social justice. Nehru's commitment to democracy stemmed from that value system nurtured by Gandhiji. In a way Nehru's failures too might have resulted from the difficulty of reconciling the spirit of the earlier times with the modern institutions operated by a new class of leaders. Nobody was more aware of the shortcomings and failures of the Nehru era than its maker himself. The true democrat that he was Nehru accepted responsibility for his failures without putting the blame one others around him. His biographer described Nehru as a 'prophet frustrated'. S. Gopal summed up that Nehru failed to follow the adult suffrage with a speedy enforcement of land distribution and tenancy reform, a proper emphasis on education, a revision of the administrative system and control of population. "Had these steps" wrote Gopal, "been taken democracy would have been accompanied by basic changes in society and the 1950s would not now appear more and more of a faded golden age." Nehru has also been criticised for his tolerance of corruption and his 'occasional fondness for flamboyant buccaneers.' Probably Nehru was aware of the burden he was carrying on his shoulders when he could not throw out certain friends who were his liabilities. One can get a hint of Nehru's problem from a statement he once made: "The most difficult thing in life is what to do with one's friends".[12]

With all its faults the Indian democracy under Nehru's leadership grew to be the most enduring system in the third world. The uniqueness of Nehru's democracy which was hailed as the Hellas of Asia lay in the fact that it could survive severe tests both from within and outside. Disproving some western critics who had prophesied the collapse of Indian democracy after Nehru, the Indian democracy not only survived Nehru but came out with flying colours from the most trying years that followed. The sudden death of Nehru and Shastri (whose succession was described as Two Successions by a Western scholar) and later of Indira Gandhi and the un-

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precedented drought and economic misery of the mid-sixties besides the three wars that were forced on India in 1962, 1965 and 1971 were the most severe tests faced by free India. And Indian democracy proved worthy of Nehru's faith in it. Yet, the last two decades have witnessed a steep erosion of the value-system underlying the Indian democracy. Some of the trends that set in the Indian system would have greatly distressed Jawaharlal Nehru. The fact is unassailable that there is no alternative to the Gandhi-Nehru framework of Indian democracy. Discarding it would be most harmful to India's social and political life. It is only by recalling that ethos and reviving the Nehruvian spirit that we can stem the ominous drift that has set in and put the Indian democracy back on the rails. A strong and stable democracy on the lines drawn by the great architect, Jawaharlal Nehru, would ensure world peace and better future for mankind. How aptly he once asked "Who dies if India lives? Who lives if India dies?"

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THE SPIRIT OF SPRING

K. ISWARA DUTT

"My lifetime is not ending so soon," said Jawaharlal Nehru at his latest Press Conference held at the capital only a few days ago. And immediately after, from a brief holiday in Dehra Dun, he returned to Delhi on Tuesday morning in good cheer and quite high spirits. But the shades have so swiftly closed in on him, once again illustrating the utter inscrutability of Providence.

To his countrymen, irrespective of all other considerations, it is ever so difficult to believe that Jawaharlal Nehru has ceased to be, that the voice heard so much above the multitude in the tumultuous decades of what he used to describe as the atomic age, is stilled for ever, and that no more can we behold the face that had with its radiance illuminated the Indian landscape. It was our national bard, Rabindranath Tagore, who likened Jawaharlal Nehru with the spirit of spring. A Nehru : when comes such another ?

Taste for Reading

Jawaharlal Nehru was born in the city of Allahabad on November 14, 1889, in an aristocratic family of Kashmiri Pandits whose ancestors came down from that mountain valley (Kashmir) to seek fame and fortune in the rich plains below. And both fame and fortune were the proud possessions of Motilal Nehru whose only son he was. Acknowledged leader of the Bar, astute politician and arbiter of social life in the old United Provinces, Motilal, with an unabashed fondness for things Kashmiri gave young Jawaharlal Nehru an English governess at home and later English education abroad. At eleven, he had an Irish tutor with a theosophical bias, under whom he developed a taste for reading and a liking for poetry. Swept off his feet by the spell-binding oratory of Mrs. Besant, the boy Jawaharlal strayed into the theosophical society but, at 13, dropped out of it easily. His youthful enthusiasm was never more deeply stirred than by Japan's victory over Russia in

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the first half decade of the century, and for a while he was absorbed in the history of Japan and its knightly tales of old.

It was in 1905 that he went to Harrow.

Just like him perhaps, he found the English boys dull. The general election of 1906 which registered the great Liberal revival, attracted him not a little. One may recall with interest that he was the only boy in his class who could, to his master's delight, reel off the names of all who comprised Cambell-Bannerman's cabinet. For good work at school, he got one of the Garibaldi triology by Trevelyan as a prize. He obtained the other two in the series and browsed on them, with the result that his mind was fixed on a like picture of India against the Italian canvas.

Finding Harrow too small a place for his big ideas, he switched on to Cambridge where, as an undergraduate, he spent three quiet and pleasant years. Literature, politics, economics — all attracted him but it was in science tripos that he obtained second class honours. It was in 1910.

The next two years he was in London, qualifying himself for the Bar. In the autumn of 1912 he returned to India — confessedly "a bit of prig" after seven years" sojourn in alien clime.

Back in the old surroundings but nursing, however yet nebulously, new ideas, he attended the annual session of the Congress, held in that year at Bankipore under the presidentship of Mr. R.N. Mudholkar. It was a mild shock to him to find it all no more than "an English-knowing upper-class affair where morning coats and well-pressed trousers were greately in evidence". To him it was "more a social gathering with no political excitement or tension". The only person who impressed him by his serious application to public affairs and the study of politics was Gokhale.

As a full-fledged barrister, the younger Nehru was expected to follow in the elder's footsteps. But it was not to be, notwithstanding his equipment and undoubted ability. He found himself "engulfed in a dull routine of a pointless and futile existence".

He had definitely not the bent of mind to pile up briefs, even under his father's inspiring auspices, though he could have one day, as the then Chief Justice of the Alahabad High Court, Sir Grimmond Mears said, snatched away the laurels from his father's brow.

For a time the Servants of India Society, with its strong appeal for dedicated service to the nation, appealed to him, but not its moderate gospel. He was rather drawn to the Home Rule League, sponsored by Tilak and Annie Besant, and it was

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highly gratifying to find his father, uider the influence of Dr. Besant, slowly cutting off from the orthodox moderate position in the Congress. On his side, Motilal had been closely watching Jawaharlal Nehru's growing drift towards extremism.

It was at the Lucknow Congress in 1916 that the younger Nehru saw Gandhiji for the first time. 1916 was of great significance to him in another way, as it was that year that he married Kamala, who, till her untimely death in early 1936, stood by him through all the stormy political vicissitudes, with exemplary courage and fortitude. In November 1917 Indira was born, their only child.

Uncharted Seas

Between the end of 1917 and beginning of 1931 Jawaharlal Nehru was variously agitated over the political situation in India when the congress was tossed on uncharted seas, with its eye on no fixed star in the firmament. Always given to reflection, he pictured India as a country "naked, starving, crushed and utterly miserable", and thought of it, with a Shavian instinct, in terms not of individuals and groups but of the community as a whole. The realisation dawned on him quite early that Gandhiji — and Gandhiji alone — came to represent India to an amazing degree and to express the very spirit of the ancient and tortured land, and that his own place was by Gandhiji's side.

Close association with the Mahatma meant to him as to several of his colleagues, life behind prison bars in the course of freedom's struggle. Between 1921 and 1934 he was repeatedly in jail — for five and a half years and for seven terms. It was certainly a hardship to one born to fortune and bred in luxury. But Jawaharlal Nehru made the best use of his confinement by voracious reading and deep thinking to the point of developing his own political philosophy, essentially Gandhian in spirit but not entirely Gandhian in its texture. His conversion to Gandhism was sincere but not unreserved. While he never doubted his heart in his allegiance to Gandhiji he was not prepared to surrender his soul. As long as Gandhiji was the generalissimo of the Congress army, Jawaharlal Nehru was a true soldier.

On the fastmoving Congress scene, he gradually rose to be a colossus, next in importance only to Gandhiji, so much so that the latter came to look up to him as his successor and ultimately adopted him as his political heir — despite the knowledge that Jawaharlal, while true to him to the utmost, had a mind of his own. But before the "adoption" was made

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public, Jawaharlal Nehru distinguished himself as a Gandhite who could see ahead of Gandhi.

It was significant that in the early years of the non-co-operation movement when Gandiji virtually laid down the law and had he entire Congress in his hand, Jawaharlal Nehru had grown apprehensive of the one-track mind of his colleagues who took little or no account of the great historical forces contending for mastery beyond our shores or frontiers. He made useful contacts and travelled widely. In 1927 he paid a visit to Soviet Russia.

Towards the end of the year, at Madras, he moved the resolution on independence at the annual session of the Congress; a year later he founded the Independence of India League while the elders, including his father, toyed with the idea of Dominion Status. In 1929 as President (for the first time) he got the Congress at Lahore committed to complete independence and simultaneously took his stand as a socialist. In 1931 at the Karachi Congress he made himself responsible for the famous resolution on fundamental rights. Five years later, presiding over the Lucknow Congress, he unfurled the banner as much alike in the cause of socialism as in that of independence. Thus it was that he was about the first in the congress to give economic content to what had been till then a mere political doctrine — and a larger purpose to the corporate existence of the biggest political organisation in the country.

There was something of a flutter in congress ranks when the image of Jawaharlal Nehru was developed (in the expressive phraseology of George Slocombe) as "an agnostic Lenin meekly obedient to the precept of a Christian Tolstoy". Gandhiji, however, kept his head cool, though he knew that, particularly since Motilal's death in 1931, Jawaharlal Nehru was under little restraint to follow his own line, without, however any marked deviation from his dictates. Gandhiji prized Jawaharlal's noble frankness above everything else and knew his man who sharply reacted to political developments here or abroad, whether it was a lathi-charge in Lucknow or bombing in Chunking. It was characteristic of Jawaharlal Nehru that the turmoil in Spain should have agitated him greatly and led him to think of himself as a world citizen, with stakes in freedom's cause under whatever skies.

In the later Thirties, Jawaharlal Nehru was in some respects a lonely man. His father died in 1931, his wife in 1936, and his mother in 1938. His friends were few but they were not

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all of this country. In 1939 he struck a friendship with Marshal and Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

As the world slided into the second war, he was back from China. Immediately on his return, he repeated his demand for "complete independence" so that India might play a really effective part at a crucial hour in history — and that too on the side of the Allies.

Eighth Term

Alas, his own freedom was soon cut short, in the wake of the second Satyagraha movement sponsored by Gandhiji. He was arrested on October 31, 1940 and sentenced to four years rigorous imprisonment. It was his eighth term in jail. It was not till the Pearl Harbour insident in 1941 that he was released. Later followed the momentous Cripps negotiation. Their abortive end found him an irresoncilable opponent to British imperialism. Back in jail in 1942, in the wake of the Quit India movement, he had his longest and last detention until 1945 when there was a general release of political prisoners.

Jawaharlal Nehru took an active part, under the leadership of Maulana Azad in the Simla conference convened by Lord Wavell, to bring about an understanding between the Congress and the Muslim League. He resisted the emergence of Pakistan and plunged into campaign for general, provincial and central legislatures. It was in the same year that at the I.N.A. trial held in the Red Fort he reappeared in the barrister's gown which he had discarded thirty years earlier, thus making his appearance symbolic of a turn of the tide in Indian history.

In March 1946, he went on a tour of south-east Asia, where he had his first friendly encounter with Lord Mountbatten. Three years later, as Congress President for the fourth time, it was he who discussed the British Cabinet Mission's plan with the Viceroy and later accepted his invitation to form an interim Government. On September 2 (1946) he was sworn in as Vice-President and member in charge of external affairs. Since then — and more particularly as the Prime Minister of India since August 15, 1947 when India came into her own at long last, though at the expense of partition — he had been continuously in the saddle, till he died in harness on the fatal 27th of May, 1964, thus establishing record of the longest political hegemony in contemporary affairs.

On the historic day of August 15, 1947, the nation woke up to a new ecstasy as it heard Jawaharlal Nehru's message to it in words that will for ever be remembered: "We shall never allow that torch of freedom to be blown out, however high the wind or stormy the tempest". In this context, let us also recall his memorable words to the

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Constituent Assembly: "Peace has been said to be indivisible, so is freedom, so is prosperity now, and so also is disaster in this one world, that can no longer be split into isolated fragments". Herein we find his whole political philosophy summed up mangnificently — a philosophy that had governed the entire outlook of his administration.

The hour of triumph for the nation bronght, however, little joy to it because of the wounds of partition which are yet to be healed, and less to Jawaharlal Nehru who took upon his shoulders the biggest responsibilities that had fallen to the lot of any Indian since Creation's dawn, But for his herculean shoulders, India would have perhaps felt crushed under the weight. For, be it remembered that within hardly six months of the attainment of Independence disappeared the Mahatma from mortal ken as a result of brutal assassination. More than anyone else, Jawaharlal Nehru felt orphaned, politically as well as spiritually.

As Prime Minister of India, Jawaharlal Nehru's place is among the world's outstanding statesmen. But he was something more than the Prime Minister of India. He was the prime architect ofpost-Gandhi India. To put it briefly summing up recent history - to have inaugurated a soverign republic, to have ushered in a new era in democracy, to have laid the foundations of a welfare state and of a socialist cooperative Commonwealth, to have harnessed the country to huge plans that promised prosperity in the widest commonalty spread, to have given to the people a secular outlook, to have sought to remove all irritants on the international scene by a scrupulous adherence to a policy of non-alignment in a world torn by conflicting ideologies, and to have incessantly worked for peace on earth, is seldom the content of a single individuals achievement — or even effort — in history.

Uniting Link

Long after he is dead, will his name be cherished with gratitude as that of a man who strove in his day as a uniting link (and no dividing hyphen) between the east and the west, or the democracies and the communist systems of government. India's place as a republic inside the Commonwealth was Jawaharlal Nehru's personal triumph. He set the whole perspective of a vast democratic set up and insisted on a get together of people to the farthest extent possible. And history will also perhaps record that no one else had more valiantly stood between chaos and cosmos, whenever there was the threat of a nuclear war.

To him as Prime Minister, the greatest shock came as a direct result of Chinese perfidy for, more than anyone else

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on the contemporary scene, it was he who had for years striven to bring Communist China into the United Nations. The Chinese invasion of India was his greatest disillusionment. Yet he refused to be inveigled into hostility to communism as such, for it went against his grain and all that he had stood for, to antagonise friendly Soviet Russia.

He put his finger on the sore spot by disentangling Chinese communism from the Chinese expansionism which was at the root of all evil. Never had his policy of non-alignment stood a greater test than amid the confusion created by the Chinse in their mad exploits across our northern borders. It was equally significant of Jawaharlal Nehru's breadth of mind as a statesman that he was always prepared to discuss Kashmir with Pakistan, even after Pakistan's honeymoon with China.

What kind of man is this who had thus singled himself out — with all his temperamental drawbacks — for a niche of his own in contemporary annals ? Where does his greatness spring from ? What was the secret of his charm ? These are relevant questions today, now that he is gone. We have his own word that he was influenced in life by three men—his father, Gandhiji and Rabindranath Tagore. As Motilal's son, Jawaharlal was heir to a great tradition. Under Gandhiji's banner, he slided into a "brave new world" which called for an inquiring mind, and intrepid spirit and an inflexible purpose. Of Tagore he owed something of his international outlook and much of his refined taste. To so rich a mixture, he brought some of his own inestimable qualities-a child-like enthusiasm, a certain nobility of mind and a sense of humanity.

While there can be yet no final estimate of Jawaharlal Nehru as India's Prime Minister, it can be safely said that he had set India on the road to planned progress and given her too a set of values, and incidentally become a kind of baromater of international conscience. If in the union of theory and practice, he was reminiscent of Gladstone, he was more like the younger Pitt — an heir to paternal eminence and an adept in the exercise of political power. And he had about him too, "an air of solitude — the solitude of superiority, of a transcendant greatness of abiliy and character".

With his passing on May 27, 1964, in undimmed glory, ended an era in our history, the Nehru era, following the Gandhian. What next? Jawaharlal Nehru himself never bothered about it, perhaps in the belief that his countrymen will remain true to his ideals and firm in their devotion to the memory of the architects of Indian freedom.

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END OF AN EPOCH

DR. S. RADHAKRISHNAN

In a moment so charged with emotion, I do not wish to say much : nor is there any need for it. It is an occasion when every one of us, man, woman and child, wish to keep our thoughts to ourselves and render in a mood of reverence grateful homage to a life of great service and dedication.

Jawaharlal Nehru was one of the greatest figures of our generation, an outstanding statesman whose services to the cause of human freedom are unforgettable. As a fighter for freedom he was illustrious, as a maker of modern India his services were unparalleled. His life and work have had a profound influence on our mental make-up, social structure and intellectual development.

It will be difficult to reconcile ourselves to the image of India without Nehru's active and All-Pervasive leadership.

"An epoch in our country's history has come to a close."

Rare Combination

"As a man, Nehru combined a fine sensitivity of mind, a rare delicacy of feeling, with large and generous impulses. To the weak and the frustrated his heart went out in profound sympathy. He was author of distinction. His autobiography which tells the story of his life and struggle without a touch of self-pity or moral superiority, is one of the most remarkable books of our time.

Nehru held the office of Prime Minister of our country ever since the dawn of Independence : and in the long years of his Premiership tried to put our country on a progressive, Scientific, Dynamic and Non-Communal Basis.

His steadfast loyalty to certain fundamental priciples of liberalism gave direcion to our thought and life. We can understand the endless surprises of his attitudes and actions: all these fall into their place if we remember his faith in democracy and freedom. He used the existing social and political institutions and breathed into them a new spirit, a new vitality.

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Powerful and Vibrant Voice

Nehru by his series of public utterances educated our people to an appreciation of the values he had cherished. He fought for a high level of human life and burnt his ideals into the understanding of the common people.

By his own powerful and vibrant voice, which we will not hear any more, he created, moulded, inspired and kindled a whole generation of Indians, to a loyalty to the first principles which he held so dear.

It is not enough to have great ideals. We have to work for their achievement. Time is the essence of the situation and Nehru had a great regard for the sanctity of time. The pitiless exactions of time take no denial and so the great leader has fallen.

"The path of Nehru as a nation - builder in the early years of India's freedom was beset with fantastic difficulties and formidable challenges. The partition of the country resulting in the exodus of millions of people from one part of the subcontinent to the other amidst scenes of appalling riot, loot and arson brought in its wake problems — political and economic which defied easy solution. We have outbreaks of communal violence here and there in our country even now. This must have seemed to Nehru a terrific disillusionment of his great work, inherited from Gandhi and developed by himself.

Larger Vision

Nehru always had a conviction that India cannot be viewed in isolation from other states of the world. Even before the advent of freedom, he was pleading that the Indian question was a part of the larger movement of the oppressed people fighting against colonialism. He had a love of liberty, not merely for his own people, but for all people of the world. He, therefore, exprssed sympathy and support for all liberation movements in Africa, Asia and South America.

He believed in the liberty of all without distinction of class, creed or country.

Nehru was a great believer in world peace and the concept of one world community. No one had shown greater faith and allegiance to the charter of the United Nations than Nehru. He realised that in a thermo-nuclear age, war would mean the extinction of all civilised values. That is why he was convinced that the true role of a statesman in this distracted world lay in the way of lessening tensions and conflicts and bringing about a climate of understanding and mutual accommodation, with a

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view to settling international questions such as Korea, Laos, the Congo, and Viet Nam, his was the voice always heard with respect.

His courage, wisdom and personality has held this country together. It is these qualities which should be cherished, if we are to hold on. Our thoughts today go out to him as a great emancipator of the human race, one who has given all his life and energy to the freeing of men's minds from political bondage, economic slavery, social oppression and cultural stagnation.

Those of us who are left behind to mourn his loss could do no better than work for the ideals he cherished. That is the best tribute we can pay to our departed leader.

— Broadcast from AIR, May 27, 1964

I have doubts about many things,
but I have no doubt at all about
some things, because I have been
Conditioned in that way. I have
grown up in that way during
long years and, under guidance
from my leader Mahatma Gandhi,
believed that hatred and violence
are essentially bad and evil and
that anything which promotes hatred,
therefore is bad.

Address to U.N. General assembly, 10 November 1961

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THE MOST CIVILISED AMONG US ALL

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

Eleven Years younger than me, eleven times more important for the nation, and eleven hundred times more beloved of the nation, Sri Nehru has suddenly departed from our midst and I remain alive to hear the sad news from Delhi - and bear the shock. Sri Nehru was ill and we knew it was a serious form of illness, but we did not imagine he would be snatched away so unceremoniously and so swiftly.

The old guard - room is completely empty now.

I am unable yet to gather my wits. I have been fighting Sri Nehru all these ten years over what I consider faults in public policies. But I knew all along that he alone could get them corrected. No one else would dare do it, and he is gone, the most civilized person among us all. Not many among us are civilized yet.

God save our people.

27-5-64

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JAWAHARLAL, THE ARCHITECT OF HISTORY

K. C. KAMALIAH

"My duty is to serve" is the dictum and Jawaharlal Nehru was a standing monument of it. It is but meet to say that the very story of his life ran parallel with the history of India for about four decades in the twentieth Century. His love for the people trascended caste, colour and country and religion and language. His heart ached, rocked and reverberated at the sight of the sad state of the oppressed, the suppressed and the downtrodden. His feelings then exploded like a volcano. The toiling masses and the peasantry with their spines bent with gruelling work migrated to the temple of his heart and sat there in majesty. If before his mind's eye came the sight of the victims of suffering, his inner self burst like thunder and his heart fled much ahead of his words.

Jawaharlal Nehru speaks: "But a revolution is very different. It has its home in the field and the street and the market place, and its methods are rough and coarse. The people who make it have not had the advantage of the education of the princes and the statesmen. Their language is not courtly and decorous, hiding a multitude of intrigues and evil designs. There is no mystery about them, no veils to hide the working of their minds; even their bodies have little enough covering. Politics in a revolution cease to be the sport of kings or professional politicians. They deal with realities, and behind them are raw human nature and the empty stomachs of the hungry."

The versatile H.G. Wells wrote world history with ability. His romances and scientific fables kindle the hearts of many. His literary creations fetched for him the Nobel Prize for literature. "Jawaharlal is one of the dozen top prose-writers in English today," observed H.G. Wells. In a way, Nehru can be characterised as reflecting the epoch in which he lived. As such, his works are but pieces of art, ideas surcharged with emotions. His mind which ransacked the past, the present and the future wandered in search of a path for the redemption of the people.

Jawaharlal writes: "It is very interesting to think of the past story of the world and of the great men and women and

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of the great deeds it contains. To read history is good, but even more interesting and fascinating is to help in making history." In preference to past history, Nehru gave prominence to the history being enacted before his very eyes. While narrating what history taught, he reminds us of a Sanskrit quotation: "For the family sacrifice the individual, for the community the family, for the country the community and for the Soul the whole world."

Common good was the sheet anchor with Nehru. While he did not call himself a philosopher, his life, speech and writing propounded a philosophy. He was one of the architects of history of the twentieth century. Those who languished in slavery and poverty leaned on him for a way out of the morass. He sighed when they suffered; every fibre of his flesh throbbed to precipitate their suffering; he was struck dumb at their pitiable predicament. Witnessing their plight, he lost control of himself, culminating in torrents of words carried away by feelings. At times, the flow got dammed and he resembled a reservoir and was immersed in thought. One could see all these while watching Nehru. Not only that, one could have glimpses of it in his works too. He studied Science, entered Politics and wrote History. Cogency and continuity are the **sine qua non** of a good work. The Tamil Grammar, Nannul would describe this as "the flow of a river", "the gaze of a lion" and "the leap of frog". One can perceive this in Nehru's books. "Letters from a Father to his Daughter", "Glimpses of World History", "Discovery of India" and "Autobiography" are the gifts of Nehru to the historical literature of the world. It is said that the more frequently gold is consumed to fire, the more it shines. Jawaharlal's works are repositories of knowledge. His intellect which at no time stood at awe before kings and emperors bowed in reverence before men of wisdom.

Jawaharlal Nehru, typical of him, writes about Sankara: "I have mentioned the names of some kings and dynasties, who lived their brief life of glory and then disappeared and were forgotten. But a more remarkable man arose in the south, destined to play a more vital part in India's life than all the kings and emperors. The young man is known as Shankaracharya. Probably he was born about the end of the eighth century. He seems to have been a person of amazing genius. ... ... He travelled all over India, and wherever he went he triumphed. He came to Benares as a conqueror, but a conqueror of the mind and argument. ... ... It is difficult for an appeal to the mind and the intellect to go far. Most

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people unfortunately do not think; they feel and act according to their feelings. Yet Shankara's appeal was to the mind and to reason."

What panacea did he offer to those who plunged themselves in the battle for freedom? Writing from prison under the heading "A holiday and a dream journey", he minces no words in what the goddess of freedom demands. "But all roads in India in these days sooner or later lead to one destination; all journeys, dream ones or real, end in prison. ... ... Again the fight is on and our people, men and women, boys and girls go forth to battle for freedom and to rid this country of the curse of poverty. But freedom is a goddess hard to win; she demands as of old human sacrifices from her votaries."

The pages of history reveal to us that the worshipper at the altar of freedom should be prepared to face the worst agonies in life. The illiterate masses yearned for freedom in all honesty and sincerety. Jawaharlal's face bloomed like a lotus on seeing them. Fraternity as an unfaded garland adorned his shoulders. Humility and culture are inseparable twins. Jawaharlal Nehru was an eminent political philosopher, a linguist and a seeker of knowledge and truth. And yet, he had in him in plenty culture and humility, in the right sense of the word.

Dense forests, high mountains, quick flowing rivers and fleeting clouds were the balms that soothed his otherwise agitated mind, growing every moment impatient to rid the country of slavery. It is a pleasure to read his description of a scene which he enjoyed in the Lucknow jail. He writes: "Lying there in the open, I watched the skies and the clouds and I realised, better than I had ever done before, how amazingly beautiful were their changing hues;

"To watch the changing clouds, like clime in cline,
Oh! sweet to lie and bless the luxury of time".

Jawaharlal is a jewel emitting lustre picked from the treasure house of history, but certainly not to be locked as archaelogical find. He was an architect who shaped history and took part in it. The sculptures chiselled by the stone mason several centuries before still extort our admiration. The sculptures of beauty which Jawaharlal created in the rock of language with the chisel of intellect as his tool are indeed creations of art. "Should there be real light within, there is bound to be light in speech," said a famous poet. This is absolutely correct in resepct of Nehru.

From the prison Jawaharlal Nehru was writing letters to his beloved daughter, Indira Priyadarshini. We find in one of the letters from the Naini jail that his daughter's name in three words of two parts induced him to think "**Priyadarshini** dear to

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sight, but dearer still when sight is denied!" Jawaharlal Nehru's phrases are appreciated the world over. With an amazing rapidity they gained currency. When he was returning home at the end of his visit to a friendly country, he said: "I am leaving a part of my heart here."

We come across several instances in Jawaharlal Nehru's works where he makes the past face the future and analyses their worth. He says: "The past brings us many gifts; indeed all that we have today of culture, civilization, science or knowledge of some aspects of the truth, is a gift of the distant or recent past to us. It is right that we acknowledge to the past. But the past does not exhaust our duty or obligation. We owe a duty to the future also, and perhaps that obligation is even greater than the one we owe to the past. For the past is past and done with, we cannot change it; the future is yet to come, and perhaps we may be able to change it a little. If the past has given us some part of the truth, the future also hides many aspects of the truth, and invites us to search for them. But often the past is jealous of the future and hold us in a terrible grip, and we have to struggle with it to face and advance towards the fuure."

Jawaharlal Nehru beamed with pleasure at the sight of flowers. He was transferred to a different habitat on seeing scenic beauties Nature depicts. He wrote poetic prose. He made politics a shrine of decency, moral code and ethics. His living was love-oriented. He lived every letter of what Tiruvalluvar laid down: "The seat of life is in Love."

So long as we do not recognize
the supremacy of the moral law
in our national and international
relations, we shall have no
enduring peace.

Broadcast, New Delhi, 3 April 1948

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INDIA AND WORLD LITERATURE

PROF. K. VENKATA REDDY

The concept of 'world literature' has been exercising the vision and imagination of literary theoreticians for about two centuries now. It is rightly felt and believed that in the spheres of culture and literature there are no great and small nations, no superior or inferior peoples, as far as talent is concerned. People of every county can be talented and make their contribution to the great treasury of culture and literature.

It is importan to note that the languages and cultures, while being specific to each country and society, also articulate the human level. As Maulana Abul Kalam Azad rightly pointed out, "Politically, the world may be divided into rival Camps. There may be a clash of ideologies on the plane of material interest, but in the world of the spirit, in the creations of art, philosophy, literature and other values, mankind is one".

India, with her great ancient culture, her rich literary tradition and her unique philosophy, has been evoking a lively and profound interest since time immemorial in different corners of the world, leaving deep imprints on the life, culture, and literature of different peoples of the world. Particularly Indian literature, which has a distinguished past, has variously influenced the development of the arts in different parts of the world. As Jose Marti, the great son of Latin America, observes, "The **Ramayana** inspired **Iliad** and Indian philosophy and history reached not only Egypt and Greece but also the Northern Europe, and out, of the **Vedas** the Eddas, the sacred books of Scandinavia, were made".

Roots and laurels, life and land, time and vision, creations and continuities : from them arose the literature of India. It was the purest voice of her deeps, the dream of her reason, the dust of her ways and the waters of her rivers, the blue embrace of her seas and skies, born of leaves soaked in the dew of dawns since the days of the Rigveda.

India as a country has also been a source of inspiration to the people of many other cultures. Many British writers —

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Sir Edwin Arnold, Sir Richard Burton, Rudyard Kipling, E.M. Forster, Paul Scott, and, in our own times, Salman Rushdie — have found in the texture and colours, the simplicity and complexity of India an unendingly fascinating landscape. The poems of Toru Dutt and Manmohan Ghose, the harmonies of Rabindranath Tagore, the wisdom of Sri Aurobindo's philosophical poetry, the lyricism of Sarojini Naidu's verse have all contributed immensely to the wealth of world literature in English. Nearer our own times, the simpliicity and clarity of Gandhi's prose, the controlled vitality of Nehru's "Discovery of India", the novels of Mulk Raj Anand, R. K. Narayan, Raja Rao, Bhabani Bhattacharya, Kamala Markandaya, Manohar Malgonkar, Anita Desai and Arun Joshi, the poetry of Nissim Ezekiel, Ramanujan, Kamala Das, Parthasarathy and Jayanta Mahapatra, the journalism of Chalapathi Rau and Arun Souri the literary Criticism of Prof. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar, Prof. O. D. Narasimhiah and Prof. M.K. Nayak — all reveal the English language as a worthy vehicle of the Indian sensibility. India, too, has been enriched through contact with the literatures of other countries. This process is, if anything, accelerating, with the enormous spread of education.

In turn, India has been viewed and perceived most diversely in different countries and by different scholars, writers, philosophers, analysts, journalists, and political thinkers. Their perceptions range from enchantment to bewilderment, from being mesmerised to being baffled.

It was commonly held among the Greeks that India was the land of wisdom as, for instance, by the noted authors Alexander Polyhistor (70 B.C.), Apuleius (150 A.D.) and Philostratos (early 3rd century). The popular satirist, Lukianos (Lucian, 2nd century A.D.), in his "Runaways", lets the Goddess of Philosophy tell Jupiter that she first descended upon "the Indians, the mightiest nation upon earth". The legend of Alexander and the Brahmins exemplified the changing attitudes in the Hellenic world : wise men outweigh political persons. The interflow of literary ideas and motifs between India and the Hellenic world was a continuous process.

Coming to Europe, Sanskrit was discovered by Sir William Jones in February of 1786 as "more perfect than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either, yet bearing to both of them a stranger affinity". Three years later (1789) Jones translated the drama **Saakuntala** by Kalidasa into English. It awakened the highest degree of enthusiasm of leading poets of Germany like Herder and Goethe. In 1802 the German poet Friedrich Schlegel expected from India

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"the unfolding of the history of the primeval world which up till now is shrouded in darkness": The Indo-European roots of Europe became her new vitality.

The discovery of Sanskrit as the prime language and its development led several nations to realise the primacy of their languages. The National Revival in Czechoslovakia, from about 1775 to 1850, was a great social movement chararterised above all by a national consciousness on the part of the people, and a drive for economic and cultural independence. The existence of linguistic connection between Czech and the ancient and perfect Sanskrit was a great encouragement to the oppressed nation in its efforts to improve its language. Czechs pointed out the close affinity of their language with Sanskrit. They cited the sentence: **stara matra dati medu** (Czech) = **sthaviraa maataa dadaati madhu** (Sanskrit). Thus were laid the foundations of modern Czech literature.

The Bulgarians were also inspired by the fact that their language was closer to Sanskrit than any language known to late H.E. Mrs. Lyudmila Zhivkova: "Here, on Indian land, Thracian art feels more at home than anywhere else outside of Bulgaria. Here one can tangibly feel the parallel, the similarity, and the generic closeness in the symbolic nature of Thracian and Indian art during the last and 2nd centuries B.C., the closeness between the symbols, imagery, and ideas in the thinking of Thracians and the people of Bharat, their common belief in the unity of the world". The rise of modern Bulgarian literature was a concomitant of the new self-respect that the Bulgarian language gained in the preceding century.

Coming back to Asia, for a thousand years the most brilliant minds of China transcreated Buddhist literature from Sanskrit into Chinese. About 3,000 works have come down to us, alive in the stream of life. Hsuan-tsang (or Yuan Chwang) the Prince of Pilgrims to India, translated into Chinese the Prajnaparamita in 600 scrolls. The entry of Buddhist literature into Japan was their identification with the central axis of human advance. Under he impetus of Buddhist culture, all the poetry that had been written in Japan up to the 8th century was made accessible in the anthology of **Manyoslm** "Collection of Myriad Leaves". The Japanese alphabet **Iroha** is a Buddhist poem based on the Mahaaparinirvaana-suutra. The Japanese dictionaries are quite often arranged according to the Iroha poem, and thus it is integral to Japanese education. The whole art of Japanese poetry is saturated with Zen that emphasises the significance of **mu-shin** or "no-mind" where we find infinite

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treasures of the Collective Conscious and Cosmic Conscious. The bold simplicity and essential structure of Japanese literature has an inner, guiding force that echoes forms and fantasies of India.

Magnificent monuments of Indian gnosis and speculation were translated with painstaking accuracy into Tibetan. A new Tibetan literary language was created by the lotsavas out of a primitive dialect. From the 9th to the 13th century, 4569 works were translated from Sanskrit into Tibetan. The Raamaayana Kakawin in ancient Indonesian, though based on the terse and obstruse Sanskrit Bhattikavya, has become the frozen music of words in the flow of the genius of the Indonesian poet, Yogishvara. Even to this day it is in the deeps of the Indonesian soul. Quickened and kindled by inspiration from India, Srilanka, Burma, Thailand, Laos, Kampuchea, Indonesia and other countries of South East Asia have developed their independent intellectual life, with patterns of great variety to be cherished and admired.

It may appropriately be underlined that studying the process of emergence of world literature could not be and should not be reduced to the study of impact or influence of "major" literatures over "minor" literatures. Literary comparativists would agree that in different literatures numerous examples can be formed of identical motifs, situational contexts and even literary plots, poetic imagery and conceptual-cum-psychological contents. Striking similarity is discernible not only in the evolution of literary genres but also in their periodical sequence in different literatures of the world. Let us fervently believe that world literature will ultimately overcome the lopsidedness and imbalance in the assessment of its diverse elements in order to achieve the congregation of literatures, in fact, of human souls.

With all my admiration and love
for democracy, I am not prepared
to accept the statement that the
largest number of people are
always right.

Speech in parliament 18 February 1953

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LIFE

R. SUNDARESAN

What is life ?
a question-mark ?
the puzzle is the mark !
remove it,
and you can shape life to your will !
if you think the question-mark is a sickle,
it will cut and slice you !
it does not have even the strength of a plastic letter,
you can bend it, break it,
powder it with a stone !
remove the mark !
and the gateway to life is open !
and you have a royal road to glory !

A University stands for humanism, for tolerance, for reason, for progress, for the adventure of ideas and for the search for truth. It stands for the onward march of the human race towards even higher objectives. But if the temple of learning it-self becomes a home of narrow bigotry and petty objectives, how then will the nation prosper or a people grow in stature.

Speech, Allahabad, 13 December 1947

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SAMADDAR MASHAI

(Short story)

SAMIR KANTA GUPTA

Mriganka knew Samaddar Mashai from his early boyhood days. Of medium height and dark complexion he was rather on the flabby side with grey hair mercilessly close cropped. He never sported a kurta, a fatua or even a banian. His dhoti covered him from the waist upto the knee, Gandhi style, and was never launderd but homewashed as could be seen from its colour. In the cold season he just covered his upper body with a nondescript chaddar. And he never wore a pair of chappals or wooden sandals. The most striking thing about him was his utter reluctance to talk. He was farthest away from being garrulous. Nobody ever saw him chatting on the street or enjoying the luxury of a gossip in a tea stall. He lived in the backyard of Madhavi Press, a city printing house, where a couple of thatched huts constituted his haven. His shy wife and a toddling son lived with him.

Those were the days in the Thirties of the present century. Freedom movement in those days was distinctly nonviolent and, as Mriganka witnessed it in his subdivision in North Bengal, consisted of street processions (with shouting slogans like **Vande Mataram, Gandhiji ki Jai** and **Bharat Mata ki Jai)**, spinning, picketing and speechmaking in public meetings.

It fell to Samaddar Mashai to accompany a solitary drum beater and walk along the roads and winding alleys while distributing to curious onlookers leaflets written in chaste vernacular, an invitation to whoever might evince interest to join the evening meeting. On the appointed day he reported early at the maidan, got a few wooden chairs and a table needed for the occasion. He remembered, of course, to meticulously place a photo of Gandhiji on the table, and in front of it a few flowers in a vase. The setting was thoroughly pastoral, with a tinge of absolute naturalness. Some big persons of the locality who had gone once or twice to the jail would come to

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address the crowd of villagers and fanciful youngsters, while a few ladies also would attend. But all this while, as the drama went on, Samaddar Mashai waited silently and unnoticed in the wings. When the meeting at last ended it was his responsibility to remove the table and chairs and such other indispensable equipments and return them to their rightful owners.

Mriganka was reminiscing the good old days while he was returning early in 1943 from his tour in south India. The more the train he was travelling in was drawing nearer Bengal the intensity of a hell breaking loose unfolded before him. The historic famine was baring its fangs with all its horror and ugliness. At every station the train was virtually swarmed by desperate and hungry people — young and old of both sexes with almost a travesty of garments on their person. The soldiers threw whatever foodstuff or crumbs they chose at them. But the incessant cry of hunger went unabated and Mriganka felt a chill shiver running down his spine.

When he reached at last his native place in a remote part of Bengal he faced a veritable carnival of death. Hospitals were confronted with the baffling task of treating a flood of people who suffered mainly from the dreadful disease of starvation. Corpses lay here, there and everywhere.

Mriganka joined the Citizens' Volunteer Squad which struggled every morning to serve boiled milk to infants whom their mothers carried in their arms in that biting cold. A heart-rending scene would soon follow. The famished mothers would snatch the cup and drink the child's share without gaing a thought to its consequence. The seemingly ageless battle gradually petered off more in the course of nature than settled by any human agent.

The Citizens' Body also ran a gruel kitchen in the compound of the Hindu hostel where at a very low price **Khichuri** and a vegetable were served. Mriganka sat everyday at the counter punctually at nine in the morning to receive small coins and issue in return meal tickets. After the children it was now the turn for the adults, it appeared. It was a stream of hungry men and women.

One day, as usual, a hand reached through the gap in the window bars. The arm was once strong and the hand shapely but at present it was trembling, swollen and yellowish. With an uneasy feeling he raised his head and looked straight into the eyes of the man. But better had he not done so. The face at the counter quickly disappeared. Yet Mriganka eagerly waited for tomorrow and the day after. But the man called Samaddar Mashai never appeared again.

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GENIUS AND LITERATURE

O. M. GOPAL RAO.

Gentleman, I have nothing to declare, except my "Genius," said Oscarwilde to the revenue officials in America, with his characteristic flamboyance. In a world of mediocrity and common-place skill, the man of genius is a queer and a rare phenomenon. Many among the men of great genius are reported to be indifferent to their personal material needs and requirements, like the dress, appearance, property and even to their families. They are supposed to hold in supreme contempt things mundane, apparently dwelling in a world of their ideas and imagination. They seem conspicuously unconventional and at the great moments of revelation or realisation, appear to dwell in a state of sublime madness, the result of great excitement at what is discovered or revealed. No wonder then if they jump out of the bathing tub or accost the child in the mother's arms, with a philosophic query about its prenatal moorings and the messages it has brought down to this earth.

Who then, rather what then, is this genius? What is its nature and how does it manifest itself? We may agree that mere talent is not genius. The talented one is easy for emulation and fits in with some general pattern or scale of the familiar society.

The genius is different. He is a distinct kind altogether and baffles all analysis and convenient formulae. The true genius follows his course of expression now steadily, now intermittently, breaking and sweeping away all barriers, in his creative upsurge. There appears to be a spontaneous state, when the angel of inspiration seems to take the man by the hand. We are aware that inspiration is a condition, which is competent to deal with all things alike, with the highest ascents of spirit, as well as with the most searching investigations into the material possibilities of our planet.

But then we know that this condition of inspiration is something which we cannot easily obtain for the mere asking. We have known of great thinkers and inventors, brooding for long

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and pondering in utter pain, over their problems again and again, before the authentic solution, which has been eluding them all the while, flashes across their minds and then grips their souls completely during its materialisation. This painful process is what Thomas Edison meant when he said that genius was one per cent inspiration and ninety-nine per cent perspiration. It is a unique process when the seeker is so absorbed in the object of his search, that at the moment of revelation, he forgets himself and his environs. Normal perceptions are suspended and the clock ceases to exist. He becomes one with the problem. The more the concentration, the greater the identity between the seeker and the thing sought, which results in a deliberate dissociation from the ego.

Once the thing is realised or revealed, his mind returns to its personal groove and what was a few moments ago an inspired impersonality vanishes. The artist therefore must forget and silence all those claims upon his time and thought, from other branches and departments of human life. This he does by entering into a state of mental quiet. Such tranquility, such silencing of his personal life, brings him to the ultimate source from which all art springs and permits him to produce a masterpiece. It is Carlyle who said, "In all true works of art wilt thou discern eternity looking through time, the Godlike rendered visible".

This then is the most salient distinction between the genius and a talented person. A talented artist, with an extraordinary skill over technique, is too inadequate for the production of a real masterpiece. Technique is necessary for the material nourishment of all art. What is merely a second-hand story or play gets transformed into a living and lasting work of art, at the hands of a genius like Shakespeare. But then Shakespeare paid no small attention to the technique or the stage-craft. Yet, it is not so much skill or technique as creative illumination, that is most needed.

It is a part of the consequence of inspired writing, that the writer, for that matter any creative artist, cannot maintain a uniform excellence or standard of greatness, in view of the intermittent spells of inspiration. Not all his works bear the stamp of genius because we know that his mind has the tendency to revert to normal level, from that heightened state of inspired impersonaliy and creative throes. It becomes difficult then to judge a writer or an artist by his works. Sometimes he may be wiser and better than what his creations suggest. But instances are there wherein, the works seem superior to their

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creator. They acquire a life and personality, which tend to go in an independent direction, other than what the poet or play-wright has originally planned for them. Characters like Falstaff, Shylock, Cleopatra and Milton's Satan are but a few instances, commonly accepted as having tended to drift away from their original compass and design. Tennyson had the occasion to admit, with reference to the theme of In Memorium, that it was an expression of truth, which he had not himself adequately grasped, before he started working at it. "It is more optimistic than I am," he told a friend. Shelley's observation that "poets are sometimes the echoes of words, of which they know not the power, the trumpet that sounds to battle and feels not what it inspires," is a statement that we can ill-afford to ignore in this context.

So then, inspiration, which is an indispensable constituent of true genius, is received from the letting-go of personality. Unfortunately this inspiration seems to suffer from feminine fickleness. The artist works by spells and moves in moods. Hence his achievements are mostly partial. Ideas and thoughts seem to languish for want of proper expression and sometimes words fall with a heavier weight on the plodding pen. The fact of the matter is that while thought is connected and constant, inspiration is not. Inspiration is not there when the conditions conducive to it are absent. It needs intense concentration, wherein a higher mind becomes activised, under the spell of inspirtion. This action of the higher mind coexists with that spell. When reduced to normal condition, all that the artist does is to revise and polish that flash of vision profound. When Wordsworth defines poetry as emotions recollected in tranquillity, he must be alluding to an experience like the one we have referred to above.

If we lack a perfect and constant inspiration, it is because we are a mixed and unequal lot. Even the most acknowledged genius cannot always function at his top level, because although he can always command technique, he cannot control inspiration. Normal as our lives are, with a variety of preoccupation, we can only hope to retain the spell of glowing inspiration for a while and then watch helplessly as it fades out. Everything seems to depend upon the degree of self-forgetfulness, through intense concentration, which one can achieve. This sounds like a spiritual practice rather than an artistic endeavour. It must be obvious then that all creative effort at the highest level is essentially a spiritual process and experience. Milton feels that it is virtually impossible to create a great epic or poem, to sustain its soaring

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flight and weight, if the poet is not disciplined hundred per cent like a saint. "**Na rushe kuruthe kavyam**". Considering the origins and growth of many fine arts like music, painting, dance and sculpture, we cannot resist the feeling that art is a form of meditation, a path to that satisfied state, which the mystic calls God and which the artist calls Beauty.

At the same time all great artists appear to us as the carriers of a collective energy, and as the effective media of the mass desire and feeling. Hence it is that a creative genius, while working under an almost occult spell of inspiration and seasonal seclusion, is virtually giving shape and expression to what is already there in a diffused state in his people and environment. As Gorky says, "The true genius is in a way a heightened awareness and the crystallised and inspired expression of the collective thought and emotion of the community at large".

The great poetry of the 19th century combined in itself inspiration and intution, inspiration in that it drew its force from some mightier cosmic source beyond itself, of which it was only the vehicle, - intuition in that the poet gazed into life and by direct vision, saw life in its true forms, and recreated it thus. Wordsworth puts it succinctly when he speaks of "the mind made quiet by the power of joy, we see into life of things". This element of inspiration was what Homer called "The gift of wondrous song". For Plato, it was an inspired and magical thing, a divine madness. For Longinus too poetry was an illumination. From the nature of their faith the romanticists launched upon the world the man of genius, the artist divinely inspired, the great man. Never had this conception of true genius as an inspired prophet, been wholly forgotten.

We talk of indiscipline, but
the gravest of all indisciplines
is emotional indiscipline which
upsets the balance. of the
individual.

To Chief Ministers, 16 August 1956.

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BOOK REVIEWS

AN EVALUATION OF THE VEDANTIC CRITIQUE OF BUDDHISM: By Gregory J. Darling. Motilal Banarasidass, Delhi - 7. Rs. 175.

In this research study, the author examines the criticisms of the Buddhist doctrines by the three Acharyas of Vedanta — Shankara, Ramanuja and Madhva. He takes up the fifteen Sutras (in the second section of the Badarayana Sutras) in which the Buddhist standpoints are sought to be refuted by the teachers from their respective points of view. The author examines also the oft-heard comment that Shankara was a crypto-Buddhist. He cites evidence to the belief that Gaudapada had pro-Buddhist leanings and Shankara was associated with the Gaudapada school.

After analysing the different counts on which the three Acharyas criticised the Buddhist standpoints, the writer observes that the Vedantic teachers either misunderstood the Buddhist position or deliberately misrepresented it. He also comments that the criticisms of Ramanuja and Madhva were really directed at the Advaita doctrines of Shankara and not so much to the Buddhist schools. To quote :

"Their refutations were based on incorrect assumptions about Buddhist positions, although, as has been discovered, their criticisms of Buddhism provided merely a pretext for their criticism of other Vedantic systems... The Vedantins misinterpreted Buddhist teachings. Their critique of Buddhism, therefore, is for the most part misdirected." (P. 381)

Naturally this book is bound to provoke controversies but it should be welcomed for the stimulation it provides to modern scholarship to look more closely into the dialectical brush between two great systems of Indian thought.

M. P. Pandit

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ADVAITA : A CRITICAL INVESTIGATION : By Prof. Srinivasa Rao. The Indian Philosophy Foundation, Jnanabharati, Bangalore - 500 056. Price . Rs. 25.

This dialectical work is unique in some respects. We see an original thinker in the learned author, a professor of philosophy. Critical, coherent and cogent thoughts are presented in numbered paragraphs, sometimes with algebrical symbols. The author, on rational, logical, scientific and analogical grounds, questions the validity of some concepts and interpretations of the traditional Advaitins. However, he gives his own interpretation and conclusions. Some of these present the traditional interpretations in a new light, while some refute them outright. All these features, compel a serious reader to pause and think coolly.

A few observations of the author are noted below : (1) There is something which one calls the world which, is not negated or sublated even in experience (Brahmanubhava) but is only seen in a new light. (2) Brahmanubhava cannot be adopted as the sole criterion to condemn the truth of the waking experience. Two different experiences need not be contradictory because they differ. (3) One must, from the highest point of view, regard what was considered to be "Sadasad-Vilakshana" to be really "asat" or absolutely non-existent. (4) The rejection of the self cannot be countered by saying "He who denies the self is himself the self". (5) The inevitability of Maya can never be logico-philosophical ... The entities designated by the expression Atman and Anatman are not ontological opposites. (6) "Anirvachaniyatva" is not a statement of ontological status of what is experienced. (7) "Neti Neti" is a principle without proof. (8) Experience (Brahmanubhava) is non-dual in the sense that it does not have to correlate.

Grave problems posed by the analogy made out between the sublations of illusory snake after the rope-cognition, and that of the phenomenal world after Brahmanubhava, are pointed out. Author's own interpretations of the terms "aparokshaanubhuti", "Saguna", "Nirguna", "Sovikalpa", "Nirvikalpa" and "Jivanmukti" are also given. Many more moot points are discussed, and a reader has to anatomise them. He will have to recall to his mind, the Upanishadic illustration of serpent and its cast-off slough, analogy of a rich man given in Sankara Bhaashya in the Samanvyaadhikarana, Vidyayanya's observation in verse 6.13 of Panchedasi and teachings of Jnanadeva in his Anubhavaamrita. No simili can stand on all fours ; and discussions about **middyaatva midhyaatva** found in polemical texts.

Some observations of the author, like 1-6 have necessarily to be reconsidered. Usages like "Aatmanam atmanaa pasyate" may also be thought of. On a close study some of the conclus-

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ions of the author will be found agreeable to the traditionalists also. Some of the author's thoughts are akin to that of "sujaata-vaada" of Advaita school, which proclaims "Brahma Satyam Jagad Brahma". We cannot but appreciate the author who presents Advaita in a new perspective though he appears to differ in some places from the traditionalists.

The learned professor, however, discloses his heart and indicates the import of his work by his citations at the beginning of this book, the last two chapters that should necessarily be read, and his two observations at the end of the 16th chapter. Answers to some of his questions can be found in the lives, writings and teachings of Sri Ramana Maharshi and Nisargadatta Maharaj.

A really inquisitive student of Advaita philosophy cannot afford to miss a close study of this book. We suggest that this book be translated into Sanskrit, so that it may be studied and evaluated by the traditional pandits also.

B. Kutumba Rao

WHITHER INDIAN EDUCATION (An Apprisal of Indian Education from the Vedic Age to the Present Day) : By Dr. Ram Chandra Gupta. B.R. Publishing Corporation, Delhi. Price : Rs. 150.

"Whither Indian Education" of Dr. R. C. Gupta echoes a similar national concern "Whither India", voiced during the freedom movement. Various experimental measures in the field of education, even after 40 years of independence have not solved its problems. Verily, to know the cause itself is to remove the effect. This book succeeds in identifying the cause — the necessity of moulding a good citizen into a good man by means of good education, which promotes knowledge of the Self and evolves a healthy social organism.

The book deals with the scheme of education, its effect on the pupil, the values it involves from the Vedic Age to the modern period. Chapter I deals with the "Ancient Indian Education", which is the outcome of the Theory of Knowledge upto the Buddhist period. The author has done the commendable work in portraying a detailed historical perspective of learning in the Vedic, later Vedic, **Sutra,** Epic and **Puranic** periods.

In "Education In the Muslim Period", the author rightly feels that its quality was fairly high. He praises the role of the Domestic System of Education and the village schools in the diffusion of knowledge. He also finds a few similarities between the Hindu and the Muslim systems of education such

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as realization of Truth, affectionate teacher-student intellectual communiin and the aim of education to equip the student with moral, spiritual and material improvement.

Dealing with the British period, the author shows how the aim of education in its early period was perverted to serve the colonial and religious interests of the rulers. The then government also failed to do much for the diffusion of education suitable to Indian conditions.

Discussing the proximate aims of education in Free India, the author suggests that it should awaken national consciousness in the youth and lay emphasis on the formation of moral character. He laments that the Constitution of India is silent on moral education and it does not mention the objectives of Indian education at all.

The book provokes us to have a serious look into problems of Indian education and exhorts us to have a collective commitment in order to preserve the spiritaul and moral instinct of the nation and safeguard its temples of learning from the corrosive impact of the utilitarian, materialistic and hedonistic values of the West.

Dr. A. V. Rathna Reddy

TTK, THE DYNAMIC INNOVATOR: By R. Thirumalai. T T Maps & Publications Private Limited, Madras - 44. Price: Rs. 150.

Mr. R. Tirumalai's well-written biography of T.T.K, raises the question: Who is the competent biographer? One who is familiar with his subject or one who is not. Actually Mr. Tirumalai's qualifications are impressive. First, he has observed T T K — happily termed as **the Dynamic Innovator** — from a vantage position as a member of the I.A.S. Second, Mr. Tirumalai is an historian by avocation. Third, he has made effective use of the T T K papers — available in various institutions like the Jawaharlal Nehru Memorial Library, the Madras Legislative Assembly, the Central Legislature, **The Hindu** office Library and TTK Library — which constitute some of the important portions of the primary stuff of contemporary Indian history.

Great endeavour requires vision and some kind of compelling impulse as in the case of contemporary Indian historian — especially during the Gandhian and Nehruvian eras. Furthermore. events — economic and political — do not happen in categories. For they happen in sequence. Indeed the merit of Mr. Tirumalai's book lies in his command of the narrative. T T K's tempestuous personality — the word 'tempestuous' is used advisedly by the present reviewer — is brought out during the various stages of his career — an independent temperament

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which made him reject the paternal profession (law) in favour of a career in the sphere of business, a member of the Madras Legislative Assembly where he told Rajaji (who was then Premier of Madras) that he was "running the Government through parables", a member of the Constituent Assembly where he was an important member of the Drafting Committee, a Cabinet Minister during the fifties when he put India on the international map of steel and in the early 'Sixties which witnessed several innovations in the Indian fiscal structure. More importantly, T T K had the ability to translate Nehru's vision into economic realities. Just as Nehru made a tryst with destiny long before India became independent, so did T T K made a tryst with steel in Independent India. Not surprisingly T T K was an intimate friend of Nehru. However, it is unfortunate that TTK was the first victim of "the man-eater" (T T K's picturesque manner of describing vested interests) at large!

The value of the book is enhanced by the Appendices — a valuable paper on **The Status of Industries in India** (1956 — 59), T T K's statement on his resignation as Finance Minister, T.T.K's statement on LIC Enquiries, a paper on **Financial and Industrial Status 1960 — 69,** a copy of a letter from TTK to T.T.Narasimhan. TTK's statement at a press conference, the TTK — Nehru correspondence, the TTK — Lal Bahadur Shastri correspondence, a copy of T.T. Vasu's letter to the Speaker, Lok Sabha, New Delhi, Extracts from TTK's editorials in **The Indian Review,** and a draft of TTK's letter to Mrs. Indira Gandhi in TTK's handwriting. The printing and get-up are excellent. An altogether satisfying biography of T T K who was atonce a dynamic innovator and a sophisticated rasika of Carnatic Music.

Airavatham Ranganathan

KASI & OTHER POEMS : By Purasu Balakrishnan .The Institute of Commonwealth Studies and English Language, Mysore, 570 012. Price : Rs. 40.

It is quite possible that the no-nonsense approach to the physical body by the practising physician has had its effect on Purasu Balakrishnan's poetry. What generally strikes the poet is the ugliness, the decay, the death. A caterpillar's "gorging insatiate / to bloated ugliness", a calf three days a rotting on the road, the hen rendered ino a pulpy mass by the speeding bus, the convulsive end of the Siamese twins! History and mythology also reflect the same touch of death in the midst of flourishing life. The envenomed words of Amba are witness to the labored vanity of our life on earth.

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"Let the memory of a woman's wrong,
Turn into a man in that life
And kill that man —
that man, Bhishma!
Let me ply his death,
Bhishma's death,
Through death - dealing Arjuna!"

Rarely is man vouchsafed that blessed mood when he feels freed from the shackles of earth and is for the nonce a citizen of eternity. This point is "understood" in Purasu Balakrishnan's thought-provoking preface which deals with the problem of an Indian who choses English for communicating his reactions to the life around him. A "collapsing India", perhaps. But never a "collapsing Indian". Purasu Balakrishnan himself is and example of the unbending spirit of eternal India. For only an Indian knows how to rest a while in the inner spaces of his soul even in the time of the breaking of the worlds.

"I pace your earth
and breathe your air —
After this prattle-
in silence".

Dr. Prema Nandakumar

FESTIVE SEASON: By Shailaja Ganguly. Writers Workshop, Calcutta, Price: Rs. 30.

Festive Season is a collection of eleven short stories some of which were already published in well-known magizines like **The Illustrated Weekly of India.** and **Imprint.** The writer Shailaja Ganguly is a journalist with a flair for creative writing. The stories told in simple, matter-of-fact style deel with slices of modern Indian life and changing values of tradition. In the "Festive Season", the writer describes how Revati, a modern educated working woman compromises with life by tacitly accepting the totally unenviable lot of being an unwed mother. She could easily have pulled her married lover to her side, but that would mean undoing the life and love of another woman. Her innate goodness doesn't permit such a heartless course. So she accepts her lot in a mood of resignation. The tragic story of Revati is etched against the gaity of the festival of Deepavali. In "Prodigal Pishi", Shailaja delineates how traditional hostility towards widow-marriage vanished under the influence of all pervading money power. The "Light and Shade" gives a graphic picture of the beauty of joint family system which is on its last legs now-a-days. All the stories are down to the earth. They present unsophisticated segments of modern life with proper

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THE EARLY BIRD : By Vera Sharma. Writers Workshop, Calcutta. Price : Rs. 30.

The Early Bird is a collection of five one-act plays considering the paucity of drama in Indian writing in English and women play wrights even in vernaculars, we should welcome these plays of Mrs. Vera Sharma, though the achievement is small. The plays are simple in construction and are entertaining. Though the dialogues are not brilliant, they are efficient. "Vengence is mine" seems to be the best of the bunch, with its element of surprise and the philosophy of biter bit. We hope Mrs. Sharma will give us a better fare in future.

Dr. G. Srirama Murty

KAVYADARSH OF DANDIN — WITH TELUGU COMMENTARY : By Dr. P. Sriramachandrudu, A.P. Sahitya Akadami, Hyderabad. Price : Rs. 8-50.

KAVYALANKARA SUTRANI : By Vamana with his own Vritti-with Telugu commentary by Dr. P. Sriramachandrudu, R-33, O.U. Campus, Hyderabad - 500 007. Price : Rs. 15.

Auchitya Vichaara Charchaa : Kavikanthabharanamu and **Suritta Tilakam by** Kshemendra, with Telugu commentary by Dr. P. Sriramachandrudu, Sura Bharati Samiti, Osmania University campus, Hyderabad - 7. Price : Rs. 21.

Dr. P. Sriramachandrudu, a sanskrit professor of deep erudition in Vedanta, Alamkara Sastra and Vyakarana, and a Samskrit poet of no mean order, has dedicated himself to the teaching and propagation of Samskrit, and is enriching both the Samskrit and Telugu literatures by his Samskrit publications and Telugu commentaries on Samskrit classics in all the above three branches.

All the above three books are classics in Samskrit Rhetorics. **Kavyadarsa** and **Kavyalnakara sutrani,** describe the characteristics of some Alamkaras of sound and sense, 37 and 31 respectively. **Riti** (style), **Gunas** and **Doshas** and illustrated with suitable examples. Dandin is a precursor and path-finder to many. Alamkarikas including Bhamcha that came after him Dr. Sreeramachandrudu in his introduction traces the origins of Alamkarasastra, and gives a succinct history thereof, with the names of authors, their books and contents therein. Then follows an elaborate comparative study of Dandin's **Kavyadarsa** and Bhemcha's **Kavyalankara,** leading to the conclusion that Bhamcha borrowed from Dandin some ideas.

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While Dandin wrote his work in metrical form, Vamana's work is in Sutra-form consisting of 310 **sutras** with a **vritti** of his own thereon. According to Vamana, **Riti** or the style is the soul ofpoetry, **gunas**, but not **alamkaras**, add to the beauty of the poem. Upama is the base of all Alamkaras. Rasa is treated by him as an Alamkara under the name of Rasavati. There is a critical introduction in Telugu which is informative also.

Kshemendra was a polymath and prolific writer on varied subjects. **Auchitya Vicharacharchaa** deals about the importance of propriety in all aspects in a poem. Though Anandavardhana recognised its importance for the proper delineation of Rasa, it was Kshemendra who classified it under several heads exemplifying them with proper illsutrations and counter-illustrations. No poet or critic can miss a close study of this book.

In **Kavikanthabharana,** Kshemendra gives good practical tips for an aspiring poet, budding poet and also for a finished poet. He gives examples also for his tips.

Suvritta Tilaka is a unique work in that there is no such other book as this till now in Sanskrit. He defines twenty - six important Vrittas. Then he points out the good and bad compositions of words in some Vrittas. Last but not the least. Kshemendra is the only Rhetorician who pointed out which vritta suits which Rasa, with illustrations and counter-illustrations. This work is an opener to many poets, and should be studied and understood. A detailed introuduction gives the life-sketch and works of Kshemendra.

B. Kutumba Rao

SRI VISHNU SAHASRANAMA STOTRAMU : Original in Sanskrit by Satyatirtha and translated by G.V.S. Subrahmanya Sarma. For copies : Smt. G. Kasturi Prasad, 14-37-41, Srikrishnanagar, Visakhapatnam - 530 002. Price : Rs. 25.

Vishnusahasranama commented upon by the preceptors of Advaita, Dwaita and Visishtadwaita, is treated on apar with **Bhagavadgita.** The work Vishnu may be interpreted as Brahman or Hari, but that does not make any difference as this strata itself contains names like Siva, Rudra and Sthanuh etc., indicating thereby that Siva and Vishnu are not different from each other. Telugu translations with Sanakara's commentary are easily available, but this Stotra with Bhashya written by Sri Satyatirtha, a pontiff of the Uttaradi Mutta, and well known for his miraculous powers is not, upto now, within the easy reach of the devotees, who will be grateful to this translator for having gifted them with this translation.

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This book contains the text of the Stotra, an index of the thousand names in alphabetical order, and Telugu translation or gist of the original commentary in Sanskrit. This commentary just like other commentaries interprets one and the same name in different ways according to the differences in the derivations of words or split of the Samasaas. There are many citations from texts generally not known to may of us. Sri Sarma should have translated those passages also into Telugu. At the end of the book some names, the recitation of which fulfills the desires of the devotees, are pointed out. Method worshipping of Sri Vishnu with the necessary Nyaasaas is given in detail in the beginning. All in all, this is a must for all devotees, who, we believe, will certainly encourage the author for translations of similar works in future.

B.K. Sastri

If any person raises his hand
to strike down another on the
ground of religion, I shall
fight him till the last
breath of my life.

Speech, New Delhi, 2 October 1951.

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